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THE HEROISM
OF
CHRISTIAN WOMEN
OF OUR OWN TIME

BY
J. M. DARTON

"Go ye and do likewise"

NEW YORK:
W. L. ALLISON COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.
1893.

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In such a well-ordered home as the Princess Louise was trained, it would indeed have been surprising if she had grown up without those accomplishments and virtues of heart and mind which she so pre-eminently possesses. As far as her exalted rank and station would allow, she was always with the poor either in private or public; and when but recently she left her mother country to accompany her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, to Canada, she left with her country's blessings.

The Princess Louise was born in May, 1848, about nine months after the following pretty incident, referring to the Marquis of Lorne, related by her Majesty in her "Journal of our Life in the Highlands," which she has kindly and wisely published for her loving people to read, and which has increased the esteem for her and her late husband in the minds of all judicious and generous readers :—

"Our reception in Inverury was in the true Highland fashion. The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a *dear, white, fat, fair little fellow*, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother. He is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporian,' scarf, and Highland bonnet." The Queen, on ascending the steps, recognised the youthful Marquis of Lorne, a graceful child, then about three years

old; her Majesty stooped down and took the little fellow by the hand, and lifted him up and kissed him. And this same boy was destined to be the future husband of a then unborn daughter of her Majesty, the Princess Louise.

We cannot do more honour to the Princess Louise than by giving in connection with herself the following particulars of her husband, the son and heir of the Duke of Argyll:—

“The Marquis of Lorne, born in the year 1844, made himself favourably known to the English reading public, in 1867, by a volume called ‘A Trip to the Tropics,’ in which he gave an account of his visit to the West Indies and the United States. It was in January, 1866, that he went out, in company with Mr. Arthur Strutt. He stayed nine days in Haiti, a month in Jamaica, and looked in at Hayannah. The inquiry then going on with regard to the alleged cruelty and iniquity of the Colonial Government in the suppression of the negro revolt at Morant Bay led him to see more of the country, and to hear more of its actual condition, than he might otherwise have done. He met Governor Eyre, whose motives he esteemed good; but he found cause to believe that the negro peasantry suffered from a bad administration, and he could not approve of the illegal severities practised under martial law. Writing, as he did, before the report of the Royal Commission, the opinions formed by this young nobleman, amidst conflicting reports of excited parti-

sans, were such as did credit to his judgment and to his candid desire of truth. It is interesting to observe that the slightly contemptuous tone in which thoughtless Englishmen are apt to speak of the coloured races, as 'niggers,' and so forth, though it might have been encouraged by witnessing the wretched state of Haiti, was corrected by his interview with an educated black gentleman such as President Geffrard. Lord Lorne 'made his own reflections,' a few days afterwards, upon meeting a party of 'haw-haw' British officers, who said to him, 'Fancy a black republic! Haw, haw! I always feel inclined to knock a nigger down when he's impudent; and what they must be when they're free, like that, I'm sure I don't know.' The Marquis, on hearing this sensible remark, confesses that he 'remembered the courtesy and refinement of President Geffrard's conversation.' There are many similar traits of a just and generous spirit in his book, without any enthusiastic delusion of philanthropy and universal liberty, but exempt from the prejudices and groundless antipathies in which some of our youth grow up. He was disposed, when in the United States, a twelve-month after the close of the Civil War, to recommend a conciliatory treatment of the South, to respect the patriotism of its defeated leaders, and to look hopefully on the prospect of the country after emancipation. Yet he deals more in reports of what was said to him by good local informants than in theories or conjectures of his own; and he was freely admitted, of

course, to the best American society, both in the South and in the North. Ten days at New York, and the same time at Boston, with a visit to Harvard University, the acquaintance of Everett and Longfellow, and a lecture from Emerson, were followed by an equal sojourn at Washington, the sight of Congress in session, an introduction to President Johnson, and instructive talk with General Grant, Mr. Seward, and other chief politicians of the Union. He then made a tour in Virginia, found the city of Richmond still in ruins, heard many anecdotes and expressions of feeling on the Confederate side, accepted the hospitality of planters, and saw the habits of the negroes, the immediate effects of their release from slavery, the schools and other beneficial agencies established by the Freedmen's Bureau. His affability and wish to gather knowledge of mankind are proved by talks with fellow-passengers on steamboats, with dusky-skinned labourers in the fields of the South, with hosts of rustic inns, and even with Irish waiters in the hotel at New York, whom he slyly provoked to discuss their hopes of the Fenian conspiracy, while assuring them it could never succeed. A short stay in Baltimore, where he listened, by a lady's pianoforte, to the Secession song 'My Maryland,' was the last of his tour in the States; and it would be advantageous were all our countrymen, whether of the aristocratic, the commercial, or the professional and literary class, to see both Massachusetts and Virginia with the same friendly eyes. The Mar-

quis did not see the Great West, but hastened by Niagara to the British provinces, of which he tells us little, only touching upon the outward aspects of Toronto, Kingston, and Ottawa. His narrative is neatly compiled from letters sent home during his journey. But it is as an exhibition of his mind and temper, which all the Queen's subjects, or friends of the royal family, must be pleased to observe in the book. It displays no remarkable cleverness, but much good sense and good feeling, the observant shrewdness of a Scotchman, a sober judgment of men and things, and a lively sense of humour. With these mental endowments, the Marquis of Lorne had so early gained a respectable position in the literary world."

Subsequently to the publication of this volume, the Marquis of Lorne became a man of mark, and when his betrothment to the Queen's daughter the Princess Louise became known, there were a variety of opinions expressed, all turning upon the question of social distinctions. The aristocracy were opposed to it, as well as some members of the Court. But her Majesty and the Princess herself were well satisfied in the choice, and nothing more was to be said. Truly it was an alliance of pure affection, and the high moral elements in the betrothed pair could not possibly result in anything else than peace and happiness. And as far as time has made her revelations, nothing could be less regretted than this illustrious union.

We have already seen how well affected the Marquis

of Lorne was towards the Canadian people and the Dominion they called their home, and therefore it was a wise action on the part of the Legislature to appoint him Governor-General of Canada; on the resignation of Lord Dufferin.

But however much the appointment was for the general good, the departure of the distinguished pair was a great regret to the mother country.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise bade farewell to England. Their parting was cheered by the cordial good wishes of the people of England, and by a confident hope that in their new sphere of action they would be able to do valuable service to the cause of imperial unity and strength.

The Governor-General of Canada, in his replies to the addresses of the Municipality and Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool, touched with simplicity and delicacy upon the high responsibilities of the career on which he was entering. The Canadian people, when they read his words, which the Atlantic cable carried to them, were quick to perceive that the representative of the Queen among them, connected as he is by the closest relationship with the royal family, had a just appreciation of their worth and a thorough knowledge of their national development. His concluding words were worthy in every sense of the occasion:—

“In conclusion, I will only say that nothing has struck me more than the enthusiastic feeling manifested towards Canada among all classes of the community in

England and Scotland. Wherever I have of late had an opportunity of hearing any expression of the public mind, crowds at any public gathering have always given cheers for Canada. This great gathering of to-day is a renewed symptom of the same favourable augury, for a good augury I hold it to be, that whenever there is an opportunity men in the old country are ready to call 'Hurrah for Canada!' On the other side of the ocean they are as ready to call 'Hurrah for the Old Country!' And these cries are no mere words of the lips, but come from the heart of great peoples. So long as the feelings which prompt these sayings endure, and endure I believe they will, we may look forward with confidence to the future, and know that those bonds of affection which have been knit by God through the means of kinship and justice will not be sundered by disaster or weakened by time."

Only a dozen years have passed since the Marquis of Lorne visited Canada, as a young man travelling to complete his education, and without a thought, we may be sure, of the lot which was reserved for him in the communities he studied, yet the change to which he can personally testify is very remarkable. What was then "a mere collection of isolated colonies," as he says, is now "a great federal people," inspired at once by a confident faith in their own future and by a deep affection for the mother country and the institutions that symbolize and strengthen the connection with her.

It is to this sentiment that the presence of the

Princess Louise in Canada, as the direct representative of the "fountain of honour in England's queen," will appeal. Loyalty will no doubt be quickened ; and, as men are the creatures of habit, the colonists will value the imperial connection more highly when the idea of it is presented distinctly and constantly to their minds.

There can no longer be any possible pretext for the injurious suspicion that the mother country dispenses not of her best, but selects those who are found least serviceable at home for the conduct of colonial affairs, seeing that the daughter of Queen Victoria takes her place as the centre and ornament of the highest phases of social life in one of our colonies and will grace the brilliant hospitalities that will reflect the splendour of the Court itself.

THE DEPARTURE.

After receiving the addresses of welcome at the Liverpool Town Hall, the Marquis and the Princess Louise made their way down to the landing stage amid the cheers of the people. Punctually to their time, the royal party arrived at the pier-head, and alighted amid the cheers of the assembled multitudes and the strains of the National Anthem, played by the band of the 11th Regiment, the bells of St. Nicholas's Church ringing a joyous peal. Flags and streamers were abundant, and about half-way down Water Street was a large banner spanning the street and bearing the words, "Long life and happiness !" Her Royal Highness, the Marquis,

and the two Princes, Connaught and Leopold, acknowledged the loyal demonstrations repeatedly, and in the most cordial manner.

The Mayor having said adieu, the travellers went on board the tender, where their appearance again drew forth continuous rounds of cheering. The signal for the safe arrival on the *Sarmatian* was the unfurling of the royal standard from the mainmast, and the moment this was done the salute was answered by cheers given by the multitude. Just as the tender had got alongside the *Sarmatian* a postal messenger reached the stage with a letter for the Princess from the Prince of Wales, which had come down by special despatch. One of the Dock Board steamers was at once requisitioned, and the letter taken to the vessel by the messenger, accompanied by Mr. Rich, the Postmaster, and delivered to her Royal Highness. At twenty minutes past eleven the *Sarmatian* had lifted her anchor, and was moving slowly down the river amid the renewed cheers of the people. As the royal steamer sailed away the band of the military came down to the stage and played a selection of airs, among which were "Friends far from Home," "Scots wha hae," "Highland Laddie," "John Anderson my Jo," and "Will ye no come back again."

There was an affecting leave-taking between the Princess and her brothers, before the latter left the *Sarmatian* in the tender *Stormcock*. Her Royal Highness kissed both of them in the most affectionate manner, and then broke into tears. As the *Sarmatian* passed the

Rock, the battery fired a royal salute. The Princes left town soon after coming ashore.

The Princess Louise is the fourth daughter of her Majesty the Queen. Her Royal Highness is possessed of some considerable artistic characteristics which will be more closely scanned by the Canadians, and of these we have had sufficient knowledge to be able to predict that if a graceful condescension and a readiness to help in every social and charitable movement be a recommendation, her Royal Highness will speedily find her way to the hearts of our colonial brethren, and though following so popular a Governor-General's wife as Lady Dufferin proved to be, the Princess Louise, we are confident, will not suffer by the contrast.

Her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne was an occasion of national rejoicing and congratulation rarely equalled. As in some measure reflecting the loyal interest still so deeply felt in her welfare, the following lines written on her marriage will not be altogether out of season. They expressed Scotland's welcome to the Princess Louise :—

“Sweet Rose of the South ! contented to rest
In the fair island home which thy presence has blessed :
From the Highlands resounding, glad welcome shall float,
And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

“Merry England has loved thee and cherished thee long,
Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in song ;
Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy feet
Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet,

"Then come, like the sunrise that gilds with a smile
 The dark mountains and valleys of lonely Argyll;
 Golden splendour shall fall on the pale northern snow,
 And with rose-light of love the purple shall glow.

"Though the voice that should bless, and the hand that should seal,
 Is 'away,' and at rest, in 'the land o' the leal,'
 May the God of thy father look graciously down,
 With blessings on blessings thy gladness to crown.

CHORUS.

"Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,
 While greeting and homage we loyally bring;
 The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,
 And the throne of the heart a secure throne for thee."

But why she is so pre-eminently fitted to adorn a volume having for its title "*Christian Women*" is that she has endeared herself by the founding of a Home for poor Girls, who would otherwise have been left to grow up as waifs and strays in the purlieus of our overcrowded metropolis.

Her illustrious brother the Prince of Wales, who follows in his good father's footsteps, and is ever at hand with his purse and great influence to do all the good he possibly can amongst the people that he is destined to reign over, set his royal brothers and sisters an example of charity that the Princess Louise carried out in its fullness. His Royal Highness and his amiable Princess of Wales founded a Home for Little Boys, which may be thus described, and to some extent the Princess Louise's Home is a reflex of the same.

The Home is intended for Little Boys who are either Homeless, or in danger of falling into crime. They must be under ten years of age at the time of their *actual admission*. There is no other limit as to age, provided they can run alone. Boys whose parents are in prison, those who have been deserted by their parents, and those whose parents have received parish relief, are admitted if otherwise suitable. *But no boy is admitted who is eligible, according to the rules, for any of the Orphan Asylums.*

Admission is either by *Election of the Subscribers*, or by *Payment*. Elections are held half-yearly in June and December; and the successful Candidates are received entirely free as soon as there are vacancies. For those admitted on payment the charge is 6s. a week, paid quarterly in advance, or £15 a year if prepaid in one sum. This payment must be guaranteed for at least one year.

When a boy has been approved for election, he may be admitted on payment of 6s. a week, if there be a vacancy, pending his election. By this means the admission is not deferred, and as soon as he is elected he is retained free.

All Candidates for admission, whether on election or by payment, must be first approved by the Committee as eligible; and no canvassing of the Subscribers must take place on behalf of a boy sought to be elected until the case is thus approved.

All boys admitted, whether by election or on payment,

are lodged, clothed, fed, educated, and trained to industrial work. They are retained till fourteen years of age, unless special circumstances render their removal at an earlier period necessary. At fourteen they are placed out in situations whenever practicable. The Committee do not guarantee to find situations; but where they are able and willing to do so, the disposal of the boy is left entirely and unreservedly in their hands.

The Home is open to Visitors (other than the relatives and personal friends of the boys) at all times, without any order of admission being required.

No boy is allowed to leave the Institution on a visit, except in the case of dangerous illness of a relative, when application for such permission, accompanied by a medical certificate, should be made to the Secretary.

All communications respecting the *admission* of boys, for the necessary forms of application, and as to payments, should be addressed to the Secretary, at the LONDON OFFICE.

An Annual Subscriber has two votes at each Election for every Half Guinea Subscription.

A Life Subscriber has two votes for every Five Guineas Donation.

In this "Home" it appears from the Secretary's programme, 300 little boys are now being sheltered and cared for in the Ten Family Homes at Farningham.

They have been taken from their very earliest age, some as young as twenty-two months old.

They have been provided with a Home because they were either Homeless, or in danger of falling into crime.

Many of these little ones were in this state through the death of their parents; others from wilful neglect; and others owing to the sinful life of those who ought to have cared for them: while some have so early manifested a disposition to crime that they must needs be rescued from evil when still little boys not ten years of age.

TO-DAY these 300 boys are being trained to become honest, useful men.

They are lodged in happy homes.

They are well clothed, and fed on homely fare.

They are educated in the School of the Institution by efficient Teachers, under Government Inspection.

They are taught habits of industry, by being employed in making and mending their own clothes and boots; mending their shirts and socks; making all the bread for the Institution; cultivating the land for garden and farm purposes; tending the pigs, horses, and poultry; painting, glazing, carpentering, mat-making, unbolstering, and printing.

They are, above all, trained in the fear of God, and taught His Holy Word. They daily have their family prayers and their Bible reading, and they meet together every Sunday for the public worship of God.

Most heartily do the Committee thank God for the

work He has permitted them to do on behalf of these little ones.

The Princess Louise is the Patroness of the Victoria Hospital for sick children at Chelsea. In this asylum, before she left for Canada, the Princess took a great interest. The hospital is national in its character, patients from all parts and of every religious denomination being admitted. Since it was established in 1866 it has relieved 3,000 in-patients and 132,000 out-patients. She is also patroness of the Asylum for the support and education of Deaf and Dumb children.

The only rivalry amongst the members of our royal family is which shall do the most good in the offices of charity, not only in almsgiving, but earnest working in the cause of institutions established for the benefit of the homeless, sick and suffering.





AGNES ELIZABETH JONES.

[ORIGINATOR OF TRAINED NURSES FOR HOSPITALS AND INFIRMARIES.]

IN an introduction to the life of this energetic Christian woman, who humbly dedicated herself to God and the welfare of mankind, Florence Nightingale wrote (1868): "One woman has died—a woman attractive, and rich, and young, and witty; yet a veiled and silent woman, distinguished by no other genius but the Divine genius—working hard to train herself in order to train others to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. To follow Him, she spent herself in activity. She overworked because others underwork. Shall we let her have died in vain? She died, as she had lived, at her post, in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in the kingdom, the first in which trained nursing has been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. I do not give her name! Were she alive, she would beg me not. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say most free, for she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but

God ; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did. I will therefore call her Una, if you please ; for when her whole life and image rise before me, so far from thinking the story of Una and her lion a myth, I say here is Una in real flesh and blood—Una and her paupers, far more untameable than lions.

“The graceful, tender legends of Catholic saints and martyrs have not a greater miracle than we have here in the flesh. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs ; though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline such as the police themselves wondered at. She had led, so as to be of one mind and heart with her, upwards of fifty nurses and probationers ; of whom the faithful few whom she took with her of our trained nurses were but a seed. She had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses,—the first instance of the kind in England ; for vestries, of whom she had almost the most enlightened, the most liberal body of men in England to support her, *must* look after the pockets of their ratepayers as well as the benefit of their sick.

“She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism ; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her blessed. In less than three years—the time generally

given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove closely to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the unfailing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour's life. She had the absence of all asceticism or 'mortification' for mortification's sake, which characterized His work, and any real work in the present day as in His day.

"And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it—real business, her Father's business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her 'Father's business.'

"She could do, and she did do, more of her Father's business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. But besides this and including this, she had trained herself to the utmost—she was always training herself; for this is no holiday work. Nursing is an art; and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit?"

The well-spent life of Agnes Elizabeth Jones was written by her sister, and from this we gather that the subject of our sketch was born in 1832, at Cambridge. Her

father was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th regiment, and had been ordered to Cambridge a few days previous to her birth. She had many infantine illnesses, and continued very delicate until she was nearly two years old, when she was taken on a visit to Ireland, the native country of both her parents, and there she grew healthy and strong in the pure country air. She was now a very pretty child, with the brightness of eye which was ever one of her most striking features, sunny curling hair, and a light dancing step, full of joyous life.

In 1837 she sailed with her father and family from Cork for Mauritius. The six years spent there appear to have been very happy ones to the bright little child, and vivid memories would often arise in after years of the birthday excursions to the Pampelmousse Gardens, where many beautiful palm-trees and rare tropical plants grew in native luxuriance, and of pleasant months spent by the seaside at Mahébourg, where wonderful shells with rosy tints and pearly linings were now and then the prize of the eager searcher. "Even at this time," says her biographer, "her love of nature was one of her characteristics."

But besides her love of nature, it was during her stay here that her love of God first developed itself. She had great pleasure in accompanying her parents to the Bible readings held at the house of the French pastor, Monsieur le Brun. Some years afterwards she wrote: "I think my first real concern for my soul was awakened by the closing sentences of young M. le Brun's sermon

one week-day evening. 'And now, brethren, if you cannot answer me, how will you at the last day answer the great Searcher of hearts?' This sentence haunted me night and day for some time."

Here, too, she became interested in the Madagascar Christians, then suffering cruel persecutions for conscience sake. Some of them took refuge in Mauritius, and her delight at being taken to visit them was very great. From this time a desire for missionary work took possession of her mind. The extreme reserve of her disposition prevented this being generally known; but from the time she was seven years old the dream of her life was to be one day a missionary. The wish, as she then formed it, for work among the heathen, was never granted, but truly her whole life was a missionary work. In a paper of recollections of her early childhood, she writes: "I remember always having great love for any one I thought one of God's children, I loved going to church, and listening to serious conversation."

"During her stay at Mauritius," says her sister biographer, "two examples of her resolve and determination in carrying out a purpose once formed, may be given. When she was about eight years old a friend sent her a present of a young kangaroo from Australia. An enclosure was made for it in the garden, and Agnes, delighted to feed and visit it daily. One day, as she opened the gate, it escaped and bounded off into our neighbour's plantation. Agnes followed, fearing it might do mischief, climbed over the low wall which separated

the two gardens, and, after a long chase, succeeded in capturing the fugitive. Some minutes afterwards my mother came into the garden, and was horror-struck to see her returning from the pursuit, the kangaroo, which she held bravely by its ears, struggling wildly for freedom, and tearing at her with its hind feet, while her dress was streaming with blood from the wounds inflicted by its nails. Mamma called to her to let go, but she would not do so until she got it safely into its house, although it was many a long day before she lost the marks of her battle and victory. Another instance of the same fixed resolve, whatever she might have to suffer in carrying it out, occurred some years later, when she was about fourteen. My father was extremely fond of music, and very anxious that we should play well. Agnes had no taste for it, and it cost her much trouble to learn the simplest air. Knowing how much my father wished her to improve, she gave it her undivided attention, and laboured painfully to conquer the difficulty. At last she had mastered a piece sufficiently to play it before company, and one evening when a few friends were with us, she was told to get her music. She did so, and by a strong effort of will, overcame her nervousness, and played the piece through without a mistake. She then left the room without saying anything, and soon afterwards was found upstairs by one of the servants in violent hysterics."

At the age of fourteen she wrote the following fragment in her journal: "November 10th, 1846. To-day

I am fourteen. When I look back at the past year I see nothing but sin, deformity, and unhappiness. I only feel that I have improved in music. This morning I made many good resolutions, I fear too much in my own strength, for in the course of the day I broke them all."

"*November 11.*—Awoke and wept at having broken my resolutions."

"Agnes," writes her sister, "had a peculiarly sensitive conscience; the smallest fault she magnified into a sin, and grieved for it accordingly. Then from her reserve and the power she had of concealing her emotion, no one knew of this hidden life, so that she had not the help she might have had."

In 1850 she lost her dear father, and Agnes and her sister were summoned home from Stratford-on-Avon, where they had been at school for two years, but they arrived too late to see him. She writes in 1856: "Sunday is a day of many memories of my dear father; it seems to me especially his. Perhaps the seeing most of him on that day made me first love Sunday; but I always much enjoyed going to church. At Mahébourg his service for the soldiers, then our crossing the river, and evening worship in a solitary place. I could find these spots now, after all these years; then standing by his side in the corner of the verandah, the moonlight streaming down upon us, learning, and repeating or hearing his hymns, and looking up to that dear face where was such holy love, joy, and peace, and the tears often as he repeated, 'See from His head, His hands, His feet,' or

joined in the responses and singing in church. Oh, how I worshipped him ! Then the frequent hearing of his earnest prayers through the closed door of his dressing-room, impressed me deeply. His last words, as he parted with us at Leamington some months before his death, were such a heartfelt 'God bless you !' I remember how their solemnity thrilled me. He felt, what we little guessed, that our next look on that dear countenance would be when it was stiffened in death. I did not then gaze on it as I would now, for the shock of my first view of death as the follower of a long illness made me less mindful at the time of the sweet, peaceful, happy, loving look, which showed how death was to him robbed of its sting. But it was the first realization of orphanhood, and I feared to ask permission to return, dreading to hear it was too late."

From this time the character of the little Agnes developed more rapidly, especially in its simple, unselfish devotion to others. She seemed to feel herself responsible for their comfort and happiness, and her mother, sister, and brother were the objects of a watchful care, which was ever ready to minister to them, at any sacrifice of her own ease and pleasure. Childish things were laid aside, and a certain thought and feeling was perceptible.

The summer of 1850, Mrs. Jones and her family removed from Fahan to Dublin for their permanent residence, that her children might have the benefit of masters, and the girls at once joined the Rev. John Gregg's

church and congregation. His clear gospel teaching and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of the young, awoke new desires after God. Her aunt and godmother, who ever watched over her spiritual life with the deepest interest, said, "Her confirmation seemed to me the time of Agnes's real conversion ; she wrote me such a letter and told me that, on returning to her pew, her sins had all seemed to rise up before her. From that time I truly believe the earnest desire of her heart was to live to God."

One of her earliest labours of love, which was scarcely noticed by the family at the time, was recalled to their memory fifteen years after when her aunt met the lady, in a house they lodged at while in Dublin. She asked especially for Agnes, and added, "I shall never forget how that young creature, all through the winter they spent in my house, used to come down to the kitchen every Sunday evening to read the Bible to Larry and Eliza " (servants in the house).

From early childhood she was always busy about something ; one never saw her with her hands unemployed, and the amount of work she accomplished in this way was wonderful. Lieutenant Jones had encouraged his children to write out during the week their recollection of the Sunday sermons, and this practice Agnes never gave up until time failed her for it in the last few years of overwhelming work, yet to the last she wrote recollections of any peculiarly striking or profitable sermons.

In 1853 the widow of Lieutenant Jones and her family started for the Continent, and early in June reached Bonn, on the Rhine, where some weeks were happily spent.

"Much of our time was taken up," says the sister biographer, "preparing for masters, but the afternoons were generally devoted to long country walks and drives, which were often enlivened by the pleasure and profitable conversation of the Rev. W. Graham, a missionary to the Jews, who had been for some years settled at Bonn. On June 21st we all went over to Kaiserswerth, accompanied by Mr. Graham, and spent a long summer's day in visiting the various schools, hospitals, and other departments of that most valuable institution. Little did we think of the deep effect that day's visit was to produce."

The visit is referred to in Agnes' journal, and she thus concludes with the following words, which seem almost prophetic:—

"As we drove away, my great wish was that this might not be my last visit to Kaiserswerth. Surely such visits should not be unprofitable; if the thoughts of that day be blessed, and its impressions deepened, it will not, I trust, be so. That visit was, I believe, a talent committed to our care; may it not be buried."

And a few days later she writes again:—

"At breakfast it was proposed, and mamma consented to the plan, that Aunt E. and I should spend a week at Kaiserswerth in order the better to understand the

whole working of the institution. This is more than I ever dared to hope. How thankful I should be! May a blessing attend that visit; may my feeble desires to do good to others be deepened and purified. The Lord has heard my prayers and answered them in an unexpected manner; surely this visit should be an encouragement to prayer, and a seal that God will answer it. Lord Thou hast in this answered my prayer; add yet other blessings; oh, give me a large measure of Thy Spirit. Go with us, Lord, to Kaiserswerth; be with us and bless us. Make all things now and then to work for Thy glory and our good. Sanctify us wholly; sanctify our desires and thoughts."

A few days later she writes thus from Kaiserswerth, which gives us a good insight into that institution:—

"My darling J. Though none of the dreadful things you imagined have happened to me, I was very glad to receive your letter, and to hear that you are all so well. We breakfast at 6, dine at 12, have tea at four, and supper at 7, bed at 10. This is a very busy day, and we have seen neither Louisa Fliedner nor my dear friend Hedwig, who are generally much with us. *Wir leben zusammen*, as they say. They both speak very well, especially the latter. Yesterday I had such a pleasant talk with her; she believes that I shall come back here; I am sure I shall if it be for my good. Dear Hedwig! she was telling me I must not expect to find all *couleur de rose* in the service of the Lord here; in so many things we feel the same. She belongs to one of the very

highest families in Germany; now she is principally engaged in teaching in the seminarist's house, but even the pastor himself was astonished at the cheerfulness with which, as 'probe Schwester,' she did any menial work. Each person here is, as far as possible, assigned to the work for which they are best fitted. There is much freedom every way. Each ward has its deaconess who has many 'probe Schwestern' under her; all responsibility devolves on her the sister, and one evening every week each sister comes to consult with the mother (Madame Fliedner) and tell her her difficulties and trials. The mother is indeed a mother, overseeing all, helping and advising all. Yesterday, being the first Sunday in the month, all went to the church at night, and there was a special prayer for all the sisters here and abroad. In the fifteen institutions in different parts of the world there is a prayer-meeting at the same hour; this meeting in spirit is much prized. There is such love between all, and every one is so free, no one would think it a convent. Love seems indeed, as far as human nature permits, to pervade every action. I am so happy here; it is so delightful to see every one so busy, and in the Lord's work; all are so loving and excellent, their whole hearts are in the work. It is a blessed thing to be among them. I wish you would all come here. Aunt and I went with Louisa Fliedner, seven of her insane patients, and five deaconesses to a farm near this, where we had some coffee. The patients enjoy this, and it is good for them; Louisa begged us to talk to them, as it pleased them so

much. Fancy us for three hours walking and talking with these people in German. Not only the labour of talking German so long, but the anxiety lest I should touch a dangerous point, made it rather fatiguing. All went off well. We walked along the mill-stream, and they went in a boat on the mill-pond; they were so obedient, and the deaconesses seemed only amusing themselves, but never took their eyes off the patients. One old lady was very inquisitive, some would scarcely speak, but all were pleased with the foreigners. Yesterday, I was in the hospital and infant school all day. If any one comes here to find quiet rest or solitude, they are very much mistaken, for all are busy, yet have their work so beautifully apportioned that there is never anything neglected or left undone, yet no bustle. Link within link binds all together, not only in the house here, but in the 102 deaconesses abroad."

On the return of the family to Ireland in 1853 Agnes resumed her former life in Dublin, only devoting more time to teaching in the ragged schools than she had done before; earnestly she desired more work for God, and she blamed herself for indolence and carelessness, because she did not do more, yet never did she neglect home duties or leave undone what was ready to her hands.

Now although she seldom spoke of Kaiserwerth, the following passage in her journal shows she had a strong wish to return there:—

"When this time two years ago I left Kaiserwerth,

my wish and prayer were that I might some time return there to be fitted and trained for active work in my Father's service. How often since have that wish and prayer been breathed! I may almost say they have been ever with me; and though I acknowledge that they should not have had greater effect in making me use my small knowledge and stirred me up to greater exertions, still, with gratitude I write it, they have never had such an undue influence as to make me discontented and impatient that my wish was ungratified—my prayer unanswered; and when a few short days ago, mamma proposed my going in August, with what trembling joy did I find that accorded, unasked, which I should not have thought it right to ask. May I take this fact alone as the pillar of fire to lead me on? It is the way that inclination points, therefore an investigation as to the direction of duty will be only fair. Inclination may lead to self-deception. O God, for Jesus' sake, direct me! The duty on the side of Kaiserswerth is clear, and may be summed up in a few words. As we use means to fit us for any earthly profession, so are we bound to use every means which will enable us to adorn our Christian profession.

"This is a means; it is now offered to me. If God sends me and blesses me, it may be a means for His glory and the good of my fellow-creatures. If I go, Lord sanctify my motives. An application of 'Lord, let me first go and bury my father,' struck me to-day, There is, even when I leave my mother, even for a

short day, a half-unacknowledged, undefined fear that I may not see her again, and this comes over me when I think of leaving her to go to Kaiserswerth. 'Lord, let me wait till death removes my father, then I will follow thee,' said a man to Jesus. The answer bade him come at once. J. is now with mamma; this may be the most convenient time for leaving her. Life is short, the work to be done, great. The preparation should be made at once."

But her ardent wishes were not at present to be realized. J.'s approaching marriage put an obstacle in the way, and in the spring of 1856 Agnes and her mamma returned to the old home at Fahan. Here for a while she was intensely happy, every spot of the place being invested with hallowed memories. Here in the little churchyard was her dear father's grave. Here, too, her long-cherished dream of a life devoted to the sick and sorrowful began to be realized. In the school; by the sick bed of the dying; in the lowly cottage where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and promptly wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope; everywhere she was found about her Father's business. "None," says her biographer, "who saw can ever forget her as she would return from those distant lonely walks; her colour brightened by the keen mountain air, her curls blown about by the breeze, and her fair, happy face beaming with the consciousness of having brought comfort and blessing to some of God's poor. She had

a very tender and loving sympathy for the poor, and often writes of the happiness it was to her to be among them. When on a visit at the house of one of my uncles, she writes :—

“I have to this place a feeling that I have to no other, save Fahan, from the knowledge that here a few poor look on me as a friend. How my heart leaps with joy to see a look or smile of welcome from the poor, much more than at a warmer reception from the rich !”

And again,—

“*March, 1857.*—I thank God for the great blessing of health and strength to go amongst the poor. What a sore trial it would be to be forced to cease from visiting them ! Their cordial welcome cheers me, and the hope of doing them good is such an incentive ; when I come to one who is a Christian, and hear her prayers for me, then there rises within me a deep well-spring of joy.”

“*October, 1857.*—To-day, winter came in hail and snow and bitter cold. I put on winter array, but felt almost ashamed to go into the cottages so warmly clothed. What a contrast between visitor and visited ! Who made me to differ ? Health, strength, and this warm clothing, enabling me to go out in all weather, are talents ; oh, may each and all be more and more used for His glory. A blessing to-day from old Mrs. W. warmed me so that I felt not the cold. She said, ‘The Lord love you, for I love you.’”

And yet, another testimony to her heartfelt love of the poor:—

“*December 20.*—I do not like to give the poor their Christmas gifts so long before. I would like the joy to come to them on that day, to go myself with each little love-token. What joy is like that called forth by the gratitude of the poor, often too big for words! I never know whether to laugh or cry. Among the many thanks and blessings I have received to-day, none have been as hearty or overpowering as Widow D.’s, and her prayer for me was that God would never leave or forsake me, but bring me safe to heaven. The blessings of an aged saint come so home to one, while the words of others seem an empty form.”

“Every morning,” her sister biographer continues, “unless detained by home duties, she set off on her rounds after breakfast, returning to early dinner, only to start again immediately afterwards, and prolonging her absence often until darkness had closed in. No weather deterred her; no distance was too great; no road too lonely. Many times in winter she came back from her mountain walks with her cloak stiff with ice, and her hands benumbed with cold; but nothing could damp her brave spirit, and the joy of her work kept her up. Her skill in prescribing for the sick, and her gentle but firm touch in dressing wounds, and especially in cases of burns and scalds, soon became famous in the neighbourhood, and the poor people came many miles across the mountains to consult her, and to get

medicines, salve, etc. The turf-fires on the cottage hearths, round which little children often gather without much watching or care, are the fruitful source of many severe burns, and, on such occasions, Agnes was always sent for. Sometimes it was a very fearful sight that met her, but she never shrank from anything because it was painful, if she could but relieve suffering, and day after day she would go to dress the burns until her care was no longer needed. She was so considerate, too, so thoughtful, of their comfort; never forgetting to take cake or fruit for the poor little sufferer to beguile it during the painful dressing, as well as more substantial food, where that was needed. Roman Catholics as well as Protestants were visited and cared for; she made no distinction of creed or sect in ministering to the needy ones."

A few further extracts from her journal, taken from her sister's "Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones," may, perhaps, help to bring her life still more vividly before the reader:—

"*November 15, 1856.*—To-day I went to old Mrs. D.; she seemed very low, but I trust her hope is sure. My thoughts went back to former visits. Have I really set the whole gospel before her? How humbling to go time after time and feel such want of words and want of power in setting Jesus forth! As I went into a new cottage to-day many doubts arose. When I can do so little in speaking and awakening to those I visit, why go to more? but this was a temptation to yield to my

foolish timidity. He who knows the thoughts answered mine, for when I left the cottage, a stranger came up, saying, 'I hear you lend tracts, and should be glad of some. This is indeed encouragement, for which I thank God. The promise is beginning to be realized to me, 'He that watereth others shall be watered himself;' for when I read and try to explain a chapter, passages strike me with a force of which I knew nothing when reading alone.

"*November 30.*—How often do Mr. A.'s words warn or comfort me! To-day those which came home to my heart were words of encouragement, truly God-sent, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' How often, in my secret heart, do I long to avoid this or that visit and wish to postpone it! Even to-day I thought, 'The snow is heavy, the roads slippery; my headache severe; how gladly would I remain at home!' But how could I with those words in my ear? Each step was cheered by them; better than the cry 'Excelsior,' came those soft, gentle, loving words, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' He so high, the Lord of heaven and earth, with His myriad angels, can He use, much less need, the instrumentality of such as I? If it be so, and I read also, 'Thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that,' shall I let a little thing stop me?"

"*February 25.*—On my return from Ardmore last evening, I ran up to see poor little M. W. who I heard was dying. She took and held my hand, and, from its motion in answer to my question, signified her sure dependence on Christ alone. Dear little girl, I feel so

sure of her safety ; many things she has said to me prove her trust to be placed on the Rock of Ages."

"*March 14.*—Mrs. L. died yesterday. The last words I heard her say as I supported her in my arms were, 'I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.' This was about twelve hours before she went to Jesus. Hers was no death-bed repentance—long ago that was all done, and peace with God was hers."

"*May 15.*—I am weighed down sometimes with the sense of responsibility and short-coming. With this crushing feeling I was coming home this evening, taking my Saturday's review of the past week, but as I came near our gate, the lovely scene before me seemed to lift off the load of care ; the church and trees behind it were bathed in a heavenly flood of light, the rays of the setting sun ; it seemed unearthly ; I almost listened for the angels' songs, but a sweeter note perchance to flesh and blood was the assurance brought home by the scene, of a loving Friend who is touched with the feeling of His people's infirmities. I do not the less feel my own short-comings, but I feel in my weakness the strength engaged for me ; the sweet promise, 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me ;' *shall* come, however far short human instrumentality falls of their need. His crown shall not want a jewel, but if believers do not live up to their privileges, if they tire and faint, their crowns may be less bright because they will not avail themselves of the honour He allows them, of being His instruments in winning souls."

God's word was indeed the rule of her life and her daily study. With her it was no mere reading of a few chapters, but searching the Scriptures, comparing passage with passage, and storing her heart and memory with the truths she thus learned. Her Aunt Esther gave her a Treasury Bible. She thus notices it in her journal:—

“This morning came Aunt E.'s birthday gift, a Treasury Bible; a new talent given to me; Lord, give me grace to read it aright. And do bless the kind and loving giver, and enable me more and more to show my love to her.”

She afterwards wrote to a friend: “Aunt E. has always loved me very much, but she never did anything for me half so valuable as when she gave me that Bible.”

We will now pass to the home life of this Christian woman, and here again we must express our obligations to her sister's affectionate “Memorials.”

“Visitors in the house saw the simple unaffected girl so quiet and unpretending, though ever lady-like and cheerful, and knew nothing of the deep inner life which was the motive power of her consistent walk. But they could not fail to see that while her days were spent among the poor, no home duty was ever neglected, and her mother's slightest wish would at all times make her give up her own plans. Long before the party assembled in the breakfast-room, Agnes might be seen returning from the garden laden with flowers, which she delighted to arrange in the sitting-rooms with a skill and taste quite peculiar to herself. If the servants happened not

to be sufficiently skilful to undertake all that was required, she would spend hours in the kitchen preparing confectionary, etc. ; and when my mother came down in the morning to give orders, she frequently found that Agnes had been busily engaged from five o'clock, and that all was prepared. In all the arrangements of the farm and garden she took the greatest interest, and was ever ready to do anything to help my mother, and save her from anxiety and fatigue. On first coming to Fahan I find from her journals it had been sometimes a great trial to her to give up her visiting of the poor when guests at home required her attention, and she even questioned with herself how far it was right to yield the point, but it was not long before her peculiarly and calm judging mind had discerned where the line was to be drawn ; and it was often a marvel to those who knew where her heart lay, to see with what cheerfulness she would devote herself to the amusement of the friends and relatives who visited us during the summer months. A year and a half after my mother and she (Agnes) returned to Fahan House, I had been left a widow and once more joined the home circle. Those only who knew the deep tenderness of dear Agnes' character and the intense love she ever bore me, could guess at the affectionate sympathy with which she watched over me at that time, and how with gentle persuasion she drew me on to join in walks and visits to the poor ; the desire to give me an interest again in life making her forget her timidity, and admit me even to her Bible

readings in the cottages, where I learned many a lesson from her simple practical teaching."

In 1860 she was again at Kaiserswerth, and her longing for work there was about to be gratified. The time had now come when the happy county and home life was to be left, and a wider sphere of usefulness entered. She had for some time been looking pale and thin, yet she could not be induced to take rest, or in any way relax her Christian exertions on behalf of the poor. An uncle who had come to his home in Ireland for a few weeks, was to rejoin his family in Germany, and one morning it was suggested at the breakfast-table that this might be an opportunity for paying her long-talked-of visit to Kaiserswerth, availing herself of his escort for the journey. At first she seemed to think it impossible she could leave her sick and poor; but in a day or two she spoke of it again, and said she might learn there much that would be useful in the parish; so it was settled that she should go. My mother and I rejoiced at her being thus forced away from the long mountain walks which we felt were too much for her strength, and hoped the complete change of air and scene would restore her failing health. Little did we think she was never again to be with us except on passing visits. Her arrival at Kaiserswerth she thus describes:—

"So we came to the door of the hospital. I was left in the hall till some one should find what was to be done with me; after a long wait a summons came to the pastor's house; the mother came in and said I should

live in the hospital, in the sisters' part, and so brought me over and gave me in charge to Sister Sophia, the head of the hospital. She led me to a dear little room, the window opening on the garden, across which I see the orphan and the pastor's house. After a little I was taken to Sister Reichardt's room, where I sat and talked till 12 o'clock dinner; then my luggage arrived. I unpacked and dressed and went with Sister Dorothea to the women's hospital; Sister Carietten came to take me over part of the house,—the women and children's wards, workrooms, kitchens, bakery, etc. Coffee at 2 in my room, and then with Sister D. to see the wounds dressed in the hospital. At 7 tea, returned to my room and at 9 prayers."

"*Friday*.—Breakfast was brought to me at 6 o'clock. Afterwards I went to the women's hospital and spent the day there."

"*Saturday*.—Prayers at 7, then to women's hospital; dressed some wounds, etc. Sister Dorothea, of whom I am sure I should have grown very fond, went off to replace a sister at Graefeld Almshouse for sick and old. After dinner I paid Sister Sophia a visit in her room, and was told to be ready at 3, dressed in black for the funeral of Sister Joanna, who died on Wednesday, and for whom the bells have been rung daily from 12 to 1 o'clock. Sister Maria came for me; we found the deaconesses assembling in the yard, where was the coffin with six bright silvery-looking handles, and surrounded with a long wreath of cypress

and white dahlias. After a little Pastor Disselhof (Louisa Fliedner's husband), came and told the deaconesses, before leaving, what they were to sing. They sang four verses standing as they were; then the town children walked on, the pastors, six men carrying the coffin, other men and the band; then the deaconesses and others, three and three, singing and moving slowly we came to the 'Gottesacker;' round the grave we stood,—the open grave with the coffin laid in it; a hymn was given out and sung, and then Pastor Disselhof, as if blessing the grave with uplifted hands, repeated, 'Oh death, where is thy sting?' He then read Luke vii. 11-16, and spoke first of the scenes of this week—Monday and Tuesday such a joyful feast, the anniversary of the beginning of the Institution, when so many pastors, strangers, and every deaconess who can come, gather together and have such rejoicing. Now the last day of the week, Sister Joanna's funeral, reminding us that in the midst of life we are in death; but this is also a joyful thing when we think of her now, and we may take the text for the day, 'Weep not,' as our consolation. After giving the reasons why we need not weep, he told the story of her life—her father's death, her work for her mother and young brother, her confirmation and taking God from that day as hers,—not a sudden change, but a growing change, as sure as the growth of a living tree; then her school change from that at Kaiserswerth for awhile, change again to Elburg; but she ever said her heart was here. Her whole heart was in her work—her

school, her teaching of the people in after hours, her Sunday-school, numbering 100 at least; her sorrow that she could give little at Christmas made her, though very shy, go every year from home begging and getting a great deal, enough to clothe her children. In the mention of sister Joanna, they always speak of her as the 'home-gone sister.' "

"*Sunday.*—The preparation for next Sunday's communion. Read at prayers at a quarter to seven, 1 Cor. xi. 13. Sister Carietten prayed that this Sunday might be a day of growth—of being clothed anew in Christ's righteousness,—a day in which we might more entirely give ourselves to Jesus, and feel what a blessed thing it is to live for Him, to work for Him, to devote our strength to Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us. I helped to dress some of the wounds; then church at a quarter before 10. They first sang, then read the same epistle and gospel as our own, then Prov. vii., then a prayer, after which those were desired to remain who wished to receive the communion next Sunday. The Lord's Prayer and the beautiful Levitical blessing closed the service. Soon after, the sister came with an invitation from the pastor for me to dine with him, which I did at 12. He spoke little, for his cough is very severe; first the text for the day was read, then the psalm by his children, and dinner began—soup, plates of gruel, which was sweet with raisins in it, then boiled meat, beans and potatoes, afterwards fresh plums. After dinner the pastor gave one of his sons a poem to

read aloud; he read a few short missionary anecdotes, and we sang a hymn before grace was said. The pastor told me I might, after service at the village church, go out with the parish sister on her rounds."

"*Tuesday*.—Breakfast and prayers, attending patients and sitting with them. Afterwards went with Sisters Emilie and Frederica to the churchyard; saw the spot the pastor has chosen for himself, and also the sisters' graves, a stone with name, age, date of death, and a text, headed by a dove flying among stars. At two, the 'Lied Stunde,' which is Sister Carietten explaining the scripture references to the hymns; then Sister R.'s class on 2 Tim. iii.; then I went back with her to her room for a talk; then to the sick, and helped in the dressings, etc., till after 6."

In a letter home she says,—

"I am as happy here as the day is long, and it does not seem half long enough, but with all my contentment, till your letter came yesterday there was something wanting. Except a little with sister Lebusa—a countess who is nursing-sister here, and who speaks English well—it is German all day, and I think I am improving. Every one is so busy here, one can't spend much time talking, but, had you seen our lively walking party to-day, you would not have feared my being moped."

"*October 1*.—Sister C. came to see my room to-day, she said, 'I like its number, 103, it reminds me of the 103rd Psalm.' I thanked her in my heart for the word.

Truly I can say, 'Forget not all His benefits ;' how many and great they are."

" *Tuesday.*— Found my dress in my room on returning from Pastor D.'s class; as soon as ready I went to show myself to Sister Sophie, and ask for my new name, 'Sister Agnes.' She said she would take me this evening to the men's hospital, so, after giving my English lesson, I went to her. Sister M. in the wards is different from any sister I have yet come in contact with, but she seems very hardy, and well fitted for her post. I hope I may learn much from her. I go with trembling, but it encourages me to feel I have made friends here, in the sorrow of the sisters and patients in the wards I am leaving."

" *October 3.*—In the morning helped in the female ward, till breakfast. At 7 to the men's hospital. Sister M., to my great delight, put me at once to work; first washing the glasses, etc., used by the patients during the night, then dusting and washing furniture in the bedrooms, seeing the dressing of the wounds, etc., washing up of breakfast things, and then I was sent to sit in the room with a dying man. Could I have chosen my work, it would have been this; but, oh, how I longed for words! and yet I feared to speak, partly because he was too weak for the exertion of mind to understand me; partly, because I was unwilling he should know my ignorance of the language, lest he should be nervous at the thought of my not understanding his wants. But I could pray for him, and it was so sweet to think One was

there who could do all without my help, and who could hear my prayer, and answer the sick man's oft-repeated cry, 'Lieber Heiland, hilf mich !' His constant cough was very distressing, yet he scarcely seemed to me so near death as they think him. After dinner returned to my post. At 2, Pastor S.'s class, then my English lesson, and then to men's hospital again till 7 ; after tea, visited sister G., and then to the female wards to say good-night to my friends."

We here get graphic glimpses of the training she was undergoing at this German institution, and which was to bear fruit in English hospitals and workhouses, after being for some time with the Bible-women. To perfect still further her hospital training, she entered St. Thomas's hospital for a year's training. While there she went through all the training of a nurse. "Her reports of cases," says Miss Nightingale, "were admirable as to nursing details. She was our best pupil; she went through all the work of a soldier, and she thereby fitted herself for being the best general we ever had. Many a time, in her after life at the workhouse, she wrote that without her training in St. Thomas's Hospital she could have done nothing. "Dear fellow countrywomen," continues Miss Nightingale, "if any of you are unwilling to leave a loved and happy home, if any of you are unwilling to give up a beloved daughter or sister, know that this servant of God had a home as fair and happy as any, which she loved beyond all created things; and that her mother and sister gave her up to do God's work !"

In 1865 she found herself as superintendent of the nurses at the Liverpool workhouse, and here she did some wonderful Christian work. Here on the 19th February, 1868, she was seized with fever while ministering to the wants of some poor fever-stricken patients, and cut off all too soon for her noble work, and while still comparatively young. When dying at the workhouse infirmary—at her humane post, indeed—one of the nurses whispered to her, “You’ll soon be with Jesus.” She said, “Yes, I’ll be better there—” After some time she opened her eyes, no dulness there; they looked bright and beautiful; she looked round as if she knew the faces, then on her aunt with such a loving expression, and “auntie” was her last word. The breathing became slower, then longer intervals between; at last it ceased, and she was with Jesus, whom she so loved, and so faithfully served. “Her countenance,” wrote her aunt to her mother, whose health would not permit her to travel from Fahan to Liverpool, “was the most beautiful I ever saw after life had departed—the bright sunny expression—truly perfect peace; more than peace, joy.”

On February 25th, 1868, her dear father’s grave in Fahan churchyard was opened to receive the remains of this great and godly woman. Her grave was surrounded, first, by rows of school-children—behind them, on one side the young women, on the other the young men of her Bible classes—and behind these again the elder women and men with whom she had read and prayed.

She lay, after the service, completely strewn with prim-roses and snowdrops showered upon her coffin. It is proposed to erect on the spot where she died perhaps the grandest religious statue ever sculptured by mortal hands—Tenerani's Angel of the Resurrection—as a fitting memorial of her work, and a type of the hope to come. She was cut off in the midst of heavy labours, having under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from 200 to 300 more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning.

A monument to her memory has been erected in the parish church of Fahan, which consists of a tablet of pure Carrara marble, supported by brackets, and capped by a moulded cornice, which bears the following inscription :—

“The Master is come and calleth for thee,—John vi. 28. Erected by the Minister and People of Fahan and their Bishop, in memory of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, formerly of this parish. Born 10th November, 1832. Cut off by fever, 19th February, 1868.” Underneath the inscription are the following beautiful lines, the composition of the Lord Bishop of Derry :—

“Alone with Christ in this sequester'd place
Thy meek soul learn'd its quietude of grace ;
On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,
Thy gifted touch was trained to finer powers,

Therefore, when death, O Agnes ! came to thee—
Not in the cool breath of our silver sea,
But in the city hospital's hot ward
A gentle worker for the gentle Lord—
Proudly, as men heroic ashes claim,
We ask'd to have thy fever-stricken frame,
And lay it in our grass, beside our foam,
Till Christ the Healer calls His sisters home."





LADY HOPE.

[PROMOTER OF COFFEE TAVERNS.]

ANOTHER Christian labourer in the Temperance Cause, is Lady Hope, whom, like many other silent workers, we must be content to know by her works as a staunch Bible-woman and as a great and able supporter of coffee-halls for working men. This lady in a volume she has just published, "Lines of Light on a Dark Background," gives us some invaluable experiences amongst the intemperate at Dorking. In her introductory chapter she says :—

"While reviewing the temperance history of this country during the past two or three years, one finds cause for lament, as well as much cause indeed for thankfulness. We rejoice in the spread of temperance ; we lament in such large proportion its divorce from all that is godly. So that, while we feel disposed to congratulate the movers in these great and successful schemes, we also would entreat, in the name of *the people* that our great national temperance reforms may not even *appear* to be inconsistent with the highest code of morality offered to us, namely the Scripture.

"Why should we consider it necessary to banish the

Bible because we desire success in our effort amongst the working-classes? It is to be feared that we shall teach the masses to imagine that *God is not with us* in the temperance reforms which we are striving to effect ; and 'Without *Me* ye can do nothing,' says our Christ.

"The standard of Christianity is the glory of our land ; her very mottoes reveal this as a great and undying fact. If we think that this banner is objected to by the middle and lower classes, we are mistaken ; the idea is chimerical. The Book has power to fascinate—to delight. The large print New Testament carries with it its own charm, gives them happier days ; and *many a time* it has breathed comfort into aching, weary hearts.

"Texts on the wall do wonders in checking bad language, and controlling the thousand evils that will crop up in any large assemblage of working men who are spending their evenings together, their former intercourse having been within the tainted atmosphere of the public-house."

Further on writes Lady Hope :—

"In our temperance meetings, halls, saloons, we cannot go too far in exalting the name of Christ. He is our great Leader in every cause for good. Let us go forth in His strength and with His blessing, and we shall surely prosper."

In her chapter on coffee-halls she thus bears her testimony to their value in reclaiming the drunkard, and keeping him out of temptation :—

"'We pass the drink at every turn,' said a working-

man, and he spoke as one of many. 'We smell it, we see it, we taste it, and how can we help becoming drunkards?'

"Do get coffee for us in the houses all down the street, and beside the country roads, and we'll *never* drink beer or spirits! We have had *enough of that lush!*" said another.

"I went out this morning," said a third, 'quite determined that I would never drink another drop of beer. But at my work I got dreadful thirsty and I asked at the nearest public-house for a cup of tea; but the publican's wife, she scorned me! and so I had to drink some ditch-water out of a roadside pond. The publican he found me out, and before I knew where I was, a lot of his *own* were upon me, and the beer was being poured down my throat.'

"From that day," says Lady Hope, "this fine, manly-looking young fellow became, in spite of all his better aspirations, a heavy drinker to the heart-breaking sorrow of his aged mother. Many a time he would give utterance to sorrowful expostulations with us on our being so quiet about them publicans, when they were doing such a deal of mischief, saying, 'WHY can't we get other drinks besides that beer when we are at our work? But,' he would add, sorrowfully shaking his head, 'there's always plenty of beer or spirits to hand, go where you will!' His reproaches were only too true, and we were silenced; and so the better and reforming portion of our community *must* be silent while this

iniquitous, wholesale traffic of drinks, that tends so directly to the immediate degradation of the people, continues almost unchecked, and generally ever unopposed.

“The misery depicted in the hearts and lives of those who frequent the drink-shops ought to make us, as Christians, very careful about giving encouragement to so deadly a practice as that of trifling with intoxicating liquor. Many a time poor women have expressed their dread at seeing their husbands enter the hospital, for fear of the beer or brandy likely to be prescribed; the wife, perhaps, having been witness to the long struggle of *resistance*, before her husband could again be considered a sober and respectable man, dreading the prescription that *might* so easily throw him back again into the misery from which he had with such difficulty escaped. These precautionary fears, however, are not always to be found on the part of the women. On the contrary, they are often far too willing to take and offer the spirituous dose.

“Not long ago” (continues Lady Hope, in her useful and interesting volume) “I went into a cottage, where I heard that an old man was suffering from an accident. Two of his ribs had been broken. There I found him, lying under a counterpane, it is true, in his rough working-jacket, the daughter having been desired by the doctor not to let him be undressed; and there he lay, the very picture of wretched discomfort, for many days.

"Whenever I visited him I found the daughter, herself a married woman and the mother of children, handing to him a spouted cup. 'Drink it,' she always said; 'it will do you good.'

" 'What is it?' I asked one day, 'that you give him so often to do him good?' Seeing her hesitate, I asked whether the draught was *whisky*?

" 'Yes!' I was right. It was nothing else.

" 'How *can* you give him such a thing as this?' I inquired, 'when you could get both milk, or anything you liked from the house close by.'

" 'Oh, it is very good! It gives him a *false spirit*,' she replied.

" 'A FALSE SPIRIT!' I repeated, in horror.

" 'Yes!' she continued, 'the doctor said it would do for both meat and medicine for him.'

" 'This false spirit,' comments our author, "has now obtained a power in our land which none but the Holy Spirit of God is able to overcome. No doubt many a drunkard is *made* such by the quiet indulgence of their liberal prescriptions, first in his own house, and then—after the love for them is acquired—at the public-house."

But the ruinous evils of intemperance are unhappily too well known to dwell upon them. What is the remedy? That is the question that every one interested in the amelioration of the wretched vice should address to himself. Lady Hope, who has worked hard and successfully in the temperance cause, looks with great favour

on the coffee-hall system, which is now springing up in our midst, and she gives substantial evidence of its value.

"A budget of letters," she says in the book we quote from, "lies before me, each containing sentences that testify to the writer's history of a twofold life, and all written at different times and under different circumstances, from hearts full of gratitude and love to the Good Shepherd, who had traced, followed, sought, and found His wandering sheep.

"The first that I happen to take up is from one of the lads in our obstreperous class, mentioned in the earlier part of 'Our Coffee Room.' It was written after I had left Surrey, and refers to a return visit I had paid a short time afterwards. In the interval W. had become a married man, steady, and well-conducted; though always one of our warm friends and hearty supporters, and a very regular attendant at the rooms and meetings, yet having an occasional slip or stumble, which caused us anxiety, and made him by no means the faultless example that we wished to see him.

"For some time before his marriage, however, we were consoled by the great improvement manifest in his conduct, and also by the increased earnestness of his Christian character. On the occasion of the visit I have mentioned, I had called at his house, finding only his wife at home, and had been shown with much delight a Bible presented to her W. by some of his friends. W. writes:—

"I thank you for your kind letter, and also the

markers that you sent me for my large Bible. I was very glad you came to see my home before you went back. I told my wife she ought to have shown you upstairs,' (to display the bedrooms, which, no doubt, judging by the downstairs apartments, were a pattern of cleanliness and neatness), 'but I hope you will come again and see us whenever you come back to D. I thank God that He gave me such a happy home. I have much to thank you for, too, for I believe I should have been one of the wildest, wickedest fellows in the world, had not God given you so much patience in trying to lead me in that narrow path which leads to everlasting life. How many times I have tried to get out of your way! But you would not let me rest in sin and wickedness; and I thank God that He did not cut me off in my sins. We have had a good large Bible-class lately.' "

Such letters as these must have been a great reward to Lady Hope, and an encouragement to pursue her Christian course in reclaiming the unhappy fallen.

"The next letter is from a man who, at our first acquaintance with him, was one of the worst of roughs, and deplorably ignorant, but who afterwards became one of our most valuable helpers. A short time ago he undertook the charge of a coffee-barrow, which, having proved successful, he here expresses a desire for the enlargement of his operations:—

"'I am getting on very successful with my work, and think, with a little more persuading, Mr.—' (his super-

intendent) 'will build me a room, as he is so taken up with the way wherein I do the work. I hope that when you write back you will write a little encouraging piece, so that I may show it to them. Mrs.——' (the lady who audits his accounts) 'told me this morning she had got £9 in hand from me in five weeks. So I think I ought to have a room now, for it is more than I can do with the coffee-stall properly. You know I told you I had made a little place behind it, and Mr.—— gave me a lot of books to give to men, and they take such an interest in it. I get the place quite filled up all round. I have a great deal to thank the Lord for on account of the coffee-barrow, for He has answered our prayers most abundantly, from 4s. 6d. a day up to £2 or £3; and more than that, I have got so used to the men, that I can speak to any of them now.'

"Since the receipt of this letter," writes Lady Hope, "the Vicar of the parish where the coffee-stall has been carrying on its successful trade has written to tell me that K. has obtained his wish, an iron room having been erected for the use of the coffee-barrow customers. He also tells me that in *nine months* K.'s gross receipts have been no less than £300! proving both the vigour of the salesman and the popularity of his wares; but above all, the blessing that can be given from our Father to any effort made in believing prayer and humble dependence upon His promised word.

The following excellent hints on establishing a village coffee-room by one person is well worth attention:—

“Large halls would require far too large an outlay for the ordinary purse of a single individual, and many of these coffee-houses are being started by those who are by no means wealthy. This is true, but many of these coffee-houses FAIL *because* they are begun with too small an outlay at first, and are stinted continuously of the many charms and comforts to the working man—*luxuries* which, were they made use of, would prove so successful an attraction to him.

On the other hand, when I say ‘large halls,’ I am suggesting the BEST method of entertaining the working man in the evenings, and thinking of enterprise suitable for the consideration of gentlemen, who might form on this plan a Mission Coffee-hall Company. But though, in planning a village coffee-room, or a similar undertaking, by one person and where funds were limited, one would not suggest a scheme of this description on any but a moderate scale, the *theory* holds good, the project is the same. Do not rent a small house full of little rooms, but rent a long empty warehouse or shed, or erect a movable wooden room, latched inside, and capable of holding not less than seventy or eighty men comfortably seated at tables. One good-sized room, or two rooms adjoining one another, each about 30 by 20 feet, the one for coffee, games, and reading, and the other for classes and readings or meetings, are far preferable in every way to the ‘little house’ so commonly and mistakenly engaged for this purpose. Three obvious reasons show the disadvantages of the small-roomed house.

1st. It gives the men no pleasure to find themselves in a little room, where they can scarcely move, and where they cannot invite their friends, because there can be no conversation that is not heard by all present.

2nd. The manager must have full sight and control of all the men in the house, or quarrelling, bad language, and other disorders may occur.

3rd. The little rooms preclude the entrance of hundreds of men who would willingly be customers were there space and freedom offered to them, and the best attractions provided.

A very rough shed, provided it be air and water tight, can be made extremely pretty and home-like by the skilful arrangement of large texts made of bright blue letters on white calico, the coloured pictures published so cheaply by the Tract Society, and engravings from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, bordered by an inch of crimson paper, and fastened on the wall by means of brass-headed nails. One naturally lays great stress on decoration, however humble the materials, because we are all creatures of sight, and are aware immediately we enter a room of a sense of comfort and brightness, or the reverse. One of the most successful rooms of this kind that I know was once a large dancing-hall, its walls sodden with age and dirt, its windows opaque with dust and cobwebs. It was known as one of the worst haunts in a little town, until at last its notoriety caused its sudden collapse through a judicial mandate carried into effect by the police.

At this point of its existence, it was discovered, rented for a small sum, and cleaned throughout; when, happily, the painting and whitewashing that it then received caused so great a metamorphosis in its appearance that its most frequent attendants of former times said in their surprise, "We should not know it again!" After an interval of two or three months it was opened as a coffee-saloon on the principles above described. Seventy representative working men were invited, and the objects of the undertaking explained. After listening attentively to the future programme of the old room, they were appealed to for their united support, and the reply was unanimous. Their eager faces and loud applause showed their appreciation of the benefit conferred, and promised their hearty co-operation. But the most sanguine of its supporters were scarcely prepared for the rush of visitors that followed upon that evening. Night after night the numbers of customers steadily increased. Hours they spend there in the greatest delight. Simple though their enjoyments are, and unmarred by excitement of any kind, it is none the less real. *Crowded* though that room is in every corner, standing as well as sitting space occupied for many hours on a Saturday evening, and for a shorter time on other nights, yet the gentle control of an excellent manager is sufficient, without difficulty, to preserve perfect order. No bad language, no angry disputes disturb the evenings, but all are in good humour, and while some are thoroughly occupied with their various avocations others

are engaged in free conversation, or in an attitude of easy lounge, looking on at the passing and repassing of the crowd of customers, occasionally hailing some friend or acquaintance as he pushes his way up to the bar, in tones of assured welcome.

Larger rooms of a similar kind in another town, and conducted in the same way, are also thronged from week to week, and have been for some years fully paying all regular expenses.

The actual management of work of this description, particularly in its details, should always be entrusted to one person. A lady who has the matter much at heart, has a kindly feeling for, and warm interest in, the working men, as well as tact and cheerfulness in dealing with them, would certainly be the most suitable person to fill this post; and even were the room under supervision of a committee or company, the arrangements of detail should be entrusted to one such person, or confusion must at times result from the difference of opinions so likely to arise, even on minor points, and, perhaps, much delay caused in changes which are often required owing to unavoidable circumstances, or to promote *variety*, which is really essential to the well-being of any undertaking that consults the welfare and tastes of *many persons*. Anything like the attempted superiority of one working man over the others, except he be the paid manager, provokes endless jealousies and discomforts. For this reason a working men's committee seldom answers. Dissatisfaction is caused in numberless little

ways to those not on the committee, and often by close inspection a heartless and tyrannical exclusion of men disliked by those in power may be discovered, whereas often these men are the very persons who might be bettered by, and certainly ought to be encouraged to, a free use of the rooms provided."

As to the practical bearing of the subject, questions of a very *impracticable* nature are often asked, such as the following :—

1. "What will it cost to start a coffee-hall?"
2. "Is such a scheme likely to succeed in a small village?"
3. "How can I find a good manager?"

These are specimens of the ordinary inquiries made on this topic, and can only be met as they are offered.

To the first the reply is apparent. The cost of such an undertaking entirely depends on the circumstances of the place, the nature of the locality, scale of prices, number of population, and funds forthcoming. No one rate of expenditure will be a specimen for universal copy.

To the second the answer is also self-evident. Can the village in question support a public-house? If so, it certainly ought to support a coffee-room of comfortable dimensions.

The third query is not so easy to answer, but, happily, it is possible. Excellent men, with earnest hearts and business capacity, are certainly to be found, and in no small number, as our large tradesmen and general employers can testify. It is true that tact, cheerfulness,

neatness, quickness, and an untiring readiness to meet the wishes of customers, are qualities essential to a good manager. But if there be the high principle of a LOVE that desires to rescue his fellow men, and common sense enough to carry him through any other responsible post in life, all the other adjuncts will quickly follow.

“In reference to the frequent FAILURES of which we hear” (we still quote from Lady Hope’s volume) “and their causes, instances may again be given, on the principle of the blind man’s lantern carried to prevent the passing crowd from ‘stumbling over’ him! One sentence in a letter of such inquiries crosses my mind at this moment: ‘I am anxious to begin such an undertaking as you advise. I am sure it would be for the real welfare of the people, and think of setting about it at once. What sort of *manager* do you advise? I fancy having an old woman whom I know; she is quite lame, as she has very bad rheumatism. She will be thankful to get *any* wages, as she is very poor. This will suit the state of our funds, which, as I think I told you, are not large. Or how would a poor man do who lives close by us? He is half-witted, but perfectly harmless. I am *sure* he would do well.’ It is needless to say that by return of post this lady was entreated to give up thoughts of establishing a coffee-stall.

“Again I have been asked,” says Lady Hope, “to visit an ill-fated manager, whose physical powers had succumbed beneath the opposing wishes and tempers of the *sixteen* committee ladies, who were endeavouring to rule

him, each in her own way, but *all* with a rod of iron ! The unfortunate man's groans on his sick bed were distressing to hear, and yet one could hardly help smiling at his melancholy ravings about his many mistresses, and his feverish anxieties to please each impartially. It is needless to say he did not return to his post ; but this ever-augmenting committee of ladies naturally brought the coffee-house to a rapid close, when, after some months of interment, it as suddenly rose into satisfactory life beneath the auspices of one lady, and is, I believe, now flourishing."

Lady Hope writes strongly against the admission of *boys* to coffee-halls. " Many of the coffee-house failures I have personally witnessed have been owing to the tremendous influx of *boys* at the commencement of their history. Men and boys *will not* amalgamate. They are as different and incohesive as oil and water. It is true that boys everywhere appreciate a coffee-room, but their rendezvous ought to be held in quite a different building from that frequented by the men. They must be kept entirely separate, not even entering the same door except as *customers*, and an essential point in the well-being of the boys' coffee-room is the provision of regular occupation for them during the evening hours. Boys do not want a *place of rest*, for their energies are always at work. When idle, they are always inclined to receive or communicate mischief, but when employed they are quite happy."

Lady Hope, ever working for the higher Christian

life, emphatically points out the danger of shutting out religion from coffee-taverns. Moreover, she is anxious to infuse more love and welcome into these places, more Christian socialism, of the importance of which the following graphic anecdote will show :—

“It is the fault of very much of our Christian work,” says this earnest worker in the cause of temperance and religion, “that we overlook the importance of genial kindness and hearty friendship in dealing with the people individually.

“One evening on passing through our rooms, amidst the throng I noticed a shock-headed fellow, wild and dirty-looking. He had seemed rather startled on entering the door of the coffee-room, at seeing so many people there, I suppose, or perhaps at the brightness and spaciousness of the place. He presently seated himself, however, and called for coffee. While drinking it, he looked at one of the yearly volumes of the *British Workman*. I went up to him, and sitting down by his side, talked about some of the pictures, and then we got into a conversation, which, of course, ended in a warm invitation to him to receive the fulness of blessing the Lord Jesus was so freely willing to bestow on him. He was also told of one or two meetings to be held in the adjoining rooms during the week, and asked to come to them and hear the singing and reading.

“‘Will you come?’ I said, shaking hands with him at parting ; ‘I shall be so glad if you will come and see us again as soon as you can.’

"Some few weeks after, this interview, which being only one of many of a similar kind, that I should not have particularised it by any special thought, was brought to my mind by a visit that I paid at a door in a little back street quite casually, merely because it was my habit to take an afternoon now and then for miscellaneous visiting.

"‘Oh, come in!’ said a kind, glad voice. ‘Come and sit down, now *do!* I’ve been a-wanting to see yer.’

"‘I do not think I know your name,’ was my reply. ‘Have I ever seen you before?’ and so saying I gladly accepted the offered seat.

"‘No, Miss, perhaps you never ’ave; but my ’usband knows yer.’

"‘He does?’

"‘The woman answered, ‘Yes, *he* knows yer.’

"And then she told me the following story. She said, ‘I had asked him very often of a Saturday night to go into the town-hall coffee-room instead of to the public-house. But I never could persuade him, and he used always to come home the worse for drink.’ She then went on to say that a few Saturdays ago she had showed him a penny, and said, ‘There, that would get you a cup of coffee at the town-hall, and then you could see the place, and come back and tell me all about it.’

"‘Well,’ she continued, ‘he *was* such a long time away, I never thought but he was at his old place again’ (this signified the public-house of which he had been an

habituate); 'But not a bit of it! When he came home he said, "Wife! where's a looking-glass?"'

"At this recollection the woman burst out laughing, and said, 'I couldn't think whatever had come over him. And then he said, "Well, I have been to that 'ere place, and I never saw nothin' like it afore. And there was a young lady there, and she took a kind of fancy to me, I think. She *did* speak kind, and she asked me to come again another night, and she should miss me if I didn't, and what not! And I want to see what kind of a fellow I am. Bring us the looking glass, will yer?"'

"The woman was greatly amused at her own narration. However she went on, 'And when he sees it he says, "Well, I never!" and began a smoothin' down 'is 'air. The next night, lor! he *was* a long time a cleaning of his self, and then off he went again to the coffee-room. He always comes now *regular*,' she continued, 'And he do like it *very* much, and so do I!' She nodded sagaciously, meaning that it made all the difference to the comfort and respectability of their home."

Lady Hope might well congratulate herself on this "brand plucked from the burning" through her loving-kindness. She adds—

"Had no welcoming word been said, that poor fellow might never have returned to us, and lost in the crowd of unnoticed inebriates, have continued a life of unmitigated misery to himself, his wife, and his children, only to end that life in an eternity of still greater darkness."

In conclusion we cannot resist making another extract

from Lady Hope's delightful book, wherein is shown her Christian heroism.

"Just after the dusky shades of a long winter's evening had set in, and I had seated myself at my writing table for an uninterrupted hour or two of work, a knock was heard at the door, and a note brought in. 'Waiting for an answer,' the servant said, but added, 'A gentleman's servant has brought it, and he would be gläd if you would speak to him. He is riding, but he will come in if you will see him.'

"In a few minutes a smart-looking liveried coachman was in my little room, and was requesting an answer to the note already given. I read the note. It was to this effect :—

" 'DEAR MADAM,—

" 'Our fellow servant being very ill, we take the liberty of asking you if you will call and see her. It is because she has been so anxious to see you ever since she was first taken ill, now three weeks ago, that we have written this note.

" 'J. B., the bearer of the note, will explain to you more particularly.

" 'Yours obediently, A SERVANT.'

" 'The fact is,' explained J. B., 'the person that wants to see you is very dangerously ill. She was for a long time much against your meetings, and tried to prevent us all from attending. Our mistress was always very angry if she found out that any of us went to your rooms and perhaps it would not do if you were to ask her

to allow you to see Mrs. H.' (naming the housekeeper, who was ill).

" 'Would you mind coming in at the back door?' he inquired, after some further conversation, when I had expressed a willingness to see the sufferer, but a doubt as to the possibility of accomplishing such an undertaking in the face of the difficulty he had suggested.

" 'The back door!' it *was* a question indeed!

" 'And in the evening after dark,' he continued.

" 'This was a new view of Christian duty certainly; but after some little hesitation which he cut short by saying he had already been too long talking, and must go, I asked my father's counsel, and he replied, 'Go, by all means. There is no question about it. Of course, go.'

" 'He was so decided, and there was so little time to lose, that I returned to answer my friend in the other room in the affirmative. He was delighted, and said, 'Then to-morrow evening I will come for you with a lantern at seven o'clock.'

" 'The rain was falling heavily when my mysterious visitor, wrapped in a cloak, and lantern in hand, appeared at my window, for it had been arranged between us that I should be ready at the moment, and open the door to him myself. Well waterproofed and carrying umbrellas, we stepped forth into the darkness of the night, walked down a solitary road, and then my companion began to tell me that he had been wild and wicked once, but that since he had begun to hear the Scriptures read at the coffee-rooms and in the Sunday evening meetings, all had

become changed with him ; that for a long time now he had 'hated' his old ways, and been 'wonderful happy,' and got on well with his work, so that all the servants had noticed the change in him.

" 'When they asked me any questions,' he said, 'I always told them where I found the blessing, and begged them to come too. But Mrs. H., she made great scorn of my new religion, and she forbid the others to go near the place that I told them of. Many a time I took courage and spoke to her about her soul, but she would not listen. But one day the family were away from home, and she was left in charge, when she thought she would go and hear for herself. It was a Sunday afternoon when she came, and she heard you read something out of the Bible that she could not forget. She was miserable, yet she came to the meetings again, and again, and by the time the family were at home again, she had begun to tell us all that she too had found the new rooms very good, and she urged the other servants and all her friends to seek their Saviour before it came too late.'

" This was the substance of the story with which J. B. beguiled our lantern-lit journey, while we walked through the rain. At last he stopped before a little side-gate in the wall surrounding a kitchen garden.

" 'Here we are,' he remarked in a mysterious whisper. 'Now we must keep very quiet. Follow me, and I'll take you round the path straight to the back door. All right,' he said presently ; 'I see a light ; they are looking out for us.'

"Until this moment I had hardly realized the surreptitiousness of our errand; but now it was too late to draw back. With her finger on her lips to inculcate silence, the servant maid received me. She and others who now came forward removed my wet cloak and umbrella. One who had a lighted candle in her hand beckoned to me to follow, and soon I was upstairs in a little bedroom, where, opposite the door, in a cleanly draped bed, lay, or rather sat, propped up with pillows, an elderly woman. She stretched out both hands to receive me.

" 'I am so glad you have come,' she said. 'I believe I am very, very ill, dangerously so, the doctor says. My mistresses are very kind to me, they give me everything they can persuade me to eat, and they come and read by my bedside. But,' she added, lowering her voice, 'It is only the newspapers that they read, about the *trials* and that. I cannot bear to hear them. What I want is this, perhaps you can help me, I want to have *my sins forgiven*. Oh, I have been such a sinner! I have been a good servant to my mistress, but I have neglected my own soul. I thought it was sufficient to go to church and give money to the poor. I attended well to my work, but *I am* not saved. What shall I do to be saved? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?'

"I told her of the jailer's cry in her very words, and of the apostle's ready answer, and begged her to think of the all-sufficient death of Christ upon Calvary, telling her as simply as I could, that Jesus died to atone for her guilt, and that He rose again that she might LIVE.

"While reading the verses on saving faith in John iii., she clasped her hands together, and said, '*That* suits me. That is what I want.' I read the 14th to 16th verses again, and she said with a sort of sigh of relief, 'Oh, what a comfort! I am so glad you came! I knew you could tell me what I wanted. Will you pray for me?'

"We prayed, and by this time I had been about ten minutes in the room. Now the maid who had conducted me upstairs entered again, and said, 'I am afraid we dare not ask you to stay longer.'

"'No,' said the housekeeper, 'I wish you could stay longer; but I am very grateful to you for coming. God bless you. I will *just trust*. Good-bye.'

"We went downstairs, where I found all the servants assembled in the passage. While my cloak was being put on again, many kind hands were stretched out to me in silent thanks for the visit, and then J. B., lantern in hand, was once more conducting me through the kitchen garden.

"'We are very much obliged to you for coming,' he said, 'but we can never ask you to come again; it is too great a risk.'

"We quite agreed that such a proceeding was only suitable for an emergency, and at the request of a dying person. But I was much struck with one remark the coachman made. He said, 'Our mistress has no right to interfere between our souls and God. She has done that long enough, and we have yielded because it is as much as our place is worth to thwart her wishes.'

"Promising to keep me informed of the dying woman's state, he parted from me at the door of the night school, where I was to take a class that evening.

"Many times we prayed for her, and I often asked that I might, if possible, see her *once* more. But weeks rolled on, and I heard that she was peaceful, though often wandering in mind. In a most unexpected way I found my prayer answered. Going into an hospital one day to see a patient, the nurse stopped me, saying, 'There is a person here who frequently asks for you. Can you speak to her for a moment? She cannot live many hours.'

"On entering the ward I immediately recognised my housekeeper friend. So changed! She was indeed curtailed with the shadow of death.

"'I fear she is unconscious,' the nurse said, 'but speak to her, she might know your voice.'

"Approaching the bed on which she lay, I stooped over her, and said, 'Jesus! do you know JESUS who died for you? Jesus is *near* you.'

"As I repeated that name she roused herself, her eyelids opened, her lips parted, and with a look of inexpressible earnestness, she raised both her hands, saying, 'Yes, YES, JESUS.'

No more need be said of the faithful Christian labours of Lady Hope, who is never weary of doing good. She is still young, and her humane and earnest labours with the working classes have chiefly been conducted at Dorking, in Surrey, but her influence extends far and wide.



MARY CARPENTER.

[FOUNDER OF REFORMATORY SCHOOLS FOR JUVENILE
OFFENDERS.]

TO cultivate habitual piety is true wisdom, and, although this important task may be best learned early in life, it is not in any season unattainable. In its commencement we should first endeavour to acquire, and at all times to maintain, such just notions of the nature and perfections of the Being we worship, as the dim sight we obtain of Him will admit of. These will enable us to perceive that our worship is rational, and calculated to advance our natures towards the Being who is our great centre of perfection. We shall perceive, that to obey His laws is not only to promote our own individual welfare, but also to enable us to communicate good to others, though in a limited degree, even as He imparts good to all.

Mary Carpenter, through her father's religious ministrations, early perceived that religion can be supported by *reason* as well as *faith*. "It cannot be doubted," says Dr. Lant Carpenter, the father of the subject of this memoir, in his "Principles of Education," "that re-

religious *obedience* is the best means of cultivating, supporting, and confirming the religious *affections*; that habitual regard to the will of God, where ideas regarding Him are tolerably correct, will always cherish the love of God where it exists, and will gradually produce it where before it did not exist." And "religious obedience" was the groundwork of the education which Mary Carpenter was trained in, and which was destined to bear so much good fruit throughout her long, laborious, and eminently Christian life.

Some minds are more prone to religious fervour than to that tranquil state of feeling which results from the habit of devotion, but to this it is not comparable; fervour may rouse the mind to greater occasional exertions, and these, by producing good resolutions, may tend to lessen an attachment to the world; but this excitation will remit, and, during the intervals, the world will resume its influence over the heart. The religion, however (as in the case of Mary Carpenter), which has taken unremitting hold of the affections will retain over them a constant and almost equal government. Besides satisfying our understanding with regard to the reasonableness of our worship, our hearts should be deeply impressed with a sense of its duty. If gratitude be due to an earthly benefactor, who bestows favour from ostentation, from secret views for his own advantage or credit, and never, perhaps, with perfect disinterestedness; if ingratitude to such a benefactor be considered base and unworthy, the characteristic of degeneracy, what

epithet can be given to ingratitude towards a Benefactor perfect beyond our comprehension; who, knowing our infirmities, our omissions, and transgressions of His laws, yet withholds not from us the hand of support, mercifully extends it in forgiveness, and sheds upon us every supply our necessities demand? His mercy descends upon the just and the unjust.

One glance at the home-life of Mary Carpenter will at once show how she early became inoculated with the high Christian spirit which animated her whole life, and made her one of the most distinguished women of her day and generation. The following anecdote of her infantile life remarkably attracts our attention to her innate love of being *useful*, which subsequently developed itself into the leading feature of her mind, and, next to the love of God, was the real happiness of her life.

Her father one day took little Mary and her sister for a walk, and led them into a field of new-mown hay. To roll in the sunshine like the little Anna was not enough for the elder Mary, who watched the haymakers busily at work. "I want to be ooseful, I want to be ooseful," she cried, and would not be satisfied till her father cut a stick from the hedge, with which she might rake together what her sister (Anna) had scattered, so early did she sound the keynote of the after time.

At three years old she had already begun to receive from her pious father that quickening of her moral and religious affections which made him ever afterwards the guide and inspirer of her life, the interpreter to her of

Divine things. The first notions of religion were solemn, but with a simple gladness, and they found their way to her heart through the love and gentleness which surrounded her. To this she responded at once, comprehending with ready sympathy the essence alike of Christian trust and sacrifice. In the summer of 1810 the parents and children were at the seaside, where they were joined by a friend, with whom the conversation one day turned upon the character of Jesus. Dr. Carpenter dwelt on it, as his manner was, with overflowing devotion, and ended by saying how strange it was that he who felt its beauty so vividly should be so far from following its example. "But you are very like the good Jesus, indeed," said Mary, looking up from her dinner, on which she had appeared intent. Her father checked her, but when the child earnestly persisted, his friend asked her why she thought so. Taking heart with this encouragement, she related several acts of self-denial which she had observed in her father ending each by saying, "And that was very like the good Jesus," and finally added, "Last night papa took me a walk, and when we were coming back, the sea was come up under the rocks, and papa thought mamma would be frightened if we went all the way back again, so he took off his shoes and stockings and carried me through the sea, and that was very like the good Jesus." Also at the tender age of three she had said that "the good God had given her a great deal of love," and this was the chief happiness which bound her afterwards to the

neglected, who found their friend in her. Her mother, indeed, predicted that she would often feel too much to act with energy ; but she then hardly knew how strongly she was herself to impress upon her daughter the necessity of controlling excess of feeling beneath a resolute purpose of duty.

Mary Carpenter was born at Exeter on April 3rd, 1807. Two sisters and three brothers afterwards made up the home circle ; but she never lost the consciousness that she was the eldest, and clung with a tender tenacity to her place in the family group as the "first-born." Her father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, had recently settled in Exeter as one of the ministers of the congregation worshipping in George's Meeting. His Nonconformist ancestry had for a century been connected with the ministry, and the peculiarly earnest spirit of devotion which marked his life and thought descended in the fullest measure to his daughter Mary. Her mother possessed a like deeply religious nature. But the spirit of the home life in which the child was reared was never that of stiff and formal piety, or of gloom and unrest ; its earnestness was not oppressive, only healthful and bracing, and abundant room was given for the free play of every activity.

The removal of her father from Exeter to Bristol in 1817, to become one of the ministers of the Lewin's Mead Meeting, laid the first young sorrow upon Mary Carpenter. The fibres of her life were too deeply rooted in the familiar scenes to bear transplanting without

injury; and she never again felt the same perfect and unclouded happiness which had sprung from the freedom and joyousness of her first decade. Dr. Carpenter had a lecture room built adjoining the chapel, where familiar instruction was given to the young, and explanatory lectures on the Scriptures delivered to the more advanced. A Sunday School was also established, in which, ere long, Mary Carpenter was permitted to teach a class of boys, the management of the girls' branch of it afterwards devolving largely upon her.

It was while Dr. Carpenter was minister of Lewin's Mead Meeting, Bristol, and also conducted a private school, that James Martineau (now the Rev. James Martineau, D.D., LL.D.) went from Norwich to become one of the doctor's pupils. With a felicity which his pen, more than all others, seems to possess in some marked respects, Dr. Martineau recalls, in a letter addressed to the nephew and biographer of Mary Carpenter, Mr. Estlin Carpenter, some precious memories of those long bygone days when he and Mary Carpenter were really schoolfellows under her excellent father's care, and which we take the liberty of extracting from "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter." This letter will vividly bring our subject before the mind's eye of the reader, as well her mental as her physical character.

"London, December 20th, 1878.

"MY DEAR MR. CARPENTER,—

"It was in the summer of 1819 that I became a pupil of your grandfather's—a sallow stripling of fourteen, of

shy and sensitive temperament, but superficially hardened by the rude discipline of a public school. Of the twelve pupils, nearly half were my superiors or equals in age, and we formed together an upper class, with studies distinct from the juniors. This association, however, did not extend to all our pursuits. While we had the same lessons in science, in history, in geography, and in the Greek Testament, a regard for our unequal proficiency and different distinctions threw us into smaller groups for classics and mathematics. At two or three points this round of studies brought us into contact with Mary Carpenter.

"A boy's impressions of new companions is necessarily relative to his own family experience. And I well remember the kind of respectful wonder with which, coming from free and easy ways with my sisters, I was inspired towards the sedate little girl of twelve, who looked at you so steadily, and always spoke like a book, so that, in talking to her, what you meant for sense seemed to turn into nonsense on the way. In her exterior, as in her mental characteristics, she seemed to be no longer the child. With a somewhat columnar figure, and no springiness of movement, she glided quietly about, and was seldom seen to run, and a certain want of suppleness and natural grace interfered with her proficiency in the usual feminine accomplishments with the needle, at the piano, and in the dance, and occasioned a pleasant surprise when, taking her pencil and colour-box in hand, she revealed the direction in which her sense of

beauty could conquer difficulties and enable her really to excel. The early maturity which is so often reached by the eldest in a family was strongly marked in her countenance, not by any look of forwardness or careless ease, still less by any seeming hardness against sympathetic impressions from others, but by a certain fixity of thoughtful attention, and the clear self-possession which arises from self-forgetfulness. There were traces upon that grave young face, if my memory does not mislead me, of an inward conflict of ascendancy between the anxious vigilance of a scrupulous conscience and the trustful reverence of a truthful heart, tender alike to the father on earth and the Father in heaven.

“In the public grammar schools sixty years ago the really efficient teaching was almost limited to Greek and Latin, with the subsidiary mythology and history, and I never can forget the shame I felt on discovering at Bristol the depths of my ignorance of the natural world and of modern times. Mrs. Carpenter had an extraordinary knowledge of geography, and taught it to her children and the pupils with admirable fulness of both physical description and historical incident; and, in comparison particularly with Mary Carpenter, I soon found myself a simpleton in this field, and looked up to her as an oracle. She appeared to me to have the world and all that had happened in it at her finger’s end, as if she had been always and everywhere in it, whilst I could only blunder through the counties and the kings of England, and could make a better map of Greece than

of Great Britain. This feeling of humiliation was not abated by Mrs. Carpenter's willingness (doubtless with a view to stimulate emulation) to play upon it with ridicule, or with compassionate excuses that were very like contempt; but, at all events, it had its compensation in the sincere respect with which it filled me for the well-informed and unassuming girl who picked up my dropped answers and corrected my mistakes.

"It was not, I think, till the second of my Bristol years that Mary Carpenter joined the older pupils in certain special lessons. Successive courses of instruction were given on geology, on natural philosophy, and chemistry, with illustrative specimens, diagrams, and experiments. But interesting as they were to us, I recall nothing memorable with regard to her personal share in the work. Her Latin reading, which I seem to associate most with the *Agricola* of Tacitus, was marked by the same conscientious care which she evinced in everything, securing accuracy, but not escaping stiffness, unless at the appeal of some pathetic passage which softened more than the outer voice, it assumed for the moment a higher character, and admitted a gleam of poetic light. Of these exceptional touches I retain the most lively impression, because, through some difference of temperament, I was not in general much moved by the things which most satisfied her taste in literature, poetry, and art, so that where a real chord of sympathy was struck the tones have naturally vibrated long.

"Every Monday morning we had a Greek Testament

reading with Dr. Carpenter, intended not less as a religious lesson than as an exercise in the language and criticism of Scripture. That hour was always one of deep interest, and left, I am persuaded, lasting traces on the character of many a boy previously averse to serious thought. The influences of Sunday were still fresh. Upon the dear master they were visible in a certain toning down of his usual restless energy, and a serenity and tenderness of spirit which removed all fears and all reserves, and often made the lesson an exchange of confidences among us all. To his daughter he was prophet as well as parent, and her whole mood and demeanour reflected his. While translating her verses with precision, and prepared with answers to questions of history and archæology, she unconsciously betrayed, by voice, by eye, by the very mode of holding her book, that she treated the text as sacred, and in following its story felt a touch from which a divine virtue went out. The gospels were certainly read with critical care and faithful comparison; and if the hopelessness of the harmonist's problem was unfelt, and the plain anachronisms of thought were unobserved, and its hills and valleys were levelled to one highway of sanctity, it was because an absorbing veneration for the person of Christ as supernatural filled the teacher's whole mind, and excluded the finer perceptions of the historical sense, and even obscured the perceptions of spiritual character. I expect that this early set of her religious affections, carried out as it was through her whole inner and outer life, rendered

the newer lights of Biblical criticism always unwelcome to Mary Carpenter, and made her glad to seek her reforming inspirations in purely practical directions.

“Similar in its nature and influence was the Sunday lesson, in which also she was our companion. In this class, too, it was a matter of course that Mary’s answers were exact and complete, and rendered so less by superior intelligence than by deeper interest, being subsidiary to a picture on which her inner eye was reverently fixed. The remainder of the day was so distributed to leave no room for listless idleness, and yet to infuse into it a bright though serious repose; and her profound entrance into its spirit, manifest in a certain air of quickened yet calmer life, has left with me an indelible image still prominent among the contents of those delightful days. Even her figure, in listening to her father’s services at Lewin’s Mead Meeting-house, rises distinctly before me as I write. For, instead of having my place with the other pupils in the long line of the family pew, I usually sat with an aunt in a seat at right angles to the other, and with a near front view of it. And as I now range in thought over its series of vanished forms, not one of them is clearer than that intent young daughter, lost to herself and all around, and surrendered to the sweet pieties that flowed from that winning voice. And at the end of the day, when evening prayers and supper were over, and the juniors had gone to bed, and the rest of us lingered for a precious half-hour of serious talk, she was privi-

leged to sit with her arm in her father's, sometimes as a silent listener, at others helping us to draw from him his thoughts on some problems that perplexed us, or, in lighter moods, tempting him to tell the stories of his college days. From these Sunday evenings we seemed to go to rest with better-ordered minds and warmer hearts.

"Sometime during my two years at Bristol (I think it was shortly after your uncle Philip's birth), Mary Carpenter was laid up with a long and painful affection of the eyes, requiring her to live for many weeks in a darkened room, and abstain from all attempt to use her sight. The illness involved not only privation but anxiety, for there was serious danger of its ending in blindness. To few natures could the passiveness to which she was thus reduced be more trying than to her. But her patience and sweetness of disposition remained perfect throughout; and her ingenuity was never at fault in saving trouble to others by acting as general memory and time-keeper with regard to all household arrangements as they came due. These characteristics would naturally go to the hearts of her parents, and appear to them in the brightest light. But I believe that my impression of them is due rather to the testimony of her medical attendant, Mr. Estlin, who spoke of her spirit through this illness with an unwonted warmth.

"Believe me always,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JAMES MARTINEAU."

From an early age she had found much pleasure in composing verses, and this illness, and the devoted care of her sister Anna, she thus shortly after described :—

“Two sisters were together in a room
 Cheerless and dark. The elder mourning sat,
 Suffering, dejected, for no more she hailed
 The bright return of morn ; the sun’s blest rays
 To her were agony. With hanging head
 She sat where most the gloom o’ershadowed her.
 The other seemed the very soul of youth
 And girlish beauty. She had left her play,
 And, full of tenderness and sympathy,
 Was reading to her sister. In her voice
 Was mixed such kind solicitude and love
 As touched the sufferer’s heart ; she raised her eyes
 To snatch one painful, hasty glance, and saw
 A countenance so lovely ! On it fell
 The only beams that stole into the room,
 And brightened that sweet face so full of love !
 One look sufficed ; and often as she lay
 Suffering the tedious nights, and when she mourned
 The long and darksome day, she mused upon
 That dear and beauteous vision ; when her eyes
 Refused their wonted office, then she saw
 Rise in imagination that sweet form,
 Cheering her solitude.”

We do not quote this in proof of her poetic gifts, for they were greater in feeling than expression. But if poetry is love, then Mary Carpenter was an eminent one, for her whole nature was bound up in love to God and to mankind. The best of poetry is ever in alliance with real uncorrupted Christianity, and in this sense she was also a gifted poet, for Christianity in all its forms made

up the happiness and work of her long life, and she felt with Lord Bacon when he wrote: "There never was found in any age of the world, either philosopher or sect, or law or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith." Mary Carpenter made religion her business, and God made it her blessedness.

"Know

Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails."

During her superintendence of her father's Sunday School (1831), she often had occasion to pay visits to the homes of the scholars. These visits awakened her serious attention to the wretched condition of the poor. "How awful the state of public affairs," she wrote on New Year's day, 1831, in relation to the riots at Bristol, occasioned by the struggle for Reform, "in which we have entered this new year. I feel deeply moved that I can do no more towards alleviating the distress of the poor, but I hope that I shall be enabled to do so." Her desire was to found a number of Reformatory Schools for the reclaiming of juvenile criminals, as she believed that the then existing system only hardened them, instead of helping them to reform.

The report of the select committee of the House of Lords in 1847 gave a great impetus to the movement. "I have been astonished," wrote Miss Carpenter to one

friend, "on studying the evidence in the Blue Book, to find what conclusive and powerful testimony to the worse than uselessness of prisons for juvenile offenders had been before the Lords for nearly four years without any change being made. A Bristol magistrate told me that for twenty years he had felt quite unhappy at going on committing these young culprits. The appalling increase of juvenile depravity can *only* be checked by real education—intellectual, moral, and religious. This cannot be given by the parents, and will not be sought by them; in mere self-defence we must give it them. Near intercourse with these poor outcast children has given me a constantly increasing faith in the apostolic precept, 'Overcome evil with good;' and instead of wondering at the wickedness of the poor creatures, I have admired and loved the strength of goodness in them and their resistance of evil."

In 1851 appeared her book on reformatory schools, entitled "Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes and for Juvenile Offenders." In this her first book Miss Carpenter thus summed up her leading principles:—

"First—That as a general rule all children, however apparently vicious and degraded, are capable of being made useful members of society, if placed under right influences and subjected to judicious control and training. The comparatively few exceptions that would occur do not invalidate the principle.

"Secondly—That the present system adopted towards

offending children renders them almost certainly members for life of the criminal class, for it neither defers nor reforms them ; while by checking the development of their powers and branding them with ignominy, it prevents them from gaining an honest livelihood.

“Thirdly—That good penal reformatory schools conducted on Christian principles, where there is a wise union of kindness and restraint, have produced the desired effect of enabling the most degraded and corrupt to become useful members of society ; but that such institutions cannot be efficiently carried on or maintained without a steady income, which cannot be certainly or justly raised by individual effort alone, and without such legal authority as will impose sufficient restraint over the scholars to keep them under the school influence.

“Fourthly—That the parents being in reality the guilty parties, rather than the children, since juvenile delinquency usually originates in parental neglect, every parent should be chargeable for the maintenance of a child thrown by crime on the care of the State, as much as if the child were at large ; and should be held responsible for the maintenance of a child in a reformatory school, or made in some way to suffer for the non-discharge of this duty.

“If these four results are true ones, legislative enactments will be needed to carry the spirit of them into operation.”

Thus Mary Carpenter held the cardinal principle—that imprisonment for young delinquents is altogether a

mistake. She proved in her great work that Christian love was a far better method of reclamation than punishment. Her work was based on "a strong faith in the immortality of the human soul, the universal and parental government of God, and the equal value in His sight of each one of these poor perishing young children with the most exalted of our race."

Mary Carpenter arranged to hold a congress of friends interested in the cause. The idea was that three classes of schools should be established. First, Free Day Schools for those children who had not yet made themselves amenable to the law, but who by reason of vice, neglect, or extreme poverty of their parents, were not admitted into day schools; secondly, Industrial Feeding Schools for those who had subjected themselves to police interference by vagrancy, mendicancy, and petty infringements of the law, attendance to be enforced by magistrates and paid for by the parents; thirdly, Correctional Reformatory Schools for children who had been convicted of felony, the magistrate being empowered to commit juvenile offenders to school instead of the prison.

Not content with the "development of views," she personally tried the experiment of a reformatory school at Kingswood, near Bristol. There she herself superintended, and many a sick boy has had special comforts prepared for him by the hands of Mary Carpenter. She took a house which had been erected by the Reverend John Wesley, and where his study and garden walk

were still identified. Thinking that the experiment of teaching boys and girls together hardly worked well, she subsequently opened a second institution at Bristol for girls only. These schools, or institutions soon obtained a character of their own throughout the country.

Still persevering, Miss Carpenter brought together another conference, and produced a fresh book on "Juvenile Delinquents." In this work she again condemned the principles of the Government prison for boys at Parkhurst. She reiterated her cry that the young criminal deserved pity as much as chastisement. The question did not fail to make way in the public mind. In 1854 the Youthful Offenders Act became law. The Act contained, indeed, the clause which she considered eminently displeasing, that every child must pass fourteen days in prison before he could be transferred to a reformatory; but at the same time it fully authorized the establishment of such reformatories by voluntary managers placing them under the sanction of the Home Secretary. The next step was marked by the formation of the "Reformatory Brotherhood" at Hardwick Court, near Gloucester, which may be put down as the origin of the Social Science Congress.

But to record the whole of Mary Carpenter's humane and intellectual efforts to reclaim the wretched, and infuse into their benighted soul the glories of Christianity, would fill the allotted space of our volume. It had always been her rooted idea that the battle against evil

could not be fairly fought until the whole of her programme had been carried out. Legislation had been effected for reformatory schools and certificated schools, but not till many years had passed was the edifice crowned by the day feeding industrial schools, which was ultimately embodied in Lord Sandon's bill. He proposed that board schools should have the power of establishing day feeding industrial schools. The Minister of Education said that "he did not wish to take to himself or the Government the credit of the scheme. The real credit of it belonged to many benevolent people outside the House, and amongst them he must mention the honoured name of Miss Carpenter, who had tried the system under disadvantages with marked success."

Writing in 1879, Lord Norton (who succeeded Lord Sandon) says: "Her earnestness, devotion, and practical good sense made her a leader amongst those who were interested and engaged in redeeming the debt of society to the most neglected children. I went to her for instruction rather than for interchange of thought."

And now for her courageous work in India. In 1864 the visit of two native gentlemen from Bengal aroused the enthusiasm that had been kindled in the mind of this eminent Christian woman more than thirty years before by the Rajah Rammohun Roy; and she resolved henceforward to devote herself to the elevation of the women of India. In 1866 she started on her first

journey—not, however, before she had induced some of her fellow-workers to establish yet one more school—a Certified Industrial School for Girls. The name given to her in India was “the Old Mother,” a name of which she was very proud; and truly she was, in the words of the Psalmist, “a joyful mother of children.” From India (1876) she brought back two little Hindoo boys, and these, with a little ragged girl she adopted, brightened her home. After the age of sixty she had gone out to India four times in order to promote her humane plans in our greatest dependency.

On the 6th of June, 1876, she gave an address on the religious aspects of India, and on the 14th she wrote proposing to visit her brother, Dr. W. Carpenter, in London, for the furtherance of her Indian work.

In looking back, Miss Carpenter felt that she had traversed unknown paths under the leading of a light that had revealed only one step at a time, and on Christmas Day, 1876, she writes: “Marvellous are the ways of the heavenly Father, guiding His children with an unseen, imperceptible hand, while to their own perception they seem to be guiding themselves. If in so doing they were following with hearts devoted to Him their own best judgment, and the suggestions of the powers and affections which He has planted in them, all will redound to His glory in the advancement of the human race, and the coming of the kingdom of heaven upon earth.”

The year 1877 opened peacefully for Mary Carpenter.

She worked steadily on, but the sense of conflict was over. Her mind showed no trace of waning powers; her heart was as warm, and her will as firm as they had ever been. But her work here was finished. She lay down one night to rest, and slept; before the day dawned this devoted servant of God had entered into the joy of her Lord. Four days later, all that was mortal of Mary Carpenter was laid in the beautiful cemetery of Arno's Vale. The long procession included the boys and girls of the various schools who represented her long labours for the children of the perishing and dangerous classes, as well as the still tattered and shoeless children of the street. The little Hindoo boys were there, and thus the different groups bore witness to a devotion to the cause of humanity which knew no restrictions of creed or race: which rested on the deep trust that "there is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all"; and which sought to lift the least developed and even the most degraded natures to that new manhood, "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all."

At the invitation of the Dean, who had long been her warm friend, a monument was placed in the Cathedral. The tablet is surmounted by a medallion profile, and bears the following eloquent inscription by her old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Martineau, in which is embodied in brief the distinguished traits of this devoted Christian woman, who "being dead yet speaketh."

Sacred to the Memory

OF

MARY CARPENTER,

Foremost among the Founders of Reformatory and
Industrial Schools in this City and Realm.

Neither the claims of private duty,
Nor the tastes of a cultivated mind
Could withdraw her compassionate eye
From the uncared-for children of the street.
Loving them while yet unlovely,
She so formed them to the fair and good
As to inspire others with her faith and hope,
And thus led the way to a national system of moral rescue and
preventive discipline.

Taking also to heart the grievous lot of Oriental women,
In the last decade of her life
She four times went to India,
And awakened an active interest
In their education and training for serious duties.

No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust,
With true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ
To seek and to save that which was lost,
And bring it home to the Father in heaven.

Desiring to extend her work of piety and love,
Many who honoured her have instituted in her name
Some homes for the houseless young.
And now complete their tribute of affection
By erecting this monument.

BORN AT EXETER, APRIL 3, 1807.

DIED AT BRISTOL, JUNE 15, 1877.



MRS. LUCAS.

[GRAND WORTHY VICE-TEMPLAR OF THE GOOD TEMPLARS.]

TURN in whatsoever direction we may amongst Christian bodies, we must confess that we find members of the Society of Friends always in the foreground in Christian work. Their names are associated with the uprooting of many national evils, and as having been the earnest pioneers in effecting the healthy progress of the people. The Friends have always worked in steadfastness, and in union, when they have once been convinced of their path of duty. They do not work for the applause of men, but for higher and holier motives—entire obedience to the spirit of God that prompts and moves them.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas' special call has been towards that grand evil of intemperance which has so long reigned over the working classes of England, and enthralled them body and soul. To this lady may well be applied the words of Dr. Chalmers: "Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands

you come in contact with year by year ; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven." She has indeed lived for something—lived and worked hard for the destruction of the suicidal spirit of intemperance.

Mrs. Lucas was born at Rochdale, in Lancashire, July 14th, 1818, and is the youngest daughter of the late Jacob Bright, cotton-spinner, and sister of a distinguished brother—Right Hon. John Bright, M.P. She is a member of the Society of Friends, and her religious creed is broadly love and charity, an everlasting lodestar, that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night around.

" True religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain, full of charity ;
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of goodwill and much expectancy ;
Full of true justice, and sure verity,
In heart and voice, free, large, even infinite,
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast, active sight,
Bright lamp of God ! that men would joy in thy pure light ! "

The evils of intemperance occupied the mind of Mrs. Lucas when she was a girl, for we find as early as sixteen she signed the abstinence pledge ; and in 1872, during her visit to the Social Science Congress at Plymouth, she was initiated into the order of Good Templars, and

has proved herself an active and useful member making herself thoroughly acquainted with all its operations, and removing unfavourable impressions and prejudices against the Order in the upper walks of life. Amongst the body of Good Templars she occupies the post of Grand Worthy Vice-Templar, a post of honour analogous to that of Vice-President of the English Grand Lodge, and she is also one of the patrons of the London Temperance Hospital, and also at the urgent request of the Grand Lodge executive, joined the Board of Management of the Good Templar and Temperance orphanage. Is it not a joy to find women of her social standing effecting so much good with her work of influence?

We quote the following in reference to Mrs. Lucas, from the *Watchword*, the official organ of the Grand Lodge of England ;—

“ Whilst there is no existing organization in which less respect is paid to that ‘rank’ which ‘is but the guinea’s stamp,’ than in the Independent Order of Good Templars, we feel some pride in the acquisition of such a sister, and we feel sure that our Conservative brethren, no less than those who have been politically allied to the party of which John and Jacob Bright have been such distinguished ornaments, rejoice greatly with ourselves that the sister of these great statesmen is our sister, not because of her family origin, but because she has so long and consistently practised and advocated our principles, has been initiated into our Order and has taken, step by

step, the degrees that have constituted her a member of our Grand Lodge ; thus making her eligible for the high and responsible position she occupies amongst us—a position that can be filled by a sister with dignity and advantage, and especially so by one whose life is so earnestly and completely devoted to works of Christian charity and enlightened patriotism.”

Besides the mission of temperance, Mrs. Lucas has been an ardent worker in other public directions—notably as the advocate of women’s right to the suffrage, and her public addresses have always been marked by the culture and the modesty of a true English gentlewoman. On this subject she is at issue with her brother John, but her views have the warm support of her brother Jacob, and a large body of intelligent ladies.

In 1839 this lady married Samuel Lucas, and has two children. Mr. Lucas died in the year 1865. He was for many years the managing proprietor of the *Morning Star*, and for some time past before his death he suffered from a bronchial complaint, but the immediate cause of his death was the shock he received by the sudden death of his attached friend Richard Cobden.

He died a fortnight after the death of the distinguished member for Rochdale. The *Morning Star* had been for upwards of seven years under the direction of Mr. Lucas, and his health was, no doubt, affected by his increasing attention to the responsible duties of his position. He had been for a long series of years closely connected with that political party of which Messrs Cobden and

Bright were the recognised representatives. He was an active member of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and when that great struggle was brought to a victorious termination, he founded the Manchester Public Schools' Association, and devoted himself, with his accustomed ardour, to the cause of popular education, taking the free-school system of the United States and Canada as his model.

Although, owing, perhaps, mainly to the opposition of the voluntaries, this movement was not successful, it contributed materially to revive the public interest in efforts of an educational character, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

He was also an energetic member of the Society for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, and at a later period, of the Constitutional Defence Association, a public body which it will be remembered was called into existence by the action of the House of Lords in throwing out Mr. Gladstone's Paper Duty Repeal Bill. Mr. Lucas' labours in connection with this question were untiring, and we may justly claim for him no small share of the honour which attaches to those by whom the ultimately successful result was achieved. He was, from the outset of the American War, a warm sympathiser with the Federals, and more especially with their anti-slavery policy, which he regarded not only as just in itself, but as the only basis upon which the union could be restored and a permanent peace established. He was one of the founders of the Emancipation Society—the chairman of its first preliminary meeting, and the first subscriber to

its funds. He had been connected with many other movements of a political or philanthropic character, but always in an unostentatious way; for no man ever less sought notoriety or personal distinction. He was a man of amiable and generous character, of strong and earnest convictions, and a singular ability in both a literary and an administrative sense. He was, as before mentioned, a brother-in-law of Mr. John Bright. Those who were personally acquainted with him will not soon forget his winning smile, the charm of his conversation, or the happy manner in which he blended modesty with courage in the expression of his opinions. As a man, as well as a journalist, he has left behind him a name which will long be remembered with affection and reverence. He died in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and his remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery.

But to return to the more immediate subject of our biography—Mrs. Lucas. In Holy Writ, when a picture is presented of a virtuous woman, one of the most obvious facts delineated is, that her virtues blessed not merely herself but others. Truly this may be affirmed of Mrs. Lucas. “Her husband was known in the gate,” “her children arose and called her blessed;” they were not only the happier, but the better for her excellence; it increased the estimation in which they were held; it was a guarantee for corresponding qualities in them. Such women as Mrs. Lucas are probably the very happiest of their sex, who dwell with wisdom, and in the atmosphere of doing good to others; they exert an

influence like the silent, yet irresistible electric force of nature, felt palpitating in and through all the fair variety of things, as a vital essence, yet in itself latent, subtle, and undefined.

In the midst of many discouragements in the present day, Mrs. Lucas must have felt it a solemn responsibility to live in an age like this. The spirit of inquiry among us shows many social evils continuing side by side with our refinement and mental progress. Yet there is much in the fact that these evils are now known. It is very unpleasant to disturb a stagnant pool, but it must be done before it can be drained off, and the land restored.

With Christian women of Mrs. Lucas's stamp the self-condemnation of the still small voice saying "we are verily guilty concerning our brother," cannot be appeased but by faithful working to retrieve the past and benefit the future. Many women, as the bright lives in this volume will show, have felt this necessity laid upon them, and have faithfully obeyed the call of duty. Some, by promoting the interests of education, were pioneers who brought about many of the wholesome activities and improvements of the present day. Others, by their wise benevolence dried the tear of sorrow, and, while relieving the poor and the needy, taught society many a lesson as to the best means of really bettering the condition, and, at the same time, elevating the character of the poor. Others following the leading of events, have gone to distant lands heralds of the

cross, that symbol of civilization destined everywhere to promote glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.

Not a single amelioration has occurred in our social system the past half century, but gifted women like Mrs. Lucas have helped it forward'; nearly forty years ago there were three hundred miserable neglected women at one time in our metropolitan prison, shut into two rooms that were more like dens for wild beasts than anything else; and, in truth, the occupants were scarcely human. A kindly woman heard the appalling statement of their sin and misery, and she went to them unattended, unprotected. The story has been often told, never without awakening a new throb of emotion. She came, the good Elizabeth Fry, like a creature of another sphere, to these poor lost beings, and their turbulent spirits calmed before her gentle look; their fierce hearts thrilled at her pitying words; their startled souls were subdued as by a spiritual presence. What punishment never could have effected, sympathy brought at once; order, hope, reform followed. Senators, magistrates, rulers of all kinds proved the power for good that a weak woman, but strong in the might of truth, possessed and beneficently wielded.

And as with Mrs. Fry, so with Mrs. Lucas; many an intemperate man and woman has been aroused to their fallen condition through her stirring advocacy in the great cause of temperance. The miserable drunkard, the most humiliating of all spectacles, whether

among the rich or the poor, appeals to woman to give to society the benefit of her pure example, so that the national and domestic sin of intemperance, the prolific parent of so many other sins, may be overcome.

Mrs. Lucas is much regarded amongst the Friends for her useful labours, and for her devotion to "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest," and she could exclaim with the poet :—

"The Christian beam
Illuminates my faith, and bids me trust
All that may happen to the will of heaven.
The heavenly precepts brighten to my mind
No useful part of duty left behind."





MRS. DANIELL.

[CHRISTIAN WORKER AMONGST OUR SOLDIERS.]

THE good work Miss Weston has done amongst our sailors, Mrs. Daniell has done for our soldiers. Both these ladies have been in heart and mind, zeal and piety, of a kindred spirit. And it is a source of congratulation that they have carried on their Christian work in opposite directions, so that the good seed has been abundantly sown amongst two great branches of the country—army and navy. And never has a more important service been done to the state than that accomplished by these two ladies, who have raised so many thousands of soldiers and sailors out of their debasement and made them worthy of the name of men.

Nothing was so well known, nothing so much deplored, as the brutalised condition of these arms of the country, and their regeneration by the noble work of these earnest women is acknowledged with a nation's thanks and gratitude.

The chief sphere of Mrs. Daniell's work has been amongst the soldiers at Aldershot. Twenty-five years

ago this place was nothing more than a small, obscure village, numbering scarcely 600 inhabitants. In 1854 came the Crimean War, followed by the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and during this period a good deal of the land about a mile from Aldershot was purchased by Government for the purpose of forming a "permanent camp of instruction." Acres of gorse and heather were soon burnt down, fir woods cleared away, and upon the open space rose street after street of the dreary black huts which formed "the camp." Then below the hill on which the camp stands were erected the huge blocks of the "permanent barracks" for cavalry, artillery, and infantry.

In a few years the population had increased from 600 to 7,000, and the camp numbered from 12,000 to 18,000. This was the place Mrs. Daniell adopted for her mission work, and where she was destined to leave behind her so much good, and undying results amongst the British army. Mrs. Daniell began her excellent work by establishing missionaries amongst low lodging-houses, that, for instance, at Rugby through which 14,000 tramps and vagrants annually passed. The beginning of 1861 witnessed the starting of a fifth mission at Ventnor, and here the agent employed was a Bible-woman. "In connection with the mission at Ventnor," observes Mrs. Daniell's daughter, in the life of her mother, "which some time before her death she gave up into the hands of a committee, we had a wonderful testimony to God's faithfulness and His overruling providence. My mother

and I had so often longed in our work at Ventnor for a larger room for the mothers' meeting, a reading-room for the men, missionary's residence, etc. ; and there was one particular spot upon which we had set our hearts, nearly opposite our old mission room, which was just in the very centre of all our poor people. How well I remember, in our constant visits to that street, our saying to each other over and over again, 'Oh, if we could only get that piece of ground and build ! That would be the very place for us.'

"Time passed on ; we were absent for a year or two from Ventnor, but still the desire for a mission room for the place never left our minds. At last my mother heard that some funds which had been collected by a dear friend for the erection of a church there had, through some complication in his affairs, been thrown into Chancery. Circumstances had now rendered this building unnecessary, and it suggested itself to her and to others what a blessing it would prove if she could recover the money and build with it the workman's hall. She set to work with earnest prayer for God's blessing and guidance. Letters were written to all the subscribers whose names and addresses could be procured, and most signally did He crown her efforts with success. When the letter came from the lawyer who kindly acted for her saying, 'I am happy to inform you that your unique appeal has been complied with,' we felt, as the Psalmist says, 'like those who dream,' for the surprise quite equalled the joy. But this was not the whole of the

Lord's goodness to us in the matter. On our return to Ventnor, we found that in the meantime 'our piece of ground' was just 'let for building purposes,' and two cottages were rapidly rising upon it. How we had looked and longed for that ground in days that were past! and now we were often quite cast down as we passed and repassed, feeling that we had, as it were, only just lost it. Only a few months later my mother heard from one of her co-trustees to the following effect:—

“‘A few days ago it came to Major R.'s ears that the two parties who were building the cottages had fallen out, and wished to put them up to auction to divide the money. The cottages are built as if they had been designed for our purpose, and with a little alteration in the interior, will be just what could be desired, with rooms also for the missionary. The sale was to take place yesterday, and both Mr. S. and myself coincided with Major R. that we could do no other than try and be the purchasers. To me it seemed a most marked leading of Providence, and we met yesterday to pray for the guidance of God in this matter. There was great competition, especially from one party, but at last K., who had been deputed to bid by Major R., triumphed, and God answered our prayers. The cost was £400.’”

It was through the establishment of the village missions that Mrs. Daniell was brought into contact with the County Towns Mission Society, through which she always engaged her agents; and it was the gentleman then acting as secretary of the society who first pressed

Aldershot upon her notice, and entreated her to take it up and work it in the same way as her existing mission stations.

"One day," says Mrs. Daniell, "this gentleman, at the close of an interview respecting my village missions, said, 'I wish you would adopt Aldershot.' I had been praying for some weeks, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' For each summer of the four previous years we had begun a new mission; but the idea of adopting Aldershot seemed so strange that I laughed at the suggestion. 'How could I go to such a place, and what could I do there?' An inward voice, however, said, 'That is the work for which you have been praying.' Still I hesitated, but resolved to mention it to my daughter, who was at that time ill, but who had been of essential service to me in carrying on my village missions.

"I had feared that these missions had occupied too much of my time, and expected that my daughter would have made this an objection to such an addition of labour as the adoption of Aldershot would involve. But on my mentioning it to her, the reply was, 'Oh, mother dear, as a soldier's daughter that is just what I should like.' Thus the way seemed to be opening. I said, 'Well, let us pray about it, and if the Lord clearly leads us to undertake it, we will do so.'"

In a letter to a friend she writes thus in connection with Aldershot:—

"The arguments used to induce me to take up such a

notorious place as Aldershot were—First, the success God has granted to each of the other missions; and secondly, my once very close connection with a soldier's life. These facts had their weight with me, and I promised, subject to certain conditions, to undertake it, one of these conditions to be the general approval of my Christian friends, to be shown by their continued confidence in me as regards the means with which to undertake and carry on such a work."

In another and concluding part of this letter Mrs. Daniell says,—

"So much has been written of Aldershot, that it is unnecessary for me to enter into the loathsome details of the unblushing vice that tracks the everyday path of the poor soldier. A Christian officer who has been there for two years told a friend that nothing that was ever said of the abounding wickedness could go beyond the reality. Something therefore ought to be done over and above what may yet have been attempted; for it is still most truly 'one of Satan's strongholds.'

"The number of troops stationed at Aldershot is estimated at from 12,000 to 24,000. For this number Government provides four chaplains, one Presbyterian minister, and two Roman Catholic priests. The Soldier's Friend Society has four Scripture readers. Taking the whole of this agency, and supposing it to be of the most efficient kind, it is about one agent to every 2,000. But this is only within the camp. Outside there are above one hundred public-houses, some with dancing-saloons

and other arrangements by which these wretched panders to vice entrap the unwary; and the moment the poor soldier, tired with the forced inaction of camp life, sets his foot beyond the lines, his case seems desperate. Now it is in the midst of this mass of iniquity that the proper mission work is needed; and if God should bless my efforts, I propose to locate a missionary and a Bible-woman there."

She persuaded a lady friend to accompany her, and now we have an interesting relation of her first appearance at the Aldershot camp. They were invited by the chaplain to tea, and after that to a soldiers' prayer-meeting.

"As we drove through the town, and observed its extent, my heart sank within me. What were *we* among so many? After tea we went to the prayer-meeting. The soldiers had heard a rumour of the intention of a lady to endeavour to do something for them, and they now prayed the Lord to bless her efforts. At the close of the meeting the officers said to my friend Dr. —.

"Do ask Mrs. Daniell to tell the men her object."

"I turned round in my seat, and said, 'Well, dear friends, it must seem very strange for two ladies to come thus amongst you. I have been asked, and the Lord has laid it on my heart, to do something for the soldiers here, but we want your help, and we know that it was never said that a lady appealed to a BRITISH soldier for help in vain. Will you come forward and help us? for we cannot do without you. *We* have need of you, and

the Lord hath need of you. Let me press on you the exhortation of St. Paul, "I beseech you therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye *present* your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." Don't think anything has been gained while one soul remains unsaved in this camp. Let us go forth bearing the reproach of Jesus, and if scorned of men, reply, "If this is to be vile, I will be yet more vile, so that He be glorified." In this strain I talked to them for twenty minutes.

"After I had done, all came round me, and said how thankfully they would help in every way they could ; and even before a word was spoken, I saw by their countenances that I had not asked their help in vain.

"One of the Scripture readers also came and begged me to take his Bible-class on Sunday, to which I replied that if I could do so without infringing any military regulations, it would give me pleasure.

"On Monday several friends called at the hotel where we were staying—the vicar, chaplain, etc.,—to whom we said that from our hearts we desired to work *with*, and not against, those who were engaged in the same Master's service in the place, although we could not put ourselves *under their control*.

"On Tuesday we went out looking for lodgings. Mrs. — said we must get a place to work in ; for the first glance at the low public-houses and dancing-saloons told us that the great want of the place was a PUBLIC-house opened for different purposes, and con-

ducted on totally different principles, from those already abounding; a house to which both soldier and civilian might be invited to pass those seasons of leisure now spent in the pursuit of pleasures which only debased the mind and hardened the heart. But I dreaded the idea of bricks and mortar. We inquired, however, about some houses which were in progress of building, and found that none of them were for sale; but our informant gave us the name of a gentleman who owned a good deal of land, and was interested in the place.⁵

This gentleman was at once seen by Mrs. Daniell and her lady friend, and after the former had introduced herself to the gentleman, she said,—

“We have heard that you are kindly disposed, and have come to ask your advice and help in procuring a piece of land for the erection of a mission hall,” giving him at the same time a running description of her village missions, and concluding by saying that before asking him to interest himself in their project, he should understand that it would be quite distinct from any sect or party, and would not be placed under the control of any clergyman or minister, but would stand upon perfectly neutral and independent ground, as all her other missions did. The gentleman replied,—

“If these are your principles, ma’am, I shall be delighted to help you.”

Mrs. Daniell then asked him if he had a piece of land which would be suitable, and if he would sell it to them at a low price, and he expressed his readiness to do

so, and the evident interest which his countenance evinced led her to say,—

“Perhaps, Mr. —, you will *give* us a piece of land?”

“Well, ma’am,” he replied, “I will do so with pleasure.”

Mrs. Daniell was perfectly astounded, and said,—

“What! give us a piece of land? Do I understand you aright?”

“Yes, quite. I am sure you are working on the right principle, and I shall be happy to give you the ground. And I shall be happy to wait on you, and take you to see two or three plots from which to choose your site.”

The following day Mr. — fulfilled his promise to show them the plots of ground which he thought suitable. As they came to one open space Mrs. Daniell asked to whom it belonged, and he replied that it belonged to himself, and was one of the pieces he intended to show them. After that they were shown another piece more preferable, and when he pointed it out, Mrs. Daniell said,—

“But you don’t intend to give us this?”

“Yes, ma’am, that is at your service, if you choose it; but I should wish you not to decide till you have seen the third piece.”

They went on farther, and again stopped, when he said,—

“This is the other piece.”

Mrs. Daniell turned round with grateful surprise, and said, —

“Surely you do not intend to offer us this piece for our mission hall?”

“Yes, I do,” he replied; “if this meets your wishes, it is yours.”

“Thank God!” said Mrs. Daniell, taking his hand. “It is not given to me, but to Him; and believe me, if there is one gift, in that fast-oncoming day, of which you will never repent, it is the ground on which we are now standing. It is the Lord’s, and, so far as human law can make it, shall be consecrated to His work for ever!”

We gather from her daughter’s interesting and instructive biography of her mother, published by Hodder & Stoughton, that Mrs. Daniell’s desire was to erect a mission hall, on a similar plan to the workmen’s hall at Notting Hill, with lecture room, coffee and smoking-rooms, together with bath rooms and residence for the missionary staff. This idea was, with some slight modification, faithfully carried out, and on February 11th, 1863, the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by the Earl of Shaftesbury. After laying the stone his lordship said, —

“It is necessary to give a word of caution—not to those who have undertaken the charge of this establishment, but to remind those standing here—in reference to its object, that it is for social recreation, for religious instruction, for the purpose of communicating to every

individual that knowledge which cannot be given on a large scale in camp. It is to give them access to the fountain of faith, to put before them religious books, to give them access to religious services ; but it is no part of its object whatever—and most careful will be the conductors of this establishment to avoid it—to enter upon controversial teaching. It is sufficient that the truths of the gospel shall be placed before them in all free sincerity, and that every man shall have the opportunity, as far as can be given him, of seeking social and religious intercourse, and of receiving and imparting instruction."

Lord Shaftesbury also powerfully repelled the objection that soldiers were a hopeless class, and that the attempt to Christianise them was merely the dream of pious enthusiasm. He appealed to facts, to the lives of Christian soldiers whose names shone so brightly in the pages of history, and he appealed to the examples of true piety which are still the ornament of the British army.

In conclusion his lordship said,—

"I do hope that those good and gallant men who shall come to this institution to share in the blessings it is well calculated to afford will come with a good and hearty spirit, determined to avail themselves of these signal advantages ; that they will turn to good account the short time they may be enabled to participate in all these great benefits, and recognise the hand of God, which has touched the hearts of those good people who founded an institution so essential to their welfare."

It was expected that the new building would be completed and opened in August, but the work did not proceed so rapidly as expected, so that it was not till October that it was finished. The opening was inaugurated by a week of special services, commencing on Sunday, October 11th. To Mrs. Daniell's great joy, many friends from a distance came down early enough on Saturday, the 10th, to join in the gathering for prayer at eight o'clock.

During the inauguration week prayer-meetings were held every morning at eight o'clock, a meeting for prayer and addresses at three p.m., and again for addresses at 6.45 p.m.

"Sunday, the 11th," says Mrs. Daniell, "we gathered in the large hall at eight o'clock for prayers. The hall was filled to overflowing. Indeed, numbers were unable to enter. All through the week the attendances were large, soldiers forming at every meeting the majority of the audience."

The hall stands on high ground near the cavalry barracks. It is in the Elizabethan style of architecture, a pretty, low-gabled building of grey Kentish ragstone surmounted by sloping roofs of red and black tiles, and now in its older days covered with Virginia and other creepers. Over the porch runs the inscription, "Our God, we thank Thee, for all things come of Thee. and of Thine own have we given Thee." Passing through the porch, the large hall is seen straight in front. It is of beautiful proportions, thirty feet by seventy, comfort-

ably fitted up with chairs, and the walls adorned with texts; a high-pitched, open roof, from some of the beams of which hang several flags, giving brightness and colour to the room. To the left of the entrance is the bar, where tea, coffee, cocoa, and all kinds of light refreshment can be obtained at a very cheap rate. Still farther to the left is the smoking-room, provided with bagatelle and other games, and beyond this again a dining-room. Returning to the entrance, we find to our right the little library, where the books for lending are kept, and close to this is a comfortable reading-room, fifteen feet by thirty, the walls bright with pictures, and the tables plentifully supplied with daily and illustrated newspapers, *Punch*, *Army and Navy Gazette*, periodicals and books of all kinds. Over the reading-room is the drawing-room—"the officers' room," as it was called at first, before the exigencies of the work demanded Mrs. Daniell's continual presence. The need for this room soon sprang out of the Bible readings she began on her first visit to Aldershot, when, after mess of an evening, several officers would seek her lodgings to talk over the proposed work. Such gatherings were almost always ended by her saying, "Shall we not have a little Bible reading and prayer before we separate?"

Passing through the large hall on the left is a staircase leading up to the class-room, which is used for the nightly Bible readings, mothers' meetings, Band of Hope, and other small gatherings. The institution was, by the deed of trust, under the direction of Mrs. Daniell during her

lifetime, and after her death (as unhappily now) under that of the surviving trustees, or some one appointed by them. "Before my mother died," says her daughter, "she had her own name taken off the list of trustees, and mine inserted in its place."

It will now be seen that the building contains a spacious hall, class-rooms, reading and smoking-rooms, refreshment-bar, dining-room, kitchen, and other rooms for the servants and those who carry on the work. The hall is used for tea-parties and other social gatherings, Sunday evening services, etc. ; the class-room for prayer-meetings, Bible readings, mothers' meetings, Band of Hope meetings, temperance meetings, and the nightly Bible-class. The reading and smoking-rooms are open daily to members for refreshments, reading, games, and social intercourse. The refreshment-bar is open to the public generally (Sundays excepted) from seven in the morning till ten at night.

And so the great work began. The interest awakened in all parts of the kingdom was something extraordinary. All through the country prayers were daily ascending for success to the Soldiers' Home and Institute. The mission was literally steeped in prayer.

Now the social and religious value of these "Homes" can hardly be estimated, and it is superfluous to dwell on it. The testimony of all at the time of the founding of the mission was to the same effect—the terrible temptations and snares spread for the soldier in the innumerable public-houses and dancing-saloons of

the town, while no other counter-attraction was provided. Government libraries and reading-rooms were established afterwards, but this has not materially lessened the need of the institutes. Soldiers, like other people, when their day's work is over, enjoy having some place to go where they can spend their evenings away from the barrack-room.

"And when we consider the peculiarities of a soldier's life," says Miss Daniell, "we can well understand how to him, almost more than to any other class, there must be a special attraction in a house where he can be 'at home' for his evenings, meeting his comrades in social intercourse, and otherwise enjoying himself. Unable, as a rule, to make a home for himself, there is no 'ain fire-side' to which he can resort; and for the very short time he is stationary in one place, he has few opportunities of making friends. Added to this is the fact that, owing to class prejudices, hardly a respectable house will open its doors to him. All these things combine to make him thoroughly appreciate the social advantages offered to him in the Homes.

"From the day, soon after my mother's arrival here, when some of the men wrote to her, 'Others may give their thoughts and time and talents, but the men that write this letter give you their hearts'—from that time to the present, none have more thoroughly appreciated her work than those for whose sakes it was primarily begun. And well they might. 'Look at those dancing-halls,' said a godly soldier to a friend, who had gone down for the

laying of the foundation-stone. 'Look at those dancing-halls; you may throw a stone over twenty of them; there is nothing in London to match it. We have long been praying for such a place as this will be.' "

That the same feeling was shared in by the officers is shown by the following extract from the letter of a major in a cavalry regiment which was long quartered in the camp :—

"Of the benefit of the hall, as forming a retreat for soldiers so disposed from public-houses and canteens, there can exist no shade of opinion. I rejoice that I have got such an asylum or place of refuge for many of my men, apart from any religious or temperance motives. But of course, anxious as I am both for their spiritual and worldly benefit, I can with sincere gratitude return thanks to God, who has raised up Mrs. Daniell and such a noble institution."

It is touching to recall some of the many expressions of the soldiers showing their love and attachment to the Home, sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing.

"If you will believe me, ma'am," said one of them, "it is like going out of hell into heaven to come up here from one of our rooms."

"You don't know what this place is to us," said another, "a sort of covert to run into. I used to hate Aldershot, and count the time till I should leave it; but now I dread leaving it."

"I wish," writes another, "we could put the hall upon wheels and run it up here."

"We do hope to see that dear little hall soon," wrote the wife of a trumpet-major, both of whom had found Christ here in one day; "we were greatly disappointed that we could not be there to the tea on the day after Christmas."

"And this," says Miss Daniell in the biography of her mother, "brings us to what has always and designedly been the prominent feature of the work—its spiritual aspect." Delightful as it was to Mrs. Daniell to see the men's social enjoyment and provide for it in every legitimate way, it was still more the joy and rejoicing of her heart to win their souls for Christ. Never for one moment did she take the tone of apology for thus seeking first their spiritual interests. She never looked upon the men as children to be amused, but as "undying souls, capable of living to the height of fellowship with God."

It would be impossible to estimate the number who owe their conversion directly or indirectly to the instrumentality of Mrs. Daniell. The following are some among many instances:—

In July, 1864, Mrs. Daniell received a letter from a stranger telling her of the earnest desire of a poor old man that she would try and influence his son. "Oh! if I could only write, I would write to the lady Daniell, and I am sure she would look after my poor prodigal boy."

His friend promised he would write for him, and so the letter was despatched, telling of his sainted mother's

dying prayers and the father's longing for his boy, and also giving some few particulars of the reckless, careless life which the son was leading. After reading the letter Mrs. Daniell sent off at once to the barracks to ask G. to come and see her the next afternoon, which was Sunday. True to his word, the young man arrived, and was taken up to the drawing-room. Mrs. Daniell often described that interview—the fine, tall, stalwart young fellow, in all the strength of his manhood, utterly careless and unmoved at first, and treating everything that she said to him with lightness. For some time she did not seem to make any way with him, when suddenly taking up a Bible, she said,—

“Do you see this nice new Bible, G.? I will give it you for your own if you will promise me one thing.”

His eye glistened, and he appeared softened, as he agreed to her request.

“Promise me that you will read some of it every day, and it shall be yours.”

The promise was given, and so was the gift. Then Mrs. Daniell spoke of his father's anxiety for him, and reminded him of his mother.

“You know, G., there are all her prayers for you to be answered; they are indented round God's throne. When are you going to let the answer come?”

That interview ended in deep solemnity, and was the turning point of the young dragoon's life. He stayed with his comrades to the afternoon Bible-class, and from that day till he left Aldershot was never absent for one

day from the hall except when on duty. He became as earnest for God as he had before been for the world. Some time later, letters came from him from Ireland, in which he said, "Oh, happy, happy day, that 16th July, when you sent for me to the mission hall;" and again, "My heart yearns for Aldershot, the place of my second birth."

Yet another instance may be given of Mrs. Daniell's power in mission work amongst the Aldershot soldiers, which we also transcribe from her daughter's affectionate biography:—

"One evening in the spring of the year which witnessed G.'s 'death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness,' I was standing outside the drawing-room, watching the men as they filed out after their nightly Bible-class. During my mother's address, I had noticed a Highlander evidently under deep impression. He was a manly, grave-looking man—an old soldier—with a thoughtful, intent Scotch face; and I felt so sure that he was unhappy that as he passed I put the question to him, 'Are you happy?'

"'Oh, no, far from that,' and then he told me how he had long been seeking, and never could find peace, and how restless and unsatisfied he was. It was too late that night for him to stay for a talk, as he came from the north camp, but I asked him to come down the next night, and Mrs. Daniell would speak to him. He was on duty that evening, but said he would be on pass the following one. I give the rest of the story in his own

words, as he wrote about it to my mother some time afterwards :—

“ ‘You prayed for me, that my heart might be opened to believe, and my eyes open to see all that had already been done. I felt the same as a condemned criminal, and so I was until I believed. You read several passages to me, and explained them. Then you read the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of St. John, “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.” When you were explaining these words to me I was in an awful state of mind. I thought everything had been done that could be done now, and there was no hope; I was always looking into my own heart, and found no change; when at last, for my time was nearly up, and me not saved, I spoke to you about feeling the same wicked heart. You told me I had nothing to do with that, that it would always be a wicked one; and so it will, and a deceitful one, while this life lasts. But blessed be God, that sent me to Aldershot, and for sending me to meet with you there. . . . Although I have never written to you before, still my heart has been full of gratitude to you. I think upon you often. The happiest days that ever I spent were in Aldershot after my conversion.’ ”

Such letters as these, such manifestations of the great good she was doing, must have been an infinite source of happiness to Mrs. Daniell and her affectionate daughter.

“One day Mrs. Daniell received a letter from a poor woman begging her to try and reach her son, a wild, thoughtless boy, deaf to all her prayers and entreaties for

him. He was invited to the hall, and after some conversation, in which he was besought to turn to God, he said,—

“‘I wish I was like my mother. I have thought, but I don’t think the thoughts go very deep. But, ma’am, I won’t deceive you; I am not going to be religious yet. I like a soldier’s life, and mean to enjoy it for some time longer.’”

“‘Well, if the love of Christ will not reach you, let me read you another word: “He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”’”

“He still seemed unmoved, and she gave him up rather hopelessly, as he went off with an almost supercilious manner, as much as to say all that had nothing to do with him. But the next day he came to tell her how wonderfully God had wrought with him.”

Of these typical cases of Mrs. Daniell’s great success with the soldiers, numberless specimens could be given.

“One of the most remarkable features of the work through all these years,” we gather from her biographer, “both here and at the Branch Homes, has been the continued ingathering of souls. Without any noise or excitement, without any special manifestation of what is commonly known as revival work, the blessing has continued year by year, month by month, week by week, I might almost say day by day. I believe that this is to be traced to the atmosphere of personal influence with which our many meetings are encompassed. The little

'library' in each Home, from which many hundreds of books are yearly issued, is also in a peculiar way a kind of mainspring to the whole of the spiritual work. Every evening, from about six o'clock till the men leave, these little rooms are always occupied by myself or one of my fellow-workers, and it is there that by far the larger proportion of our work for souls takes place."

The year 1871 was marked in the annals of the camp by the largest gathering of troops ever drawn together in one place in England. Mrs. Daniell's energy rose to the occasion, and she wrote a stirring letter to the members of the Home not to neglect such a golden opportunity of sowing the gospel seed. We make the following extract from this letter. Although Mrs. Daniell had been for some time very ill, her plan of operation to meet the new and large accession to the camp was marked with that power of mind and piety which had so long distinguished itself.

"My first suggestion," she writes, "is that as many of you as possible should meet together in the class-room at 6.30 every evening for prayer. Those whose duty keeps them later could drop in quietly, without disturbing the others, if the door were left open. Let your prayers be short, and to the point.

"Then, secondly, as to the means to be used. It would be well for you to arrange amongst yourselves for every new regiment and battery to be visited each day by two of you during the ten days or fortnight they will

be in camp. Remember for how short a time you will have them with you, and concentrate all your energy on them especially. The kind friends who are taking our place at the hall will supply you with tracts and notices, and will also draw out a plan showing the order in which you had better visit the several regiments."

While Mrs. Daniell was chiefly concerned for the spiritual welfare of the soldier, she was deeply concerned about his intemperance.

"The means by which we seek to promote total abstinence at the hall," records her daughter, "(and when I speak of the work at the hall I include the Branch Homes, as they are all worked on precisely the same plan) are, first, by means of the refreshment-bar, where the soldiers and working men can get tea and other non-intoxicating drinks, with all kinds of refreshment, at a moderate cost; secondly, by the more direct efforts of the Total Abstinence Society, which was established soon after the opening of the hall in 1863. In the report for 1864 my mother said,—

"The Temperance Association connected with the institution has 500 members. Both its president and vice-president are Christian officers in the camp. And it is a cheering fact that many of the men, after joining the association, pass on at once to our Bible-classes."

"The working of the society has been much on the same basis ever since; only from the constant moves in camp it is liable to continual changes of the committee, which, as far as possible, consists of a man from each

regiment in camp and one civilian member. Each has his own book, in which are entered the names of all from his regiment who sign the pledge, over whom he is expected to watch, by bringing them to the meetings, or trying to recall them to their allegiance to the society when they have unhappily been induced to break the pledge. At our weekly committee meeting, we generally have a sort of roll-call, with, I am afraid, very often a sadly long list of 'wounded' and 'missing.' The first Thursday in each month there is a tea-party, admission by sixpenny tickets. During the last five months the numbers at these tea-parties have varied in the different Homes from 150 to 430. The tea is followed by a lecture on the subject of Total Abstinence. Then we have lectures with dissolving views and lectures with chemical experiments. On another Thursday we dispense with a lecturer altogether, and the men themselves speak, or recite, or read, or give us part-songs, all bearing on the same subject. We find variety in the *ménu* gives the greatest chance of its being popular.

"Since the beginning of the year" (1864) "we have, in the mother Home alone, taken nearly 500 signatures. That the men themselves feel their drinking habits to be the greatest enemy in their way is abundantly proved by the fact of the numbers who, the moment they wish to be better, sign the pledge as the first step in their desired reformation.

"And now as to the result of all this temperance work?" asks Miss Daniell. "I think I may unhesi-

tatingly say, and I feel sure all my fellow-workers in this mission would confirm the statement, that out of the hundreds of men who, we trust, have been converted to God, almost all have first come to the Homes to sign the pledge. IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT WE VALUE THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE."

With the important aid of Miss Daniell's volume,* we hope we have shown how much the British army owe to her untiring energy and religious spirit. As we have seen, she was a soldier's widow, and her name is endeared to the camp at Aldershot, where she laboured in the cause of religion and temperance, and with remarkable success. But "all flesh is grass," and in the month of September, 1871, after months of weariness and suffering, the servant who was always about her Master's business took her flight from earth. Her daughter's record of her departure is beautiful and consolatory:—

"About ten days before her death a great sense of unworthiness seemed resting upon her. I often heard her saying to herself, 'So unworthy,' 'If I am worthy,' 'So sinful.' A friend sent her some flowers with Hebrews xii. 6 and Daniel xiv. 3.

"'Ah, what has it all been?' she said. 'I have only reached the scaffolding; they' (referring to those converted at the hall)—'they will all be far above me; . . . I shall just get within the gates.'"

* Aldershot; a Record of Mrs. Daniell's Work amongst Soldiers. By her Daughter. Hodder & Stoughton.

"She often quoted these two lines :—

" 'He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind.' "

"Asking the nurse if her little girl liked being with us at Malvern instead of in London, she looked upwards and said, 'I should like to be up there.'

"Reading from the texts for the day on the roll, 'But committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously,' she said,—

" 'Committed Himself; that is just what I have to do, isn't it?'

"Another time she said to me,—

" 'I hope you feel Jesus near; you must want Him under this very heavy trial. It is worse for you.'

"And then again,—

" 'Do you know what I have been trying to spell out?

'Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer.' "

Referring to the fifty-first hymn in our Soldiers' Hymn-book.

Her great work at Aldershot (now worthily carried forward by her devoted daughter, whose affectionate "Record" of her mother is a treasury of religious love and zeal) must have been a great comfort to her dying pillow, but she had a higher and a sweeter one—and that was in her rest on Jesus.





MISS WESTON.

[THE SAILORS' FRIEND.]

THE name of Agnes Elizabeth Weston is happily now well known to every seaman in the Royal Navy ; not only known, but to a vast number of them endeared. She was born in London, in 1840. Her father was a barrister, and a man of considerable scientific knowledge and attainments. He was a Fellow of several learned societies, but withal a devoted Christian, and his delight was to consecrate his talents to God's service.

In speaking of her childhood's days Miss Weston has often said, "Woe to me, if with such a father and mother, and such home influences, I had been aught than a child of God and a worker in His vineyard." As a child, she had a strong will, an impulsive, passionate temper, and had need of much careful training.

Her father was much impressed by the words of a professor of phrenology, who whilst staying at his house observed her organic development, and prophesied that her career would be a remarkable one ; he even went so far as to say that a crisis would occur in her life,

when she "would turn decisively either to the right or left, would choose to be great either in the service of God or in that of the world." In after years her father would recur to this, and say, "Agnes might have been an instrument for evil instead of good, but, thank God, it has been otherwise."

"Childhood and youth," says her biographer, Sophia G. Wintz, "passed quietly away in study and home life, when in 1856, at sixteen years of age, a change took place in circumstances immediately surrounding her through which the twilight dawn, and then sunshine, of Divine Grace was to fill her soul. Up to this time she had been eminently careless and dead to all spiritual things; unlike some who have had a glimmering of truth always shining in their hearts, she 'cared for none of these things,' and the forms of prayer, and reading of God's Word night and morning, gone through punctiliously by many, were utterly neglected by her.

"The change that took place was in the ministry of the church which she always attended; the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., now Canon of York and Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, was appointed to the incumbency of All Saints' Chapel, Bath. His preaching was clear, faithful, and vigorous—Christ first, last, and midst; and doubtless it told upon numbers in that congregation. He little thought that there was a heart in the breast of a young girl who attended his ministry from Sunday to Sunday, with whom the Lord's spirit was striving, and who on her part was striving against his

power. In all the congregation there was hardly one more careless and thoughtless, and at the same time more determined to keep out the truth, than she was."

Miss Weston says herself, at this period of her life, "I was obliged to go to church, but I was determined not to listen, and oftentimes when the preacher gave out the text; I have stopped my ears, and shut my eyes, that I might neither see nor hear. I put away the truth deliberately from me, and the marvel is how the Good Shepherd followed me up."

But ultimately she began to listen and to think; God's Word was no longer a sealed book. For hours she used to wander about in the fields, Bible in hand, and many a night she laid awake in agony of soul. She sought peace, but seemed to find none. At times (says her biographer) she felt happy, tranquil, and safe; then again the storm burst, and all foothold seemed swept away.

"I knew that I was lost," she writes at this time; "but although salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ was clearly preached, I did not see how I could be saved, and, like many another, my life was a mixture of terror and anguish of soul, carelessness and amusement. Oh, that I had unbosomed myself to my minister, or to some Christian friend! but my hard, proud, reserved spirit said, 'Anything but that,' and I paid the penalty by years of unrest and uselessness."

About this time she suddenly threw herself with all her irresistible energy of purpose into the study of music

and organ playing. This instrument had a great fascination for her, principally from the difficulty of mastering it; but nothing short of this would satisfy her. After studying some time under the organist of the Abbey Church, Bath, he suggested that she should aim higher, and if possible place herself under the teaching of that celebrated organist and composer, Dr. Wesley, of Gloucester Cathedral. The Doctor was not accustomed to train ladies, and especially amateurs; but at the earnest request of his friend, Mr. Pyne, Abbey Church tutor, he agreed to meet Miss Weston at a certain church in Cheltenham, and see what she was made of.

Arrived at the church first, she at once made her way to the organ loft, and commenced playing one of Bach's pedal fugues. Dr. Wesley entered unobserved, and sat down in a pew and listened attentively; as soon as the fugue came to a close, he walked into the organ loft, and without introduction said, "I have heard enough, I will teach you; but do you wish to learn as an amateur?"

"No," was her answer, "I want as sharp training as you would give to a professional"

Scarcely a day now passed for some weeks that she was not found rousing the echoes of Gloucester Cathedral, practising morning, noon, and till long after dark, spite of all the ghostly stories narrated by vergers and fellow-pupils.

In connection with this she tells the following incident. Dr. Wesley was one evening giving her a

lesson in the Cathedral after dark ; no lights were allowed except in the organ loft, and their feeble glimmer made the huge nave look black, vast, and mysterious indeed. She had just begun to play when a messenger arrived with the request that Dr. Wesley would return home at once on important business. He left with the promise to be back directly, adding as he went down the stairs, "I hope you will not mind my locking you in the Cathedral ; we are not allowed to leave the doors unfastened."

Despising all supernatural fears, she laughingly rejoined, "Oh, no, I shall be perfectly happy and comfortable until your return," and at once set to work vigorously practising at a difficult bar of the music before her, not giving the ghosts or dead men's bones lying all around another thought.

Suddenly, however, she heard some muffled footsteps slowly and stealthily advancing up the side aisle of the Cathedral ; they came nearer and nearer, until they paused in the side chapel, at the foot of the organ-loft stair. - Feeling sure that it could not be Dr. Wesley's tread, she listened in dismay and horror, till, as she described it, "all the stories which I had heard of the ghost of the crusader, which was supposed to haunt the venerable pile, rushed into my head."

She sat paralysed for a moment ; the next, determined not to give way to such childish fears, threw aside the curtain, and saw—no one !

It was only the wind whirling in and around the

cloisters and the recumbent effigies in the aisle, which had caused sounds similar to muffled footsteps.

In 1868 we find Agnes Weston no longer groping in the dark, no longer afraid to utter truths which she had not realized herself, but actively engaged in unfolding to the young, the sick, and the dying, in Sunday-school, hospital and Bible-class the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In the early part of the year, 1868, through the kind interest of the chaplain, the Rev. E. J. Wight, she received permission to visit the patients at the Bath United Hospital, and it was arranged that she should give a short Gospel address in each of the men's wards once a week. On these occasions, after addressing them all together, she would go round from bed to bed and speak to each man personally, accompanying the words with little gifts of flowers and books.

Although much interested in temperance work, it is a remarkable fact that she did not herself become a total abstainer for a very considerable time. She tells the story of the manner in which she was induced to sign the pledge in the following graphic words :—

"I had been working in the temperance cause for some time, inviting others to follow a course which I had not entered on myself, when suddenly I was pulled up short in a very unlooked-for and unmistakable way. At the close of one of our temperance meetings, a desperate drunkard came up to me, wishing to sign the pledge. He was a chimney-sweeper, and well known to us all. I was eager to get hold of him, knowing his

past history, but as he took the pen in hand, he suddenly looked up into my face, and said inquiringly,— ‘If you please, Miss Weston, be you a teetotaller?’ Somewhat disconcerted by this direct appeal, I replied that ‘I only took a glass of wine occasionally, of course in strict moderation;’ upon which he laid down the pen, and said, ‘Well, I think that I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in moderation.’ No entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge, neither could he keep within the bounds of moderation; he went back to his old life, saying that ‘he would do as the lady did.’

“That night,” adds Miss Weston, “I saw my duty very plainly, and I enrolled my name in the pledge book, heartily wishing that I had done so before this poor fellow came forward.”

After ten years of abstinence, during which Miss Weston says, to use her own words, “Although I have worked harder with brain, muscle, and nerve than I ever worked before, travelling thousands of miles, frequently holding two meetings a-day, and standing at the helm of the large ship entrusted to my care, I may safely say that I have never enjoyed better health. Rest and food are the only doctors which I have had to employ.”

After enrolling herself in the great temperance cause, we very naturally expect to see her throwing herself heartily into it, and such was the case. The 2nd Somerset Militia assembled every year at Bath for training, and all the evils connected with the gathering

of such a body of men were very apparent. In conjunction with the chaplain, and with the colonel's full sanction and approval, coffee and reading rooms were started for the use of the men, and were largely patronized. Every evening a popular meeting was arranged for them, consisting of songs, readings, and addresses, which were much appreciated! Miss Weston also undertook a Sunday Bible-class, which was well attended, and the testimony of one of the officers given in the following words:—"Since Miss Weston has taken the men in hand, and kept them out of the public-houses, they are not like the same fellows."

Among her entries at this time stands the following:—

"Monday, 10th May.—The Militia reading rooms have been crowded this evening with men, including many non-commissioned officers. I gave an address on 'An Awakened Conscience.' Many remained behind to our prayer meeting, and many signed the pledge."

The close of the training was commemorated by the colonel giving her permission to present each man with a Testament before they were disbanded. They were drawn up on the parade ground, and after a few earnest, simple words, she passed from rank to rank, accompanied by two sergeants carrying the books, and placed one in each man's hands.

Since the devotion of her whole time to the Royal navy, this interesting work among the men of the 2nd Somerset has been taken up and developed by her sister.

But how did Miss Weston commence her great work

among the sailors? "In the early part of 1868" she relates, in one of her printed statements, "I wrote a letter to a Christian soldier then on passage with his regiment from England to India in one of Her Majesty's troop ships. He read and re-read it, and finding comfort and help from its words of Christian sympathy, he showed it to a seaman. The seaman's eyes glistened as he handed back the letter, with this remark—

"That is good. We poor fellows have no friend: do you think that that lady would write to me? I would give anything to receive a letter like this."

"I am sure that she will," replied the soldier; "I will write and ask her."

"He did so, dating his letter from Suez. My heart rejoiced at finding something, ever so small, to do for Jesus, and I replied at once. That letter was the germ of all my present work in the Service."

"The result of Miss Weston's letter" (says Sophia Wintz, her biographer) "to this Christian seaman was a grateful and happy reply, enclosing the names of many sailors situated as he was, who would be glad of a letter also. One wrote, and another wrote, every week the correspondence grew larger and larger."

"One poor fellow, on board a ship at Rio, became a very frequent correspondent; his letters used to come by the mail with the regularity of clock-work. At last he wrote telling of his bitter disappointment at being transferred from his homeward-bound ship to one stationed in a foreign port."

"What should I do now," he said, "without your letters? they drive away my trouble, and make Jesus seem so near to me. Do write to me again soon; my heart is almost broke at having to stay out here; but God's will be done. My old ship sailed out of harbour yesterday, homeward-bound; we all manned the rigging to cheer her out. I could not cheer, there was a big lump in my throat."

"A few months passed, and a pencil note in a trembling hand came from him, in which he said—

"I am very ill, down with fever; but Jesus is near me; I know that I have everlasting life through His blood. Something seems to tell me that I shall have to wait to see my dear ones on the other side, and there I shall meet you too. I send you four shillings in stamps to help to carry on God's work among my brother sailors."

"A letter was written in answer to this by the next mail, but he had entered the haven of rest, as he said to his mates in the hospital, 'I'm going home by a shorter cut than by Old England.' That letter came back with the one word, 'Dead,' written across it in red ink.

"A letter is a very precious thing to a sailor far away from home. Letter-writing to our sailors was certainly supplying a missing link, and greatly helping and encouraging in their up-hill life, those who had become Christian men. It is well-known that Jack is generous and kind-hearted, easily led to the right or the wrong. It can therefore well be imagined how his heart is

touched when he receives an unexpected letter of sympathy and encouragement from a friend in Old England, and that friend a Christian woman."

Miss Weston's correspondence with sailors grew immensely ; one man written to on board any ship would send the names of other shipmates, who wanted to be on the roll ; some of the naval chaplains also, hearing of this correspondence, began to take an interest in it.

"We never light our pipes with your letters," wrote a sailor, "because you think about and cares for us."

Indeed, so great was the demand for written letters, that Miss Weston found it necessary to supplement them with a monthly printed letter, which enabled her to speak a friendly word to a very much larger number than she could have reached by her pen. During the first year of issue, 500 copies a month addressed to individual men were sent. In February, 1872, 1,500 copies of the letter were forwarded each month. The number rose steadily to 2,000, 2,500, 3,000 a month, and still names poured in from all parts of the world, and the circulation rose from 3,500 to 4,000, at which figure it now stands.

These letters are called by the men "little Blue Backs," on account of the blue cover in which, most properly, they are sent into the navy. There is hardly a bronzed and weather-beaten blue jacket in the service who would not answer, if he were asked whether he knew Miss Weston's Blue Backs, "Why, yes, they comed aboard my ship every month, all the time we were away."

Her desire is to speak to each man *alone*, and by the letter this is accomplished. Thousands of sailors read them because they come straight from Miss Weston's home, and their naval colour recommends them anywhere.

An officer thus racily described the advent of a packet on the West Indian station :—

“I took the parcel of ‘Blue Backs,’ on the lower deck of our ship, and distributed them among the ship's company. It happened to be Sunday afternoon, and they all rushed at me with, ‘Me one, sir!’ and ‘Me one, sir!’ so that I had to stand against a gun, in order to keep off the crowd.

“I went round the decks again half-an-hour afterwards, just to see what they were doing with them; it would have cheered your heart to have seen the sight,—groups of men sitting cross-legged on the deck around one, the best reader probably, who was seated in the midst, reading the letter aloud to his listening messmates. I went back to my cabin to thank God for those preachers in blue jackets, and asked Him to bless readers and listeners.”

Miss Weston's heart's desire is wellnigh accomplished. The whole of the navy now receives these little messengers monthly; they are sent to the Royal Naval hospitals at Haslar, Plymouth, and Chatham; the coast-guard stations have been added, and through the kindness of the Trinity Board she also sends to all the English lighthouses.

Some lads from H.M.S. *Impregnable* came to her one day as a deputation from the rest, with this request:—

“Please, ma’am, do you think that you could write us boys a letter all to ourselves? we don’t understand the men’s.” The thought seemed a good one, and the boy’s wish was carried into effect. In 1874, 500 copies a month for the boys were issued, the demand became great, and they rose to 2,000 copies a month, and are a great source of delight and interest to the lads, of whom there are some 2,000 at Devonport, and several hundreds at Falmouth, Portsmouth, and Portland.

The “Blue-Backs” are sent away month by month in sacksfull to the post-office, from thence to be distributed all over the world to every ship in the service, wherever the white ensign flies. The grim monitor and the tiny gun-boat alike receives its gospel and temperance budget regularly. They have travelled even into frozen regions amidst eternal snow and ice, and have reached the highest latitude ever attained by man.

Miss Weston often relates a touching incident which she met with at Portsmouth. She had asked permission of the captain, which he kindly gave, to pay a visit to H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, flag-ship, and to give an address to the ship’s company. The meeting with the men, which was held on the main deck, was a very interesting one; at its close she was asked whether she would visit the sick bay, to speak a word to the men who were not able to come to the meeting. Gladly assenting, she went round, speaking a word or two to those

confined to their cots. "On leaving the sick bay, I came," she says, "on a man who was better, and sitting at a table turning over the contents of his ditty box. The sailor's ditty box is the one little piece of property belonging to him in which he can keep his home treasures. The young seaman emptied his gradually, taking out photographs, dried flowers, a lock of hair, and some letters. As I passed him he held out a 'Blue Back,' and said to me—

"'Do you remember that?'

"'Certainly,' I answered, and taking it in my hand I saw by the date that it was two years old.

"'I got that out in China, aboard the *Rinaldo*,' he answered, in reply to my inquiring look, 'and I thank God that you ever sent it to me. I was one of the wildest fellows in the service, but that letter showed me just what I was. I went to Jesus for pardon, and now I'm a happy man; I would not part with that letter for five pounds,' and he put it again in his ditty box, turning the key, and said slowly, 'When I die I should like it to be buried with me.'"

In the interesting book we have so largely quoted from,* will be found samples of the letters which Miss Weston receives by thousands from sailors, from all parts, addressed to her at the Sailors' Rest, Devonport, as well

"Our Blue Jackets; a Narrative of Miss Weston's Life and Work Among our Sailors." Hodder & Stoughton.

as specimens of the monthly letters addressed to seamen, which are full of religious earnestness, and adaptability to the men corresponded with.

We will conclude the narrative of Miss Weston's work with an anecdote or two in the cause of temperance among the blue-jackets. Among her earlier efforts in this direction she held a meeting on board H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, a training ship for boys, lying in Portsmouth harbour. "Let us picture it for a moment (says her biographer). The work of the day was over; it was a clear, bright moonlight night; the captain had given permission for the meeting to be held late in the evening, that the muster might be general. Taking his stand on the poop by Miss Weston's side, he kindly opens the meeting with a few manly, straightforward words of counsel and interest; 'then,' as she graphically describes it, 'I gave them all a good talking to. The moon struggling through the clouds, the shadowy tracery of the masts and rigging, the outlines of the old *Victory* and the *Duke of Wellington*, the lights gleaming from the ports on the water, and the crowd of young blue-jackets below, was a scene never to be forgotten. There were at least five hundred upturned faces, all listening with eager attention to every word that was spoken, and coming forward in crowds at the close to sign the temperance pledges.'"

Another meeting was held on board H.M.S. *Vanguard*, then lying in Plymouth Sound. It was a fine sunny day, the captain had given a cordial assent, and

a kind friend had offered to take her in his own boat. As they neared the *Vanguard*, one of the rowers exclaimed, "Hallo, she's getting up steam;" they pulled for their lives, determined that if possible the ship's company should not be balked of "Miss Weston's yarn" if they could help it.

Coming alongside the *Vanguard* her kind friend scaled the ship's side with her card in his hand and presented it to the commander, who with true British courtesy exclaimed—

"Miss Weston alongside? Tell her she shall be up in a moment. Out with the accommodation ladder again; there will yet be time for the meeting."

It was not long before she stood upon the deck, receiving smiles of welcome, and apologies for the apparent breach of faith; a telegram from the Admiralty, ordering the *Vanguard* to proceed to sea, had caused all this commotion.

Now then for the meeting: "sharp" must be the word; where shall it be held? A place was arranged on the upper deck battery among the guns, and the boatswain's mate had orders to pipe the notice, "Miss Weston's, come aboard to give a lecture in the upper deck battery." His hoarse cry and shrill whistle resounded through the ship, and soon came a rush of feet up every companion ladder, and the crowds of eager faces which gathered round showed that Jack's intention was to see and hear everything. Some sat cross-legged in front, others kneeling, the remainder standing behind

them, and the smaller fellows perching themselves on the shoulders of the standing ones.

A few earnest, manly words from the commander, and Miss Weston addressed them, not in a long set speech, but in a simple, natural way that they could see came from the heart, showing them the evils of strong drink, and the ruin of body and soul which it led to, and the blessing of having nothing to do with it. Then the pledge-book was placed on one of the enormous guns, and those willing to enrol themselves were invited to sign their names, looking to God for strength to keep their brave resolution. About forty signed the book, and all was over; descending into the boat, the ladder was again shipped, and the noble ship weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

One more incident of her temperance mission work among our sailors, one which Miss Weston often describes to the great amusement of her hearers.

"I found myself one day on board H.M.S. *Topaze*, of course by the kind permission of the commander. He was most interested in the proceedings, and was present himself; the crowd of blue-jackets were grouped before me on the lower deck. After addressing them, anxious not to lose an opportunity of taking the names of those who wished to enrol themselves on the *Topaze's* books, I asked permission to do so, which was freely granted; but the difficulty still to be solved was the want of a table. I looked round, and seeing, as I supposed, a bread-tub with its bright polished bands standing near,

I asked whether I might be allowed to use it as a table.

" 'Certainly,' was the answer, with a smile; 'but it's the first time it has been put to such a use. Now, men, a couple of hands to roll out the *grog-tub* !'

" Amidst cheers and laughter the *grog-tub* was rolled out, and a capital table it made, on which more than sixty enrolled their names. One young sailor came forward and signed his name; after doing so he laid down the pen, and significantly rapping the tub with his knuckles, said, 'There goes a nail in your coffin, old fellow !'

" After all that wished to do so had entered their names, the commander took up the book, and running his eye down the lists, significantly added, 'Sixty odd nails to-day; if they all hold firm I won't give much for the old *grog-tub*'s life.' "

Miss Weston has held meetings on board very many ships in the service, oftentimes speaking to them on deck with the wind whistling through the rigging, or going off in the teeth of a gale of wind, caring little for the weather, so that she might keep her appointment and not disappoint her sailor friends.

At a recent meeting of the National Temperance League, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Miss Weston received a richly-merited vote of thanks for her earnest efforts in behalf of the brave men who are engaged in the defence of their country.

But Miss Weston's most glorious achievement among

seamen has been the founding of the "Sailors' Rest and Institute" at Devonport, where she herself now resides and superintends. This great work commenced in a very simple manner. Whilst staying with a friend in the neighbourhood, her attention was drawn on the Sunday afternoon to the immense numbers of sailor boys on leave from the training ships, who were wandering aimlessly about the streets, getting into bad company and habits. "Somebody's boys" needed care on shore; she felt that many a mother was thinking of her son, and praying that he might be kept from evil; and most of these lads seemed drifting about like rudderless ships at the mercy of every wind and wave.

Anxious to get a hold on them, and to use her influence for God, she inquired of some officers in the service the best way to assemble them together. They were not very hopeful as to the possibility of gathering these young salts, and truly remarked—

"They are as restless when they come ashore as birds let out of a cage; they like to roam about, and you will never be able to collect them."

The difficulties truly seemed great; nothing daunted, however, Miss Weston made up her mind that she would not give up the young blue-jackets until a thorough trial of the plan had been made; and by means of notices distributed among the boys on board ship, she invited them to meet her in a large public room in Devonport on Sunday afternoons.

The first Sunday came, but, alas! after two hours'

weary waiting and watching, only one lad appeared, who was too frightened to stay when he found that he had not one of his shipmates to bear him company. The following Sunday not one came, although hundreds were roaming about the streets. After spending four Sunday afternoons in this unsatisfactory manner, she was forced to come to the conclusion that what her naval friends had said was perfectly true.

Much discouraged, but determined not to give it up, she returned home, and "took it to the Lord in prayer." With prayer and faith came wisdom and guidance from above, and help from an unexpected source.

The friend in whose house she was staying most kindly offered the use of her kitchen for the meeting, with tea and cake as an attraction. Volunteer help also presented itself; two earnest Christian men, one an *employé* in H.M. Dockyard, the other a member of the Metropolitan Police, offered to go out into the streets, and if possible to bring the lads in. They did not work long before they succeeded in getting a dozen; the tea, cake, and warm kitchen were each in their way powerful magnets. The dozen doubled and trebled. Hymns were sung and talked over, some simple Bible story was read or told, prayer was offered up, and before many Sundays had passed, it was becoming clear that the kitchen would soon be too small. The lads would sit on the window-ledge, among the cups and saucers on the dresser, even inside the grate, so crowded was the room from the rapidly increasing audience.

Time rolled on ; the kitchen meeting swelled until it entirely burst its bounds, and Miss Weston was able to secure a room in a very good situation, close to one of the landing-places, and this large room was filled with boys every Sunday afternoon, for the meetings were becoming better known among them.

As the work widened and deepened, the question was constantly asked by one and another—

“Can’t we have a place to which we can come in the week—a temperance house, in a word, a public-house without the drink, close to the dockyard?” for there were plenty, alas ! of the other kind of public-houses up and down the street. The temperance men clamoured for a temperance head-quarters, and the Christian men for a religious head-quarters, and they carried the day.

“But for the pressure brought to bear upon me by the men,” Miss Weston has often remarked, “I do not know that I ever should have started the Institute.”

So step by step the way was cleared, and in the autumn of 1874 a house became vacant in Fore Street, leading direct to the great gateway of the Royal Dockyard. It was truly the very house for the purpose, scarcely a dozen steps from the dockyard gates.

But where was the silver and the gold with which to purchase it? “The silver and the gold are Mine, saith the Lord.”

In reply to a short appeal in the columns of *The Christian*, Miss Weston in a few days received a sufficient sum to pay the whole of the first year’s rent, and this

was sufficient indication that the fifties would grow into hundreds, and the hundreds into thousands, until the work should be accomplished.

Many a touching tale could be told in connection with the gathering together of that noble sum of nearly £6,000 which bought and fitted up the Sailors' Rest and Institute. The boys in the training ships put their coppers together, turned them into gold, and sent them to Miss Weston ; the men from the most distant foreign stations sent their savings, often with the request that the sum might be entered as "grog-money" (*i.e.*, money given by the Admiralty in place of grog), saved and devoted to the Lord's service. Officers and ships' companies sent handsome sums. Also from England, Scotland, Ireland, America, India, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Italy came the needed supplies in response to the appeal in *The Christian*, describing the need of a Sailors' Rest, and the way to meet it.

Miss Weston travelled hundreds of miles through the length and breadth of the land, to lay the case before the Christian public. Her clear, simple, true-hearted statement met with much hearty sympathy and response. Soon the dust and confusion cleared away, and through the goodness of God the place was finished and opened, not by a grand meeting, an inaugural dinner, or a flourish of trumpets, but by prayer and praise.

"This building was opened May 8th, 1876, for the glory of God and for the good of the Service." Such is an inscription on two tablets of Portland stone, in letters

of gold, let in over the plate-glass windows in front of the "Sailors' Rest." Look at the prettily-arranged windows, with their tempting-looking eatables reflected in the bright mirrors behind, and flanked by white and gold china barrels with silver taps, bearing the harmless inscriptions of "New Milk," "Lemonade," "Gingerbeer," etc., while a brilliant little fountain sings the praises of cold water. Handsome lamps stand out from the stonework on each side of the windows, while within opal globes, springing from a handsome brass cable, throw both a soft and brilliant light on the pavement, making all look cheery and inviting.

With a light touch (continues Miss Weston's biographer) the swing door gives way, and Miss Weston's public-house without the drink stands before us. The bar is innocent of beer and strong drink, but none the less cosy; two or three sailors are lounging against it, chatting and enjoying themselves thoroughly; the three brilliant copper urns, containing coffee and cocoa, are being constantly tapped; plenty of good things cover the counter, while behind the servers mirrors and coloured glass make up a bright background. A steam closet, containing besides hot joints, speaking tubes, and a lift communicating with the kitchen, settles and tables capable of accommodating fifty people, a beautifully-illuminated scroll running right round the ceiling, some nautical pictures hanging on the walls, a parrot, and a musical box playing a lively tune, complete the refreshment bar, which is used by many hundreds, including

sailors, soldiers, dockyards-men, sailors' wives, and others every day, and is a busy scene from 5.30 in the morning to 12 o'clock at night.

Leaving the bar we open a side door which leads into a room which is Jack's special favourite,—a small smoking room. Many a yarn has been spun with an "old ship" over nothing stronger than a pipe and a cup of coffee, and many a merry tune has been played and hornpipe danced in the room.

Ascending the stairs we come to the reading-rooms, public and private, divided by a revolving shutter, which when necessary disappears into the ceiling and leaves one free room the entire width of the building. Some bookshelves, filled with books of all kinds, pictures, comfortable seats, a bagatelle board, and plenty of religious and other papers make this room a very popular one, especially on Sundays, when many of the men, ashore from Saturday to Monday, come there for a quiet read. On the same floor is the bath-room, fitted with three hot and cold baths, and an office, from whence all the *monthly letters* are despatched, temperance supplies sent to all parts of the world, and a firm hold kept on absent sailors.

Above this floor is the kitchen, large and bright with plenty of fresh air, and there is always a bustle here, cooking going on from early morning to late at night.

Coming down the stairs again we pass Miss Weston's temporary rooms, the least convenient and comfortable in the house, which she has fitted up and furnished herself.

Below these again are two rooms opening one into the other,—the sailors' dining and sitting rooms, one in which the boarders and others can have a family meal all together, the other a room where they can sit and read and write quietly, or, if they have kept the "middle watch," take a good sleep on the settles.

We descend again and come to a long passage on the ground floor which leads us to the dormitories, a fine set of buildings, one block five stories high, each of the beds being divided off into little private cabins much prized by all, especially by the Christian men, as they have no quiet place which they can call their own on board ship.

It is interesting to trace, by the names inside and out, the history of each cabin and cot. One bears the name of *Ruby* and another of *Diamond*, after Her Majesty's ships of these names. Another has the grand name of *Undaunted*, and another *Volage*; these were given by the ship's companies of the respective ships and named by the men after them.

Another is called "Little Man," another "Harry," in memory of some dear ones gone before.

Another bears simply a text of Scripture; as, "My life is hid with Christ in God,"—given by the Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, who testified to the glorious words as having been the means of his conversion,—and so on.

We here take our leave of Miss Weston's noble work in the cause of religion and temperance amongst our

blue-jackets. She has been a "hero in the fight," and has shed a lustre on the name of woman. Nor can we take leave of the subject without expressing our grateful thanks to Sophia G. Wintz for the delightful volume which we have made so liberal a use of in connection with "Miss Weston's Life and Work among our Sailors."

A noble work and a noble life indeed! It is hardly possible to recount the difficulties she has to overcome in her vast labours, which, had it not been for her religious faith, she never could have sustained. Real difficulties, however, are the best cure of imaginary ones, because God helps us in the real ones and makes us ashamed of the others





MRS. RANYARD.

[ORGANIZER OF BIBLE-WOMEN MISSIONS.]

ALL the heroisms of our Christian Women seem to be sustained by the power of the Bible over their souls. If proof were needed, can there be a greater one than this of its divinity. It has endowed women with unspeakable gifts, and given them the courage and bravery to go into haunts and hovels where men would quake to enter. It has made them fearless of censure or ridicule. With the banner of the Bible in their hands they have gone into savage lands and Christianized the heathen; they have been found amongst hordes of coarse sailors and blaspheming soldiers; they have picked up the waifs and strays from our lanes and alleys; they have tended the sick, raised homes for the fatherless, and reformatories for young criminals, and hospitals for all the "ills that flesh is heir to."

But recently Dean Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff, at a meeting of the Bible Society, said, What a wonderful book is the Bible! How it stirred the minds and

hearts even of those who were against it with feelings of hostility, but far more often of respect, and he would venture to hope almost as often of deep and heart-felt interest. We could not touch a word even in the English translation of the Bible without having the world attacking us.

He belonged to a body which for ten years has been occupied in trying to give greater exactness to the venerable version so dear to all their hearts. The very first rumour even of any one word being altered was considered a suitable subject for the columns of a newspaper, and brought about he knew not how many attacks upon those who were audacious enough to propose that any such touch should be given to that venerable work. He said this to show how deeply that Book, even in its English dress, which they must always remember was not the original dress, had entered into the hearts of the English people. But he thought he might claim, not for himself, but for his coadjutors in this work at least, the opportunity of furnishing an illustration of the labour which men were willing to bestow upon this great Book—God's Holy Word. That body to which he had referred had been occupied now for ten years, for four days in every month but two, and for seven hours in each of these days, altogether amounting, if his arithmetic was correct, to something like 2,800 hours, in this work of endeavouring, if it be possible, to bring the English version into more exact conformity with the original. Was not that again a tribute to the

wonderfulness of the Bible that there should be so much jealousy of the labours of this body of men?

What was the secret of all this? It was comprised in one word. It was because Scripture, all Scripture, was given by the inspiration of God. To put it into the more terse and nervous original, it was because "every Scripture was God-inspired," or let him rather say "God-breathed." It was not unknown to many present that there was in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin, but one word for breath, wind, and spirit; and when St. Paul said this, he said there was the breath of God in it all. He asked them to reflect upon this meaning—whether it was not explanatory of the reverence and love with which the Bible was regarded. Divine inspiration! It could not be traced in its work; but it could be traced in its effect. Every one knew when the wind was blowing; they heard the sound of it. Thus they could trace inspiration, and in the pages of Holy Scripture they felt the effect thereof. There was a searching power in the breath of God, which, as the poet said, made every "little leaf sing." They could not open their Bibles without feeling themselves in the presence of that which was their judge. And if there was a searching power in the Divine inspiration, certainly there was also a cleansing power, for it was only he who desired to be free from his sins who could tolerate the hearty reading of the Bible. Then again there was another illustration. It was a refreshing power. They all knew what an effect in the sick-room the letting in of the pure breath

of heaven had, how it diffused a fragrance through that room. So it was with the breath of God in the Bible.

“ Within this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries ;
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom their God has given grace
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way ;
 But better they had ne’er been born
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.”

The Bible may indeed be called a treasure of the greatest magnitude in itself, without any decoration of art, or elucidation of genius. It is a treasure to all, rich and poor—the solace of the afflicted, the support of the dying ; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of this book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow that admits of no other alleviation ; to direct a beam of hope to the heart when all other sources fail ; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy and sublime inspirations. After repeated perusals, it will still be invested with the charm of novelty, like the great orb of day, at which we gaze with increasing pleasure from infancy to old age. To sum up in the words of Locke,—

“ It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter ;—it is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.”

In these remarks upon the Bible, we are quite in accord with that true Bible-woman, Mrs. Ranyard, than whom none have shown a greater zeal in disseminating the Scriptures and having them read and explained in the thousand homes of ignorance and vice. All her activity centred in this one object of her useful life.

It is now between thirty and forty years since the publication of an ode, entitled "The Border Land," and signed "L. N. R.," which at the time was extensively read, and made upon many a vivid impression. A lady having missed the letters of a friend, wrote to her asking, "Where have you been for a long time?" The reply, penned just outside of a room where sickness had for weeks hovered between life and death, suggested the ode, saying, "I have been to a Border Land where there was but a strange dim light, where shadows and dreams seemed real, where I scarce knew how there I came or if thence I should ever pass; where small seemed great as compared to the standards of earth, where the loss of all would scarce have cost a tear, where days wasted in worldly haste were recalled, and where the poor were brought to mind with their scant fire, and bread so hard to find, where I met with a wondrous Friend, whose words had power; and now I am come back again from that Border Land to earth, and should its trifles ever again engross me as in the past they have done, I will think of how empty and vain they seemed from the heights of the Border Land."

This strain forecast the mission of "L. N. R.;" and

now that the tears of the Bible-women and the nurses have fallen around the grave of Mrs. Ranyard, many a one looking over the stanzas once more will in their touches see the prophetic hints of her life-work—a work rare and comely even in an age that has written a fair record of women's work for God.

The religious public first heard of Mrs. Ranyard as the author of "The Book and its Story," and "The Book and its Mission," and to the last, in all branches of her activity, it was to sow the incorruptible seed in hearts and homes that her gentle but irresistible enthusiasm burned. Her missions were all Bible Missions, her labourers Bible-women. Writing her last preface to a volume of her Magazine, she began by quoting a saying of Dr. Somerville to the effect that "faith in the Word of God" is the great need of Christian workers, and said: "Hereto we set our seal, after twenty-one years' work in the slums of London; though our voice is but as the voice of the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife of old."

Taking the Word as the one potent cure of all the diseases and leprosies of Society, she lived to give practical application to the Bible work among the poor of London. Born, as we believe, in the great Babel, its multitudes were ever on her heart, and she never forgot the cheerless homes of the poor, which in the "Border Land" had been shown to her as in a vision. Reviewing twenty-one years' labour, she marked with intense interest the neighbourhoods she had first seen vacant, next

built upon, then transformed or swept away. "The noisy trains" she cried, "have begun to find their way under old burying-grounds, so that even the dead must rest above the rushing tide of life."

To carry the Bible in letter and in spirit, its words read and explained, its pages printed in big type, its lessons and its hopes into the hearts, the chambers and work-day life of "low London," she proclaimed that the Missing Link was woman fulfilling her mission to her sisters yet unreclaimed. Not only did she write of the Missing Link, and with untiring energy conduct the *Missing Link Magazine*, but beginning, we know not how, in that silent way however in which works that are to grow take their origin, she trained Bible-women, planted them here and there, solicited and gained the co-operation of ladies to superintend them, gave and got means of support, until there had grown up under her hand a vast and energetic agency, spread over London, and beginning to branch away into distant countries, even into Syria and Madagascar, into India, Italy and France. Her Bible looked not at man as a mere spirit, but as soul and body, and had its healing for the body as well as the soul; so beside her Bible-women and the mission-room gradually sprang up a nurse, and here again the links were not only between the direct labourer and the sufferers, but reached from both of these higher up; for her 70 nurses have 38 nurse lady-superintendents to encourage, counsel, and co-operate with them; just as her 171 Bible-women have 133 Bible lady-superinten-

dents. Each of these learning and teaching lessons of sympathy for the lowest state of domestic life in London, serves as a link to raise the fallen, and to convey downward the aid of those who stand higher.

This great agency now in regular and energetic operation has been reared up by Mrs. Ranyard without any public society or costly organization. The British and Foreign Bible Society, indeed, has been the reserve on which she rested, as its work was the ideal of her mission. It gave a shilling a week towards the support of each of her Bible-women, and in return her Bible-women taught the poor mothers to work for and earn the price of a Bible in large print, and encouraged them to subscribe for it, and of such Bibles 176,000 had "been acquired by degrees and from their own savings." Some of those women who steadily subscribed could not read, but even of them, one now and then, after having made the book an ornament of the home, would carry in her memory the chapter read at the mother's meeting, and would get the husband, or the eldest girl, to read it by the fireside. But except the books and the small subsidy of the Bible Society, Mrs. Ranyard had to find all her resources where the Lord's labourers do marvellously find theirs—in the help of the Lord. Gradually friends gathered around her, and funds came in. At last her yearly balance-sheet showed some £16,000 of income, of which total about one-third was paid by the subscriptions of the poor for Bibles and clothing. The rest was the fund formed by donations for expenditure. We

believe she had no formal committee ; but a few friends occasionally met her and reviewed her affairs. To these she submitted her plans, and they took counsel as to her necessities. Her talents and her spirit—a spirit in which there was real light and sweetness—made to them co-operation easy and even agreeable. These meetings were held at the house of Lord Kinnaird, where, supported by Mr. Ranyard, and in earlier times by her venerable father, the late Mr. Bazley White, and animated by the steadfast encouragement of the veteran Earl of Shaftesbury, as well as by that of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, she would open her budget, smile over her difficulties, and leave all her friends under the feeling that the Lord who had hitherto gently cleared her way, would do so to the end.

Mrs. Ranyard lived to the verge of three-score years and ten. Nourished in youth by the ministry of Binney, she was enlisted in Bible work by the activity of the Lambeth Auxiliary to the Bible Society. Her family then living somewhere near Kennington Common, were intimate with that of Mr. Farmer, and the intimacy endured to the last. Among those who then helped the work of the Bible Society, she often named the first zealous labours of John and Edward Corderoy. Many of her Bible-women were Methodists. Mrs. Ranyard's removal must create a strange blank in the organization of which she was the mainspring. When here she never made much of herself—what Christian ever does?—now that she is gone her absence will cause a void that will not easily be filled.

A lady on one of the Bible-missions asked some poor women to write and tell her what they thought of the Bible-women. One gave an answer which many would give as to Mrs. Ranyard. "Why, ma'am, if I could write, I could fill a book with the acts of kindness I have received from her." Hundreds are thankful to-day that when in the Border Land so long ago she was sent back to earth with an errand. She has done her errand, and ere her final removal not a few, who had assisted in or benefited by its fulfilment, had gone before, among them a fair child of her own, grown to womanhood; she carried disease from the homes of the poor to her own home, and the disease carried her to the house of all living. There no small company of them have already given welcome to "L. N. R." on the shining shore beyond the Border Land, where they enjoy in all its fulness the unspeakable riches so beautifully expressed in her well-known ode:—

THE BORDER LAND.

I have been to a land, a Border Land,
 Where there was but a strange dim light,
 Where shadows and dreams, a spectral band,
 Seemed real to the aching sight.
 I scarce bethought me how there I came,
 Or if thence I should pass again :
 Its morning and night were marked by the flight
 Or coming of woe and pain.
 But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
 With its mountain ridges hoar,
 They looked across to a wondrous strand,
 A bright and unearthly shore.

Then I turned me to Him, the Crucified,
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

The mind and character of this excellent woman have aided the mental and religious progress of thousands of the poor, and where the Bible had been before a sealed book, it is now their rest and comfort, their joy in life and their solace in death. Mrs. Ranyard early recognised the solemn duty and the glorious privilege of being a worker for God and her fellow-creatures; her mission was the dissemination of the Bible, and as we have already seen she performed her work in the most devoted manner. In her the "Missing Link" was found, and under her guidance, from the ranks of the lowly, women have been found and educated to become aids and comforts of their sister-woman, taking counsel together and reading the Word of God in company with a mutual comfort that no other agency is so well calculated to secure.



MRS. REED.

[THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER OF DR. ANDREW REED.]

MRS. REED, the mother of Dr. Andrew Reed, and grandmother of Sir Charles Reed, is a remarkable instance of what piety, devotedness, and self-renunciation can effect. At one time a lonely woman, without wealth, station, or family influence, yet faithful to duty, blessing and blest in its performance—and “being dead yet speaketh.”

The early training of Mrs. Reed, under a good mother, had given her a distaste to frivolous amusements, and her distinguished son, Dr. Andrew Reed, the modern philanthropist, was educated in the “way he should go,” and he did not depart from it.

The life of woman usually so abounds in perpetually recurring domestic duties and minute cares for others, that she is in some danger of neglecting the improvement of her own mind, while so “careful and troubled about many things;” therefore the example of those who have been such economists of time as to neglect no duty to others, and yet to be true to themselves, by cultivating

the faculties- God entrusted to them, is truly valuable. As a model of self-culture Mrs. Reed was never excelled, and her excellent discipline bore fruit in her son, the founder of the London Orphan Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the Asylum for Idiots, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

Andrew Reed, the husband of Mrs. Reed, was a watchmaker by trade, and a truly religious man. Having established himself in London, his next concern was for means of Christian usefulness. While visiting a dying man, on a Sunday afternoon, in Drury Lane, he there first met with a young person who afterwards became his wife. He had obtained a home, a business, and a sphere of usefulness, and now was conferred on him the blessing of a wife.

Young Andrew Reed listened to a female voice in the adjoining room, offering prayer, and after the prayer was over, he entered the room. There, by the bedside of a sick woman, was Mary Ann Mullen, a pious school teacher, and an orphan. Young Andrew, knowing that "a good wife is from the Lord," fixed his thoughts upon this young woman, wisely concluding that such a partner was a priceless treasure for a lonely Christian man. Accordingly, after this strange introduction, he formed the friendship, and made Miss Mullen an offer of marriage. She was suffering by reason of oppression and fraud at this time; her father and mother were both dead, and her stepmother had succeeded, after her father's death,

in robbing her of her rightful inheritance, and in casting her out of her home. Thus oppressed, Miss Mullen did not sit down in despair, or waste her in time in unavailing lamentations. She looked about for honest means of living, and being of an intelligent and active turn of mind, and "apt to teach," she had adopted the vocation of teacher, and opened a private school in Little Britain there diligently toiling day by day in training the young and at the same time earning a respectable living for herself. Nor was this all her employment, for she, too, must be "about the Master's business." Her energetic and philanthropic spirit found scope in visiting among the sick and afflicted, and in performing other gracious works of charity among the poor.

Marriage succeeded to courtship, and the youthful couple took each other "for better, for worse." After marriage, the wife, true to the God-given title of "help meet," assisted her husband by keeping on her school. In course of time they migrated from Bartholomew Close to Butcher Row, St. Clement Danes, where they occupied Beaumont House, an old-fashioned, roomy, quaint building, a relic of olden times. In 1603 the Duke of Sully resided in Beaumont House, and had kept court there. Now it was devoted to less aristocratic, but more useful purposes. Here Mr. Reed opened his shop, and Mrs. Reed carried on her school; he occupying the garret for his manufactory, and she, the ample old drawing-room. Here, too, they experienced life's trials, for they were called to mourn over

the early deaths of their first three children ; and here, after these bereavements, Andrew, the greatest philanthropist of modern times, was born, November 27th, 1787. Mrs. Reed kept a diary, in which she records the more striking events of their life. On moving into Beaumont House, she says that their home was dedicated to God in prayer, using the following words : " We had at our house to-night Mr. Winter and other friends, for thanksgiving for God's goodness since we came together." Note the pious woman's faith. " God's goodness since we came together," is remembered before all reverses, trials, or bereavements. So they set up their Ebenezer, and took fresh courage in view of the future.

Mrs. Reed was the mother of a large family, of whom, however, only three survived, namely, Andrew, Martha, and Peter. These children were trained up tenderly and piously, and were inseparable companions both at home and at school. The training which they received was such as fitted them for this world, and taught them to understand their responsibilities in relation to that which is to come.

Andrew Reed, the elder, used to say that " a good education is a fortune a child can never spend, and a parent can always bestow." In obedience to this maxim, Mr. and Mrs. Reed endeavoured to gain the best possible education for their boy. But, says his mother, in her journal, " This we do at some sacrifice, for war taxes are fearful, and bread is sixteenpence-halfpenny the quartern loaf. Yet it was said in Parliament that the

wheat wasted every year in hair powder would make more than a million loaves, and Mr. Pitt could not deny it. Still, the best education we can get the boy shall have, for he is a lad of good promise."

Mr. and Mrs. Reed seem to have kept up a "prophet's chamber," for we find that young Andrew was introduced to some of the excellent of the earth, in the ministerial profession, early in life. When he was only eight years of age, a Rev. Mr. Eyre, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. Matthew Wilks, met Mr. Reed in his little back parlour, and there discussed the question of missions to the heathen. Mr. Eyre read a paper upon the subject, to which the boy listened attentively. The Rev. Richard Winter, the pastor of the Reeds, was upon his death-bed when Andrew was about twelve of age, and Mrs. Reed, ever anxious that her boy's mind should be turned into a good channel, took her son to see this dying saint. It is recorded that Mr. Winter's dying words made a great impression upon him. Before this time she had also led her boy to St. Paul's Cathedral, and standing by the statue erected to the memory of John Howard, had talked in familiar language of the work of that illustrious philanthropist. What she said sank deeply into young Andrew's heart; and there is no question but that such teachings as these, from Mrs. Reed's lips, materially assisted in moulding the opinions and forming the life of the lad, so that in after years he strove to emulate, by his works of mercy and charity, the example of him

who was accounted worthy of a niche among England's heroes. Indeed, Mrs. Reed's anxiety on behalf of her boy becomes apparent in almost every step. She took him to missionary meetings, and together they witnessed the setting apart of two young pioneer missionaries to their work. Next morning, Mrs. Reed, whose heart had been full all night, rose up at break of day and pleaded earnestly "that some good thing might appear in the heart of her boy." That very day the foreshadowing of the answer came, for it was the Sabbath; and as young Reed sat in the house of God, his conscience was aroused by the words to which he listened.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty, a staff when you are weary, a screen when the sun burns you, a pillow in death.

"Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and through Glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

Mrs. Reed well knew that a child of four years old knows right from wrong as well as a person of forty; and that the boy who lies at four years old will lie when he grows up; and it is to prevent this that he ought to be reasoned or punished out of this fault when a child. Conscience is the book, when death is near, where we see all our sins written in characters of fire.

Now another time of anxiety approached for the mother

of young Andrew; he was to be bound apprentice. The lad was fifteen, impressed but not yet decided. But his Christian mother remembered her young son day and night before God. Once or twice, by wicked example, he was led astray; but his mother gave him a pamphlet, Dr. Watts' "Advice to a Young Man." This pamphlet Andrew read, and from that time knew no rest until he felt his feet firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages. From this moment Mrs. Reed knew no more trouble with her young son; and encouraged by her, he covenanted to devote his whole life to the service of God. To this decision, and to the counsels and prayers of his pious mother, the world doubtless owes those grand asylums of mercy and benevolence which are so inseparably associated with the name of Dr. Andrew Reed.

After her marriage Mrs. Reed still kept to her work of school-teaching, while her singular energy and industry enabled her to be in no way lacking in respect of housewifely duties. Domestic dawdlers are not the best managers, even though they keep aloof from all intellectual or useful pursuits. Usually the well-stored brain, the well-trained heart and the well-managed home go together. It was eminently so in Mrs. Reed's case. It appears from the testimony of her distinguished grandson, Sir Charles Reed, President of the London School Board, that she kept her school even at this date, and with much success. Mr. and Mrs. Reed managed thus to save money; and when, finally a legacy came to them, she felt that she could conscientiously relinquish

her school, and take life a little more restfully. This rest did not last long, however. Seeing that worldly matters were prospering with them, Mrs. Reed began to urge her husband to take up some more settled work in the Church. In her diary is this entry :—

“I begin to entreat my husband to do something more for Christ. A missionary spirit seems to run through the Christian Church, and among the rest my heart is in the enterprise.” Then again—

“I have been long trying to get my dear partner to engage in itinerant preaching to the poor heathen around us ; and this, my desire, is now fulfilled. Many have had reason to bless God for his private converse, and this offers one reason why I wish him to launch forth into more public service.”

Now comes out in a very striking light the Christian heroism of Mrs. Reed. Not content with urging her husband to more active service in the work of the Gospel, she studies and plans how to enable him to devote his *entire* attention to it. She would have him free from the burden and care of business that he may fit himself for his work. She says in her diary—

“Seeing how much preparedness is needed, I would have his mind quite free for his new engagement. I propose to go into some business myself, wishing by all possible means in my power to give my husband all scope for study ; and if I can help it, he shall not even take coach-hire (when needful so to journey) from the poor godly folk he goes to minister unto.”

Accordingly Mrs. Reed opened on her own account, in Barbican, a china shop, and as was their wont, the new undertaking was sanctified by prayer and thanksgiving. Brave in her Christian devotion, Mrs. Reed stood behind the counter and sold Staffordshire wares for many years; and her grandson remarks, that "Divine Providence prospered her greatly."

All this time her husband and son (the future Dr. Andrew Reed) were working and studying together—the elder Reed to benefit souls, and the younger to fit himself for college. Sabbath after Sabbath the two would travel off together, young Andrew carrying the Bible and Concordance, full of honest love to souls, and his father bearing the message of salvation to attentive congregations in the suburbs of London. As they returned home at night after their long walks, father and son would often sing hymns or repeat texts to enliven the journey; and on reaching home, where a warm welcome awaited them, the good wife and mother would earnestly inquire as to the labours of the day. And none had more right to ask, for none had more interest in the work; for was it not by her instrumentality that the sinews of war were raised? Had it not been for her china shop, Mr. Reed could not have laid aside his watchmaking and devoted himself, as he did for twenty years, to the work of preaching the Gospel gratuitously.

Young Andrew posted up the accounts at the shop at night during the first two or three years of this time, preparing himself during the day for college. We find

that Mrs. Reed kept keen but loving watch over her boy's doings ; for when he sought out acquaintances who could argue on theological matters, she records the fact in her diary, and wonders whether "he was not losing himself in philosophical nothings." But one day, soon after, she accidentally knocked his desk over, and while putting its contents right again, noticed some evangelical discourses written by him, which allayed her fears ; and in her zeal and thankfulness she hurried off to the book-seller's and bought the "Life of George Whitefield," in two or three volumes. Coming home, she put these volumes quietly into his desk, and then going away to her own room, she prayed earnestly "that her boy might be like that man." About this time she writes : "As to my dear husband and dear boy, I hope I can say, I would rather see them sweeping the street than preaching without due acknowledgment of the blessed Spirit."

Finally, after much conscientious preparation, "her boy" was invited to enter college by ministers who knew him, and knew his parentage. This was another occasion for thanksgiving, and the youth records in his diary :

"On Good Friday, March 26th, my parents had a meeting for the purpose of prayer and praise—praise for the Lord's goodness manifested to them through the last seven years, and prayer for the Lord's peculiar blessing upon me in preparing for the work of the ministry. Rev. Dr. Winter and other friends were present. I hope to reap unspeakable advantage from these prayers."

In the "Life of Dr. Andrew Reed," by his son, to which we are indebted for most of these particulars, this weighty remark is made: "This is another of those frequent notices of home gatherings for special devotion, which from the first have distinguished this family at critical periods in domestic history."

Mrs. Reed had prayed for years that her son might be counted worthy to enter the ministry; and now her prayers were so abundantly answered that she could scarcely realize it. Almost before his college course was ended, invitations flowed in upon him from all quarters, including one from the very church with which Mr. and Mrs. Reed were connected, and where he himself had communed from his youth. This invitation appears to have overcome Mrs. Reed with surprise and joy. She says: "Indeed, I had something of the Queen of Sheba's sensations when I heard of it, and had no spirit in me." We cannot doubt that the grateful mother recalled her early years of faith and prayer on behalf of her boy, and recognised in all this the abundant answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed, we gather from their memoir in the *Weekly Welcome* (Partridge & Co.), lived to see their son famous for his labours of love for the general weal. The London Orphan Asylum and the Infant Orphan Asylum were both founded before their death. In 1832 Dr. Reed's mother died. He felt the blow most acutely. His mother—"a mother in Israel"—had fallen, and very bitter was the stroke. But her influence yet lived, for from that day he threw himself

more intensely, heart and soul, into the grand work of blessing the human race, while the memory of his mother, ever fragrant with the incense of a holy life, stimulated and animated him. We make no doubt but that the remembrance of Mrs. Reed's self-denying labours in her little school and in the china shop, was the means of inciting and cheering her son to yet more arduous enterprises. And, fired with the earnest devotedness of both father and mother, Dr. Reed pursued in walks of greater fame, honour, and usefulness the course which, years before, she had followed for herself. And his son, the present Sir Charles Reed, M.P., has ever walked in his father's footsteps, and has as much distinguished himself in the noble cause of education, as his father in philanthropy.

This country little knows what it owes to the labours, faith, and prayers of the subject of this memoir. What wondrous works spring from such good and holy influences as Mrs. Reed possessed !

“ Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
He lives in glory ; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.”





CATHERINE TAIT,

[FOUNDER OF AN ORPHANAGE AND THE LADIES' DIOCESAN
ASSOCIATION.]

QUITE apart from this excellent lady having been the wife of the Venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, she must have place among our distinguished "Christian Women." She was highly gifted, and consecrated her gifts to the service of the Master she so worthily served.

She was the youngest daughter of Archdeacon Spooner, while her uncle by marriage was the venerable William Wilberforce. She was born in 1819, at the parsonage of F'ndon, in Warwickshire. Her whole early life was spent among country scenes, so favourable to thought and devotion, for all the purest works of God are there in all their loveliest beauty.

"Receded hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowring trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake ; birds never mute ;
And wild flowers all around of every hue.
Sure 'tis a lovely scene ; there, knee-deep, stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine,

And, to the left where cultured fields expand,
'Mid tufts of scented thorn the sheep recline :—
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please—
Oh, how inviting to the wanderer's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, 'mid your trees
Of shade and shelter ! Every sound from there
Is eloquent of peace, of earth, and sky,
And pastoral beauty and Arcadian ease."

Yes, amidst such country scenes as the poet has described, Catherine Spooner spent her days of maidenhood at her father's parsonage, and it is related of her that she never saw the sea until within a year or two of her marriage. But it must not be inferred from this seclusion that her life was either dull or useless. Both she and her sister took a devoted interest in all the great concerns of the world, political, religious, and intellectual. Catherine Spooner's mind was highly cultivated, and her domestic life overflowed with happiness. Parish visiting, improving reading, and country walks with her beloved father, Archdeacon Spooner, formed the daily routine of her life. She was a bright girl, lovely in person, and the sunshine and delight of her whole household, full of elasticity and spirit, yet free from youthful thoughtlessness. From an early age she seems to have manifested an earnest and simple piety, that piety which includes faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God which stimulates us to inquire His will, and perform it, so far as the weakness and imperfection of our nature permit. It offers the best foundation, not only for solid happiness, but for

that serenity of temper, and disposition to innocent gaiety, which is at once the charm and the privilege of youth. The lofty aspirations the deep humility, and unshrinking confidence of a Christian, in those moments when the soul may be said to "commune with God," can have no other effect on any well-regulated mind, than that of adding sweetness to the usual intercourse, and interest to the common incidents of life.

The piety, indeed, of Catherine Spooner has been well described by Cowper,—

"True piety is cheerful as the day ;
Will weep, indeed, and leave a pitying groan
For other's woes, but smiles upon her own."

There was about her a beauty of holiness, which effloresces on the countenance, the manner, and the outward path.

"Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God."

When a very young girl she would slip quietly out of the room, when the family were assembled in the evening, to spend an hour in instructing some of the younger servants who had no interval of leisure earlier. Every morning she went to her mother's room to read the Bible with her before she rose.

At the age of twenty the deep sense of religion seems to have been intensified and quickened by a remarkable

personal experience of her own which she mentioned to a friend who relates it. On some occasion of keen enjoyment from the earthly pleasures and blessings surrounding her, she seemed to hear the words,—

“But make for the higher.”

She felt as if this were a direct message from God, and it met with ready response in her heart.

She had been brought up in sound, simple, evangelical views. This early training had comprised close and intimate acquaintance with the Bible. From earliest childhood she had been familiar with the sacred Book; knew much of it by heart, especially the Psalms, and was seldom at a loss to find any passage. Prayer was the mainspring of her life, as her husband, the Archbishop of Canterbury, bears witness in his memoir of her, and from which we obtain the facts imported into our narrative; the services of the Church were dear to her as the expression of her own feelings; and though strongly attached to the use of books of devotion, they never took the place of personal and unpremeditated prayer, both alone and with others when called for.

One of Catherine's sisters had married the Rev. Edward Fortescue, a young clergyman of high character and intense enthusiasm, but who was unhappily imbued with the then newly-developed Oxford School of High Church Theology, first set forth in the famous “Tracts for the Times.” His somewhat romantic ascetic char-

acter was just the one to charm an eager and impressionable girl's imagination, and he gained a powerful influence over his wife's sisters, and especially the subject of this memoir. Her parents, as we have seen, were firm and consistent evangelical Protestants, and had brought up Catherine as such; but the views now brought before her had the attraction of novelty. She blindly believed that they showed her the true teaching of the Church to which she was attached, and with all the romance and impulsiveness of youth she threw herself into the movement, which to her appeared the ideal of all that was venerable and beautiful.

"She (Catherine Spooner) was not the first, nor will be the last," well remarks a writer in the *Sunday at Home*, "of those who have been led by their fervid imaginations to do battle for an ideal to whose true character they are wholly blind. She little guessed to what spiritual slavery, to what earthly worship and soulless ceremonial, that apparently attractive and exalted path leads."

The mistake was fostered by the real sincerity and devotedness of Mr. Fortescue, who at this time was labouring, with extraordinary energy and self-sacrifice, to reclaim a miserably neglected hamlet some few miles from his home. Catherine was his frequent companion and assistant in his work there. On occasions when returning at night was difficult or impossible, he obtained the loan of some rooms in an unoccupied farmhouse for himself and his wife or sisters. The young

girl rejoiced in the discomforts of the cold attic, with potato sacks in one corner, which was often her accommodation for the night on these occasions, and longed to make her life entirely one of such abnegation.

It was natural she should fail to distinguish between cheerfully meeting privations when they came in the path of duty, and seeking them for their own sake as if they were in themselves privileges.

But a less healthy influence was given by her brother-in-law's manner of passing Good Friday, which he instructed his sisters to spend in solitary fasting and prayer in their own rooms, the silence only broken by his pronouncing at intervals in solemn tones at their open doors the seven last words of the Saviour on the Cross. Such excitement could not but work hurtfully on the nerves of sensitive girls, and has nothing in common with the apostle's calm and sober determination to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Happily Catherine was never carried away beyond a certain point. Her convictions had widely diverged from those of her brother-in-law long before his opinions had led him to their legitimate and natural conclusion—secession to the Church of Rome. From these extreme views she was mercifully and wholly delivered; and though the High Church bias remained more or less powerfully through life, there were counteracting influences at work, which after those early days had doubtless a considerable effect on her character and opinions.

Another counteracting influence which could be more easily perceived by all, was her marriage, in 1843, to Dr. Tait, then recently elected to the head mastership of Rugby school, left vacant by Dr. Arnold's death.

It was curious that at the time of the election of 1842, when she had heard that one of the four protesting tutors who had helped to bring the series of Oxford tracts to a close was a candidate, she had earnestly hoped, as she afterwards declared, that he would *not* succeed.

"It was a strange turn of fate," writes her husband, "which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life, the sharer of all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work he was called to promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul."

Her "Oxford bias" may in after life have led her to support, in some cases, institutions whose monastic element others would consider overbalanced the material good they effected; but she was large-hearted through all to an eminent degree; ready to appreciate the good in those who differed from her, and her husband's own record of her is that she never conversed with a spiritually-minded Christian of any denomination without her heart warming to him. She even joined occasionally in Scotland in the services of the parish church, where none of her own communion were attainable; and once, in a time of deep sorrow, found comfort from one she attended.

In the summer of 1843 her marriage took her straight from the quiet home life at the parsonage to the exciting, busy life of Rugby, with its atmosphere full of controversy and speculation, and its varying and conflicting interests and opinions. Such an atmosphere was one to bewilder a stranger coming from such different surroundings, and an enthusiastic young woman might easily have been led into making mistakes which would have in some way compromised her husband's work. But all such dangers melted away before the continual habit of prayer she brought with her. Hard and anxious work hers and her husband's was, but she threw herself into it with the keenest zest. She took pains, as her beloved and honoured predecessor had ever done, to become acquainted with the boys; had the younger ones to tea, and laid herself out to amuse them. She constantly visited the sick ones in the infirmary, read and prayed with them, and brought instructive and amusing books to beguile the lonely hours of the convalescents. And "a whole multitude of evidences," writes her biographer, "tell how she was worshipped by the boys, the chivalrous, romantic admiration of her youth and beauty being joined to their grateful sense of her kindliness."

One boy, who lost his mother while at Rugby, writes he never forgot the tender sympathy showed him by "the doctor's beautiful young wife." "How she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the home above, to which my mother had been taken, and follow her there."

She was constantly active, also, among the poor, and established a small girls' school, in which she taught almost daily.

They were seldom without friends in the house, and she was in the habit of drawing her young guests to help her in her charitable labours in visiting the almshouses, helping in collections for clothing clubs, and the like, All the spare moments of the day were gathered up and used for work or interesting and profitable reading. "We have just five, or ten minutes, or a quarter," she would say to a friend who used to come to her room after the early weekday service before breakfast; "let us read," and the book and work were ready at once.

■ But she was never more happy," writes her husband, "than when helping me to get up my history lessons, or galloping by my side in the green lanes or over the meadows." In the vacations, till her family cares began, which was not for the first two years, she accompanied him in tours in Germany and Italy, and enjoyed every object of interest with the same eager zest.

But all was "sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

"I remember," writes her niece, "being very much struck when I was a little girl, when just before you and she were starting to go off somewhere—I forget where—she asked you to kneel down and pray for a blessing on your journey."

From an early period she not only relieved her husband of the complicated accounts of his large

household and the schoolhouse, but assisted in the still more intricate and difficult ones of the general school funds; and when, in 1848, Dr. Tait was laid up with dangerous illness, and his life hung on a thread, she was able to help his two brothers, who came to settle the school accounts in his place, to disentangle the intricacies in the work which were unintelligible to them without her aid. She continued to manage the financial affairs in the same way through life. She it was who guarded him during that illness with sedulous care, and who, all through, was not only his tender and efficient nurse, but his comforter, ever ready to pray with him and soothe him with helpful words of Scripture and hymns. Both in this illness and in the equally alarming one he had twenty years later, her soul, as she declared, was constantly stayed on those words in Isaiah l. 10: "Who is he that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Soon after his recovery, Dr. Tait was appointed Dean of Carlisle. And here Mrs. Tait was, as before, indefatigable in charitable labours, and broke through the old prescribed ideas of cathedral etiquette by making her home the centre to which the poor looked for sympathy and help.

When she left Rugby, she was already the mother of three children, and four more were born during the seven years of their residence in Carlisle. Every day, at the first spare time she could command, she would sally

forth with the little party in their open car to enjoy the fresh air ; and in the long summer days, her delight was to wander with them beyond the smoke of the city, seeking wild flowers in the woods, or loitering by the river side. As the elder ones grew to an age to understand, she spent happy hours in reading with them, and training them to an interest in all the good works in which she was engaged. A happier little circle could scarcely have been found ; but there was coming a heavy and overwhelming cloud of affliction.

In the early spring of 1856, the scarlet fever, which had been prevalent in Carlisle, entered the Deanery, and in three short weeks the five little girls were swept away one by one by that terrible scourge—the eldest hardly ten, the youngest an infant of a year old. None were left but the only son, who was to be taken twenty-three years later, and the new born infant daughter.

One who was at Carlisle at the time, described the impression made on the whole congregation the Sunday after all was over, when the door of the once well-filled family pew was opened to admit the now sole occupant, the solitary little boy in deep mourning, with his sad young face, who came slowly in. There was scarcely a dry eye in the church.

“When the disease broke out,” her sister-in-law writes : “she (Mrs. Tait) rose from her couch, giving her new born infant, scarce a month old, into the hands of a young girl who was almost afraid to touch it (the regular nurse being busy among the sick), and gave herself up

to the ceaseless anxiety and toil of endeavouring to check the progress of the fever. Assured by the doctor, that with proper precautions the infant ran no risk by it, she came and went between the babe she was nursing and her dying children, sustaining them with prayer and helpful words of Scripture. Not an unsubmitive word was heard to escape her lips."

When the last of the little flock was taken, she returned from the service at the grave of her darling, to arrange, before leaving Carlisle, the affairs of the poor women whose subscriptions to the "mother's club" were in her keeping; she went through the accounts, placing the money for each to the proper name, so that there could be no mistake or loss, and then joined her husband and babe who were ready to start, and left the scene of their sorrow for a friend's house lent them in the quiet and beautiful scenery of the Lake country. From thence she wrote to a relative :

"God's will be done. We can and will praise Him. Often at night when I had hung over each little bed, I used to feel, 'This is too much for earth;' but as then I could bring my gladness to my Saviour's feet, so now I can lay my deep sorrow."

They never returned again to the Deanery to live, and the same year Dr. Tait was appointed to the Bishopric of London, and in the early part of 1857 they were installed in their new residence.

During the next three years the bereaved parents were cheered by the birth of two more daughters.

"When I remember," writes their mother, "as I do daily, those weeks of anguish, how strange it seems that our nursery should again be full of joy! Yet so it is."

She was now plunged into the midst of a life of more varied and overwhelming activities than ever she had yet known. "She never laid herself out in any way," her husband writes, "for what is called London society, but her position necessarily brought her into connection with many of its brightest ornaments. . . . She neither sought society nor avoided it; she enjoyed it when it came in her way quietly and calmly, and consistently with all the claims of important duty which were ever present to her mind."

At Fulham, she gathered together those who never met elsewhere, as on common ground. The afternoons under the old trees in the quiet garden were a resort of clergy, statesmen, literary men, and fellow-labourers in the works of charity in which she delighted.

And in her Christmas gatherings and garden parties she never forgot to extend hospitality to those who were the least likely to shine at them, but who would value the attention the most. A daily governess of her children was constantly asked, with her sisters and aged aunts, "thus brushing aside what often makes the life of a governess so lonely in a large household."

Though accustomed to abundant means in her first married homes, and in her later ones with large revenues at command, she exercised a vigilant control over their expenditure, never grudging what was spent on others,

but most abstemious in all that concerned herself: "It seemed," her husband writes, "as if it would have made her positively unhappy that God should have bestowed on her so many common worldly blessings unless she had been able to share them with all who were brought within her influence."

In the midst of all these varied avocations, her attentions to the poor, the sick and the aged, were unintermitting. She continued to visit and teach as she had done at Carlisle and Rugby; and the desire she felt to draw together those who could work best in co-operation with others, was what led to the formation of the "Ladies' Diocesan Association."

The object was to enlist in definite useful work many who were desirous of being employed and found a difficulty in starting work; and also to provide for the working of many districts where there were no residents able to help. Many ladies of rank and influence became members, and devoted a portion of their time weekly to visiting the suffering and the fallen; and a fund was collected at the West End for distribution in the poorer quarters. Mrs. Tait visited each in turn, and assigned departments of usefulness to her young daughters, who visited each in company with an older friend.

In 1866, when the cholera broke out at the East End of London, Mrs. Tait, knowing that her presence would give courage to others, was continually to be seen in the large wards of the hospitals, quietly soothing the

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sufferers, and encouraging the ladies who were assisting the regular nurses.

This visitation led to the crowning work of her life, the establishment of an orphanage for some of the girls left destitute by the death of their parents from cholera.

A home was eventually built for the reception of these orphans, on a small private estate in the Isle of Thanet, which the bishop had purchased, to secure a sea-side home for himself and his family during his occasional absence from the press of London work.

In the end of 1868 he was appointed to the Primacy, and his wife entered on a new and still wider sphere of duties. She strove to continue at Lambeth, among rich and poor, the same occupations she had given herself at Fulham and London House, though on an extended scale. The country house attached to the see at Addington was new and delightful to her, being the first fixed country residence she had known since the old days of the Warwickshire parsonage in her girlhood. But there was much work to be done at Lambeth. It was a much poorer neighbourhood than their former residences; and she and her children engaged in active visiting among the poor, and in the Lambeth Workhouse. A poor man who had been in the hospital there, said he could never think of Hebrews xii. without recalling the voice of Mrs. Tait reading it by his bedside.

The first stone of the Orphanage was laid after the Archbishop's recovery from a long and dangerous illness in 1869. It was on the 21st of December, a snowy,

gusty day; but the aged Sir Moses Montefiore, in spite of the inclement weather, came over to show his interest in the work: he could not, of course, join in the opening service, but from his carriage he listened to it, and expressed his delight on hearing the Psalms chanted as the worshippers assembled on the ground. He continued to subscribe to the institution; and to visit it frequently; and its foundress once met him there with the children gathered around him, to whom he had given each a new bright shilling from the Mint, and who were repeating to him a hymn of Dr. Watts, which he said he had learned in his childhood to say to his mother.

But a second heavy cloud, the last sorrow of her life, was now approaching. Her only son Crawford, the single survivor of the little band who had been swept away at Carlisle, was the sunshine of her latter years. He had been a boy full of promise, not from any peculiar precocity of talent or special aptitude for scholarship in early life, but from his modest, conscientious, and yet firm manly character, which made him both loved and respected among his companions at Eton and afterwards at Oxford. At college his mental powers developed rapidly; he took a first-class, competed for a fellowship, and finally resolved on entering Trinity. At his father's wish he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, with some friends, before being ordained, which he was in 1874, to a curacy in a quiet and pretty village; but his desire for active work in his calling induced him to

accept the charge of a poor district in the neighbourhood of Hythe, where he laboured with great zeal, organizing mission services, doing all he could for the good of the people.

When his own inner religious life first began does not very clearly appear. His mother often spoke of the fervour and deep feeling of his prayers with her in times of anxiety. He acted at one time as his father's chaplain, and his help was described by his father as "invaluable" both with the candidates for ordination and as pastor for the household of the palace.

For the sake of complete change after hard work, he made a visit of three months to America, which seems to have been one of much pleasure and deep interest to him.

On his return it was proposed he should take a very desirable living in his father's diocese; but he thought the place one of too much rest and ease for one in the prime of strength. He wished for hard work in London among the poor, and it ended in his exchanging with a hard-worked and wearied incumbent at Notting Hill, and engaging to take his place and leave the country living to him.

The appointment was made, but he never lived to avail himself of it. Symptoms of latent illness had appeared soon after his return, against which he bore up for a time resolutely; but at his mother's earnest desire he at last took medical advice. Serious mischief was discovered, and he was ordered complete rest. Thinking this would only be for a short time, he was inducted into

his new ministerial charge in February, 1878. But he never appeared in his church again. Dangerous symptoms declared themselves, and three months of trying illness followed.

His cheerful patience never failed, and its source was shown by the answer he made to a friend who, coming suddenly into his room, found him on his knees. "It doesn't matter at all," he replied, when the other apologised; "prayer is so much a part of one's life, that a little interruption of that sort makes no difference."

In May, 1878, he went to his father's house in the Isle of Thanet, in hopes of benefit from the sea air; but, three days later, a sudden change took place, and his father, at his own desire expressed beforehand, announced to him that it was believed an hour or two must end his life. He was calm and peaceful, comforted his family, received the Lord's Supper with them, and with the words, "It feels just like going to sleep," passed away.

The mother, who had been his nurse and companion throughout, bore up with her usual firmness; she attended the funeral, and was heard, when it was over, to say to herself, in a low but thinking voice, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." That belief was her support. She resumed her usual duties courageously, helped her husband in the arrangements for the great conference of English and American bishops, which was to take place at Lambeth, and accompanied her family to Switzerland when it was over.

But the death-stroke had been given. The wound was bravely hidden, but it was felt all the more keenly. "None but my God and myself," she said to one trusted friend, "knows what I have suffered."

She took an active part in the arrangements for her second daughter's marriage, which took place in the November of the same year, and then went with her husband and her two other daughters to Scotland. There, at one of the places she had visited and delighted in on her wedding tour (Garscube, the home of some near relatives), she suddenly sickened with her last illness. It only lasted a few days. She received the communion, with her daughters, from her husband, listened to favourite hymns sung by the former, and when her husband tried to repeat to her, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," supplied the missing words of the familiar hymn when his voice failed; the same evening, Advent Sunday, 1878, she expired, six months after her son's death.

The feeling manifested by all who knew her seems to have been universal. Many touching tributes came from old pupils in distant lands, and from old and new friends at home and abroad. One of the most touching was a letter from Princess Alice, slightly alluding to her own recent loss. It was the last letter that honoured and beloved princess ever wrote, and a fitting close to her self-forgetting life; her own death followed very quickly that of her whose bereaved husband she was trying to console in the midst of her own grief.

The memory of Catherine Tait's active, unselfish life

of labour for others will not speedily be forgotten, and the example may well be an encouragement to those who desire to consecrate all their powers and opportunities of usefulness to the service of their Maker and Redeemer.





FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

[AUTHORESS AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.]

THERE is no name better known in the Christian world, or one more beloved, than the subject of this memoir. She was the youngest child of the Rev. William Henry Havergal, Rector of Astley, Worcester-shire. She had a great love for her second Christian name, Ridley, on account of its association with the Church martyr, and thus apostrophizes it in a poem, "The Ministry of Song" :—

"But 'what the R. doth represent'
I value and revere,
A diamond clasp it seems to be,
On golden chains, enlinking me
In loyal love to England's hope,
The Church I hold so dear."

From her earliest infancy Frances appears to have been a most attractive and promising child. Her eldest sister, Miriam, thus speaks of her in the valuable and interesting "Memorials" by Maria V. G. Havergal :—

"My recollections of Frances begins with the first day

of her life ; a pretty little babe even then, and by the time she reached two years of age, with her fair complexion, light curling hair, and bright expression, a prettier child was seldom seen. At that age she spoke with perfect distinctness, and with greater fluency and greater variety of language than is usual in so young a child. She comprehended and enjoyed any little stories that were told her. I remember her animated look of attention when the Rev. J. East told her about a little Mary who loved the Lord Jesus. We were all taught to read early, and to repeat, by our dear mother ; but as I had now left school I undertook this charming little pupil : teaching her reading, spelling, and a rhyme (generally one of Jane Taylor's), for half an hour every morning, and in the afternoon twenty or thirty stitches of patchwork, with a very short text to repeat next morning at breakfast. When three years old, she could read easy books, and her brother Frank remembers how often she was found hiding under a table with some engrossing story."

When two years old she always sat on her father's knee while he read the Scriptures. She had a sweet infant voice while she sang little hymns in imitation of her father. At four years old she could read the Bible and any ordinary book correctly, and had learned to write in round hand. French and music were gradually added ; but great care was taken not to tire her or excite the precocity of her mind, and she never had a regular governess.

The surroundings of the early days of Frances Havergal are thus poetically pictured by her sister Miriam :—

“Behold thy birthplace, Frances ! The old house
Entwined with ivy, roses, and the vine ;
Beneath the shadow of the ancient shrine
Where ministered our father twenty years
He built the northern aisle, and gave the clock,
A musical memento of his love
For time and tune and punctuality !
Fair is the garden ground, and there the flowers
Were trained with care and skill by *one who now*
Rests from her labours in the heavenly land.
Here life and death together meet ; the tombs
Stand close beside the mossy bank, where *once*
Sisters and brothers met in frolic play.
Around the wooded hills in beauty rise !
Earth has not many scenes more fair than this,
And none more dear to those who called it Home !”

We should here observe that Frances Havergal's father was a distinguished musical composer as well as a clergyman. Her biographer says on this :—

“Our Sunday evening hymn-singing is vividly recalled, in which little Fanny soon took part. At this time our dear father was an invalid, music was his solace, and he composed cathedral services, also many hundreds of chants and tunes, and several sacred songs, the profits of which were always devoted to various societies, home and foreign, and the restoration of churches.”

And then in a footnote she explains :—

“My father's first published musical composition was a setting of Bishop Heber's hymn, ‘From Greenland's

Icy Mountains!’ The proceeds amounted to £180, and were devoted to the Church Missionary Society. In 1836 the Gresham prize medal was awarded to him for a cathedral service in A. In 1841 a second gold medal was adjudged for his anthem, ‘Give thanks.’”

But her home appears to have been full of other rich and holy influences besides the one of music.

“The meaning of song goes deep,” says Carlyle. “Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us! A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that!”

“Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music’s melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.”

So we find that Miss Havergal was reared in a home of music as well as devotion, and its divine influence amply showed itself throughout her long life.

“Amid the golden gifts which Heaven
Has left, like portions of its light on earth,
None hath such influence as music hath.
The painter’s hues stand visible before us
In power and beauty—we can trace the thoughts
Which are the workings of the poet’s mind;
But music is a mystery, and viewless,
Even when present, and is less man’s act,
And less within his order; for the hand

That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell
 Whither they go, or if they live or die,
 When floated once beyond his feeble ear ;
 And then, as if it were an unreal thing,
 The wind will sweep from the neglected strings
 As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew."

But all the influence music had on Miss Havergal she gave to Heaven. All her numerous hymns and musical compositions were in the service of religion ; and no modern religious poet has made so deep an impression as she has done. She early "lisp'd in numbers," for at the age of seven she composed the following pretty verses :—

"Sunday is a pleasant day,
 When we to church do go ;
 For there we sing, and read, and pray,
 And hear the sermon too.
 On Sunday hear the village bells ;
 It seems as if they said,
 Go to the church where the pastor tells
 How Christ for man has bled.
 And if we live to pray and read
 While we are in our youth,
 The Lord will help us in our need
 And keep us in His truth."

From nine years old and upwards she wrote long and amusingly descriptive letters in perfect rhyme and rhythm.

From her Autobiography, written, we are told, for her sister Maria, and unsealed only a few months ago, she says :—

"Up to the time that I was six years old I have no remembrance of any religious ideas whatever. Even when once taken to see the corpse of a little boy of my own age (four years), lying in a coffin strewn with flowers, in dear papa's parish of Astley, I did not think about it as otherwise than a very sad and very curious thing, that that little child should be so still and cold. I do not think I could ever have said any of those 'pretty things' that little children often do, though there were sweet and beloved and holy ones round me who must have often tried to put good thoughts into my little mind. But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday morning, at Hallow Church, by Mr. (now Archdeacon) Phillpotts. Of this I even now retain a distinct impression. It was to me a very terrible one, dwelling much on hell and judgment, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. No one ever knew it, but this sermon haunted me, and day and night it crossed me. I began to pray a good deal, though only night and morning, with a sort of fidget and impatience, almost angry at feeling so unhappy, and wanting and expecting to get a new heart, and have everything put straight, and be made happy all at once.

"This sort of thing went on at intervals, not at all continually, for often a month or two would pass without a serious thought or anything like true prayer. At such times I utterly abominated being 'talked to,' would do anything on earth to escape the kindly meant admo-

nitions of dear M——, or the prayers which she would offer for me. Any cut or bruise (and such were more the rule than exception in those wild days of tree-climbing, wall-scaling, etc.) was instantly adduced as a reason why I could not possibly kneel down. A chapter in the Bible was often a terrible bore. Then after a time of this sort, some mere trifle, very often the influence of a calm, beautiful evening, or perhaps a ‘Sunday book’ of some affecting kind, would rouse me up to uncomfortableness again. One sort of habit I got into in a steady way, which was persevered in with more or less fervour according to the particular fit in which I might be. Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into a little front room (at Henwick) over the hall, and there I used to read a chapter in the Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty. Once when Marian P. was spending a few days with me, she being my own little visitor at Henwick, I did not like any omission, and so took her with me, saying a few words of prayer, ‘out of my head,’ without any embarrassment at her presence.

“I think I had a far more vivid sense of the beauty of nature as a little child than I have even now; and its power over me was greater than any one would imagine. I have hardly felt anything so intensely since in the way of a sort of unbearable enjoyment. Especially, and I think more than anything else, the golden quiet of a bright summer’s day used to enter into me and do me good. What only some great and rare musical enjoy-

ment is to me now, the shade of a tree under a clear blue sky, with a sunbeam glancing through the boughs, was to me then. But I did not feel happy in my very enjoyment; I wanted *more*. I do not think I was eight when I hit upon Cowper's lines, ending—

‘My Father made them all!’

“That was what I wanted to be able to say; and, after once seeing the words, I never saw a lovely scene again without being *teased* by them. One spring (I think 1845) I kept thinking of them, and a dozen times a day said to myself, ‘Oh, if God would but make me a Christian before the summer comes!’ because I longed so to enjoy His works as I felt they could be enjoyed. And I could not bear to think of *another* summer coming and going, and finding and leaving me still ‘not a Christian.’ I shall know some day *why* my Father left me to walk thus alone in my early childhood, why such long years of dissatisfaction and restlessness were apportioned me, while others fancied me a happy, thoughtless child. But He must have been teaching me, and ‘who teacheth like Him?’ Another soothing influence over me was the presence of any one whom I believed to be more than commonly holy; not among those nearest and dearest to me at home; how perversely I overlooked *them*! but any very pious clergyman, or other manifest and shining Christian.

“All this while I don't think any one could have given the remotest guess at what passed in my mind, or have

given me credit for a single serious thought. I *knew* I was a 'naughty child,' never entertained any doubts on the subject; in fact, I almost enjoyed my naughtiness in a savage, desperate kind of way, because I utterly despaired of getting any better, except by being 'made a Christian,' which, as months passed on, leaving me rather worse than better, was a less and less hoped for, though more and more *longed* for, change. Towards the end of these two years, I think (though I do not distinctly remember) that I must have become a shade quieter and happier, because of what is the first memory in my next little soul era."

She here relates the powerful effect a sermon preached by her father's curate, "Fear not, little flock," etc., had on her, and she became so uneasy that, after a fortnight's hesitation, she took the opportunity of being alone with the curate one evening when nearly dark, to tell him the trouble of her mind. His advice, she says, did not satisfy her; "she was to try and be a good girl, and pray," etc., etc.

"So, after that," she continues in her autobiography, "my lips were utterly sealed to all but God for another five years or rather more. Even when feeling most, I fancied I could as soon speak Sanscrit, or die, as utter a word to a human being on what was only between me and God.

"My dear mamma's illness and death (July 5th, 1848) did not make the impression on me which might have been expected; I mean as regards my spiritual state;

for my intense sorrow, childish though it was, seems even now, after a lapse of eleven years, a thing of which I do not like to speak or think. A mother's death must be childhood's greatest grief. But I am trying now to write only of my soul's life. I did not at all expect her departure, and shut my ears in a very hardened way to those who tried to prepare me for it; so when it came I was not ready, and there was nothing but bitterness in it to me. I did not, *would* not, see God's hand in it, and the stroke left me worse than it found me."

Here, in her sister's charming volume of "Memo-rials" (Nisbet & Co.), occurs the following brief conversation between Frances and her dying mother:—

"'You are my youngest little girl, and I feel more anxious about you than the rest. I do pray for the Holy Spirit to lead you and guide you. And remember, nothing but the precious blood of Christ can make you clean and lovely in God's sight.'

"'Oh, mamma, I am sure you will get better and go to church again!'

"'No, dear child; the church mamma is going to is the general assembly and church of the firstborn in heaven. How glorious to know I shall soon see my Saviour face to face! Now go and play and sing some of your little hymns for me; there is one verse I should like you to sing twice over,—

"And when her path is darkened,
She lifts her trusting eye,

And says, 'My Father calls me
To mansions in the sky !' "

"Before her mother's death (when she was eleven years old) her wish was gratified to see the Lord's Supper administered. We remember her grave, flushed face, when kneeling at her mother's bed during the 'Communion of the Sick.' "

Very touching is the following as the little Frances gazed upon her dear mother's funeral from her father's rectory window :—

"She was standing by the window in a front room, looking through a little space between the window and blind. All the shops were shut up, though it was not Sunday. She knew it would be dreadful to look out of that window, and yet she felt she *must* look. She did not cry, she only stood and shivered in the warm air.

"Very slowly and quietly a funeral passed out of the front [rectory] gate, and in another minute was out of sight, turning into the church. Then she stood no longer, but rushed away to her own little room, and flung herself on her little bed, and cried, 'Oh, mamma ! mamma ! mamma !' It seemed as if there was nothing else in her little head but that one word. The strange nope which had lasted all that week was gone. She had found curious things in books, and one was that people had sometimes been supposed to be dead, and yet it was only a trance, and they had recovered. And so, when no one was near, she had gone again and again

into that room, and drawn the curtain aside, half expecting to see the dear eyes unclosed, and to feel the cold cheek warm again to her kiss. But it was no trance. The dear, suffering mother was at rest, seeing Jesus face to face. Only the smile of holy peace was left on that lovely face, and that remained to the last, telling of life beyond death; she had never seen the solemn beauty of that smile before. But now all hope was gone, and she knew that she was motherless.

“Though her grief for her dear mother’s death was very deep, she ever tried to conceal it. Not that it was always heavy upon her, for as she writes: ‘If anything else occupied my attention, I had a happy faculty of forgetting everything else for the moment. And thus it happened that a merry laugh or a sudden light-heeled scamper upstairs and downstairs led others to think I had not many sad thoughts, whereas not a minute before my little heart was heavy and sad.’”

We now come to her school-life, which was an episode in her life marked with many good effects. We quote from her autobiography: “The bells were ringing in the new year, and not *year* only but *decade*, when Maria woke me and said, ‘It is 1850 now, Fanny!’ It was quite dark, and I lay listening to the new year’s birth-song in silence. A dim looking onward through a fresh ‘ten years,’ all the way till 1860 came before me; I should be grown up if I lived; I a woman, how curious it seemed! Perhaps I should be dead, and—where? If I lived, should I be a Christian? That was the greatest

thing in all my anticipations of coming years; but in a solemn hour, like a new year's midnight, it grew greater and more important than ever. The sound of the bells died away, and all was quiet again. I did not muse long, but fell asleep to wake up in the fresh grey twilight of 1850.

"Now the decade has nearly glided by (the first entire one in my recollection); the new year's bells of 1860 will soon be sounding forth; God has preserved my life hitherto; and how shall I answer the great question then, not 'shall I be,' but 'am I a Christian?'"

"August 15th, 1850, to my great delight I went to school. And that single half-year with dear Mrs. Teed was perhaps the most important to me of any in my life. The night before I went, Ellen—dear, gentle, heavenly sister that she was—stood by me, brushing my hair, and taking the last opportunity of loving counsel. She told me that I was going to begin a new chapter in my life; stay, her words were, 'One of the great events of your life, Fanny!' and then she was silent. I was captiously disposed, and rather wanted to avoid a serious conversation, so I answered carelessly, for I knew by the tone of her voice what she wanted to lead on to. But it would not do, she went on till I was softened—a most unusual thing under the process of being talked to, which generally had the most opposite effect. She spoke of God's love, and of how pleasant and sweet a thing it was to love Him who first loved us. I could not stand it, and for the first

time for five years I spoke out : ' I can't love God yet, Nellie ! ' was all I said, but I felt a great deal more.

"Next day I went. Maria took me, and we reached Belmont quite in the evening. It was nearly prayer-time, and Maria and I were left to have some tea alone in the great drawing-room. We had just finished when voices reached us, and we tried to find our way in their direction. They came from the schoolroom, where the girls were singing their evening hymn prior to the weekly address of their chaplain. It sounded very sweet and soothing, as we stood behind the door in the last glow of sunset, and somewhat subdued the spirits and the curiosity which were exciting me considerably. Then Miss Teed came out and brought us in, just as Mr. Parker was beginning his sermon."

The school at Belmont appears to have been presided over by a devout mistress, and her religious teachings had a marked effect on her pupils, Frances Havergal not excepted.

"November came, and with it a marked increase of anxiety among undecided, and earnestness among decided ones [her schoolfellows]. I remember a feeling of awe stealing over me sometimes, at the consciousness that the 'power of the Lord was present' among us. For so indeed it was. As day after day passed on, one after another might be observed (even though little or nothing were said) to be going through the great sorrow which seemed to prelude the after-sent peace; and day after day one after another, hitherto silent,

spoke out and told what peace and joy in believing they had found, and blessed God that they ever came to Belmont. Religious topics became the common subjects of conversation among the girls; for even those as yet untouched could not but be struck with what passed around them. In very general conversation I occasionally joined, but more reservedly than any almost, and never alluding to my own feelings, though I knew what it was for my heart to feel as if it must burst. I am not quite sure, but I think, when Elizabeth — told me that she too had found peace, I told her enough of my heart to establish confidence between us.

“As I heard of one and another speaking in such terms of confidence and gladness, my heart seemed to sink within me, it seemed so utterly unattainable. I prayed despairingly, as a drowning man cries for help who sees no help near. I had prayed and sought so long, and yet I was farther off than these girls, many of whom had only begun to think of religion a few weeks before. It was so very dark around me; I could not see Jesus in the storm, nor hear His voice. They spoke of His power and willingness to save, but I could find nothing to prove that He was willing to save *me*, and I wanted some special personal evidence about it. To *know*, surely, that my sins were forgiven, and to have all my doubts taken away, was what I prayed and waited for. Every day as it passed, while more were added to the rejoicing ones around me, only left me more

hopeless, more heartsick at the hope deferred and often almost lost.

"Yet I drank in every word (and they were many) that I heard about Jesus and His salvation. I came to see that it was Christ *alone* that could satisfy me. I longed *intensely* to come to Him, I wept and prayed day and night; but 'there was no voice, nor any that answered.'"

In her autobiography, dated February, 1851, we find her religious convictions made more of a source of comfort and solace to her, as thus:—

"I feel that the beginning of this year ought to be marked as the commencement of a new life-chapter, because it was then that, for the *first* time, I ever knew what it was to have one gleam of hope or trust in Christ, or one spark of conscious faith. Not that I would date conversion exactly from this time; that I cannot fix. 'The *time* I know not, the *fact* I would desire to 'make sure' more and more.

"Having broken the ice by speaking on sacred things with a few at Belmont, it was the less difficult to do so again; and before long I had made a confidante of Miss Cooke (who afterwards became my loved mother). I think it must have been in February, when she was visiting at Bathampton at the same time with me, and had several conversations with me, each of which made me more earnest and hopeful. At last, one evening (I remember it was twilight) I sat on the drawing-room sofa alone with her, and told her again how I longed

to know that I was forgiven. She asked me a question which led to the hearty answer that I was sure I desired it above everything on earth, that even my precious papa was nothing in comparison—brothers and sisters, and all I loved, I could lose everything were it but to attain this. She paused, and then said slowly: ‘Then, Fanny, I think, *I am sure*, it will not be very long before your desire is granted, your hope fulfilled.’ After a few words she said: ‘Why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come in the clouds of heaven, and take up His redeemed, could you not trust Him? Would not His call, His promise, be enough for you? Could not you commit your soul to Him, to your Saviour, Jesus?’ Then came a flash of hope across me, which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. ‘*I could*, surely,’ was my response; and I left her suddenly and ran away upstairs to think it out. I flung myself on my knees in my room, and strove to realize the sudden hope. I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus; I did not, and need not, fear His coming. I could trust Him with my all for eternity. It was so utterly new to have any bright thoughts about religion, that I could hardly believe it could be so, that I had really gained such a step. Then and there I committed my soul to the Saviour, I do not mean to say without *any* trembling or fear, but I did—and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment—*I did trust in the Lord Jesus.*”

Great indeed must have been the joy at being at once and for ever relieved of all doubts and terrors, and finding herself amongst the redeemed! As we have seen, she had gone through a "reign of terror," but had at last found a safe and sure anchorage in the name of Jesus, and the revelation of Himself to mankind. She goes on to narrate:—

"For the next few days my happiness continued. Over and over again I renewed that giving up my soul to the Saviour which had made entrance for the joy. For the *first* time my Bible was *sweet* to me, and the first passage which I distinctly remember reading, in a new and glad light, was the fourteenth and following chapters of St. John's Gospel. We went to Bewdley in the large carriage, and I rode outside, so had no conversation to disturb me. In coming home I took out a little Testament from my pocket, and read those beautiful chapters, feeling how wondrously loving and tender they were, and that now I too might share in their beauty and comfort."

In July, 1851, her father married Caroline Ann, daughter of John Cooke, Esq., of Gloucester. One of Frances' poetical letters tells how, in 1852 she accompanied her parents to Germany, where her father went to consult a renowned oculist concerning the state of his eyesight, which was found to be incipient cataract. From Germany she sent many interesting letters (published in the "Memorials") to Elizabeth Clay, her schoolfellow and life-long correspondent. We will submit one of these

letters out of the many which opens up to us her intellectual life. It is dated from Obercassel, 1853, and runs thus :—

“You will want to know, dear Elizabeth, what brings me here. Dear papa’s eyes have been lately quite at a standstill as to improvement. He is now with mamma at Heidelberg, leaving me under the care of a good pastor and his wife. Obercassel is a pleasant village on the Rhine. We see the Drachenfels, with a peep into a narrow rock-shut-in valley, through which the Rhine flows from Coblenz. That you may glance into my room, I send herewith a Raphaelistic sketch thereof! Busts of Goethe and Schiller, shelves and table covered with German and French books, etc., etc. It will soon be dark, and then I go down and take my place by the Pastor Schulze-Berge, who will read aloud, while the pleasant frau pastorin and Lottchen work or knit. Conversational interruptions, serious or amusing, will take their turn; and Goethe, whose life is the subject, will be criticised in every light. Now, is not this very pleasant? I like my quarters amazingly, and am very happy. I get up at five o’clock, breakfast at seven; then I study for four hours. Of course my books are nearly all German, and I write abstracts; I also give one hour to French literature. How I do enjoy myself when I get to the German poets and universal history, which I dive into with avidity. If anything strikes me, I can always refer to the good pastor.

“I have opportunities here of seeing a little of

German high life. Close by is the 'court' of the Count von Lippe, a family worthy of their rank and title. They live very simply, because they give more than half their income away. The dowager countess is a perfect pattern of a Christian noble lady, also her gentle suffering daughter Mathilde. Then there is an adopted daughter, Fraulein von Clondt, whom I like very much. To her I go now regularly from nine to ten a.m., to read some German author, which is very nice for me, and very kind of her. Besides that, I am constantly invited there to tea or for some excursions, so that I see many of the German aristocracy, who are often there. One of the countess's daughters is a princess; I should like her to come while I am here, as I have never spoken to a princess in my life! I am often on the Rhine, and I always row a little, it's such fun! . . . The German language is very easy to me, for except on Sundays, which I spend with the English clergyman of Düsseldorf, I never hear or speak English. It is most absurd now when I begin to speak English; I cannot get to think in it, and keep translating German expressions which seem so much more natural to me to use."

As to her student life in Germany, the following letter (written after the sad news of her death), from Pastor Schulze-Berge to her sister biographer, will interestingly show her aptitude and earnestness. The letter is dated September 24th, 1879:—

"It is a joy to me to give you some information about

your beloved sister Frances' progress in those studies in which I had the privilege of being her instructor. I had the greatest esteem for her while she was in our house, which only deepened each time I saw her again or heard of her work. She was committed to my care for her studies in 1853, at Obercassel. I instructed her in German composition, literature, and history; I learned to appreciate her rich talents and mental powers, so that the lessons were more pleasure than work! She showed from the first such application, such rare talent, such depth of comprehension, that I can only speak of her progress as extraordinary. She acquired such a knowledge of our most celebrated authors in a short time, as even German ladies attain only after much study. They were precious moments when I unfolded to her the character of one of our noblest poets and thinkers, and let her have a glimpse into the splendour of his works. Stirred to the depths of her soul, she burst out enthusiastically: 'Oh, what mental giants, what gifted men, these Germans are!' What imprinted the stamp of nobility upon her whole being, and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety, and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Saviour, whose example penetrated her young life through and through. Seldom have I been more touched than by the news of her early 'going home,' but she is with Him to whom her soul belonged, her Lord."

On July 17th, 1854, she was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral by the bishop, and she relates, "My feelings

when the bishop's hands were placed on my head I cannot describe, they were too confused; but when the words 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom,' if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then, if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words 'Thine for ever.'"

Subsequently, in her manuscript book of poetry, she wrote :

"THINE FOR EVER."

Oh ! "Thine for ever," what a blessed thing
To be for ever His who died for me !
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I'll sing,
Nor cease my song throughout eternity.

She always kept the anniversary of her confirmation day. So lately as 1876 and 1877 she seems to have renewed her confirmation vow, in the following verses,—

A COVENANT.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
I would be wholly Thine ;
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
And Thou art wholly mine ;
Oh, take me, seal me as Thine own,
Thine altogether—Thine alone.

(July, 1876.)

Only for Jesus ! Lord keep it for ever
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life !

Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife !

(July, 1877.)

After her confirmation she carefully kept up all her studies, her abstracts in German, French, and English showing the rapidity and variety of her reading. With her father's help she acquired sufficient knowledge of Greek to enjoy studying the New Testament.

"Our dear father," says Maria Havergal in the "Memorials" of her beloved sister Frances, "had again been to Gräfrath in 1855, and returned with his eyesight much better." On this event Frances very affectionately writes :—

"Is not this glorious ! Such sudden improvement we hardly dared to hope for. We shall see papa in the reading desk on Sunday, where he has not been for nearly four years ! Oh, we are so happy. Papa and mamma came home on Saturday. We welcomed them in style. I made a triumphal arch over the hall-door with flowers and greenery, over the study door papa's crest in flowers, and over the dining-room a banner with the words in rosebuds and leaves, 'Welcome Home.' Oh, it was so nice that dear papa was able to *see* it; directly he came he knelt down with us all, and offered such beautiful prayer or rather praise !"

Frances Havergal's sister says "her Sunday-school work was a loved employment. In the neatly kept register, entitled 'My Sunday Scholars, from 1846 to 1860,' each child's birthday, entrance date, occurrences

in their home, general impressions of their character, and subsequent events in their life, are all carefully noted."

From her Sunday-school Register we quote the last page, showing how earnestly and lovingly, how devotedly she was given to this important task :—

"Among all my St. Nicholas memories, none will be fonder or deeper than my class. I cannot tell any one how I loved them, I should hardly be believed ; no one in the parish, either rich or poor, called forth the same love that they did. Neither could I tell how bitter and grievous any misbehaviour among them was to me ; and because no one guessed at the depth of either the love or the sorrow, I had but little sympathy under disappointments with them. I am wrong in one thing I know, but cannot help it ; the feeling that, though I may have a very sincere love and interest in other children, yet I should never be able to give any future class the same intensity of affection which these have won and some of them have reciprocated. It has been to my own soul a means of grace. Often, when cold and lifeless in prayer, my nightly intercession for them has unsealed the frozen fountain, and the blessings sought for them seemed to fall on myself.

"Often and often have my own words to them been as a message to myself of warning or peace. My only regret is that I did not spend more time in preparing my lessons for them, not more on their account than my own, for seldom have Bible truths seemed to reach and touch me more than when seeking to arrange and sim-

plify them for my children. Therefore, I thank God that these children have been entrusted to me !

“For some weeks past several of them have come to me, once a week, for separate reading and prayer. These times I have enjoyed very much. I rather dissuaded than otherwise, unless any real desire for salvation was manifested ; and I do think that this was so far effectual that nearly all of those who did come were, at least at the time, truly in earnest on the great question. I mark * the regular, x the occasional comers. Nearly two years have already passed since they were ‘my children,’ and I cannot say that my love and interest have yet diminished.”

In 1856, Frances Havergal paid a visit to Celbridge Lodge, Ireland, and here we have an Irish school-girl’s letter concerning her :—

“Five o’clock p.m. was the hour appointed for the elder girls from the school to arrive at the Lodge. Mrs. Shaw met us at the hall door with gentle words to each, and then brought us into the drawing-room, we being in a great state of delight at the thought of seeing the ‘little English lady.’ In a few seconds Miss Frances, carolling like a bird, flashed into the room ! Flashed ! yes, I say the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh sweet voice ringing through the room. I shall never forget that afternoon, never ! I sat perfectly spellbound as she sang chant and hymn

with marvellous sweetness, and then played two or three pieces of Handel, which thrilled me through and through. She finished with singing her father's tune (Hobah) to 'The Church of our Fathers.' She shook hands with each, and said with a merry laugh, 'the next time I come to Ireland I think we must get up a little singing class, and then you know you must all sing with me!' As we walked home down the shady avenue, one and another said, 'Oh, isn't she lovely? and doesn't she sing like a born angel!' 'I love her, I do; and I'd follow her every step of the way back to England if I could.' 'Oh, she's a real Colleen Bawn!'

"Another of the class felt, all the time, that there must be the music of God's own love in that fair singer's heart, and that so there was joy in her face, joy in her words, joy in her ways. And the secret cry went up from that young Irish heart: 'Lord, teach me, even me to know and love Thee too.'"

On her next visit to Ireland the promised singing-class was formed. From this time (1858) she seems to have learned the Scriptures systematically with her friend Elizabeth Clay. At this period she knew the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, the Psalms, and Isaiah, and the Minor Prophets she learned in later years. At this time, too, she was taking the titles of Christ for her daily searchings and remarks. "Yesterday," she says, "I took Christ our Advocate, it is one of the sweet titles. Alpha and Omega will be a very suitable one for Sunday. I like to think about the Lord

Jesus as He is in Himself, not *only* in relation to myself."

We must again fall back upon her sister's "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal."

"In 1861, by the wish of her sister and brother-in-law Henry Crane, Frances undertook the instruction of her two youngest nieces, and made Oakhampton her second home. Her father approved of this plan, because he thought it would prevent her from pursuing the severe studies so prejudicial to her health. The lesson hours were very short, owing to the temperament of both teacher and pupils, and she had many and long changes of scene, at the seaside, at home and abroad. She entered with zest into the recreations of her young companions, riding and scrambling, swinging and skating, croquet and chess, each in its turn, and excelled in them all. Her needlework was exquisite, from the often despised darning to the most delicate lace work and embroidery. How she redeemed her time these few lines will prove: 'Stirring you up, dearie, to mental improvement is no new subject to me. I know, by my own teaching days, how very much might be learned in all the odds and ends of time, how (*e.g.*) I learnt all the Italian verbs while my nieces were washing their hands for dinner after our walk, because I could be ready in five minutes less time than they could.' The faithful old nurse also remembers 'vexing over Miss Frances's hard studying, and that she found her at those Latin books long before breakfast.'"

From the close of her Autobiography, darkness seems to have clouded her path. From time to time she writes :

“I had hoped that a kind of table-land had been reached in my journey, where I might walk awhile in the light, without the weary succession of rock and hollow, crag and morass, stumbling and striving, but I seem borne back into all the old difficulties of the way, with many sin-made aggravations. I think the great root of all my trouble and alienation is that I do not now make an unreserved surrender of myself to God ; and until this is done I shall know no peace. I am sure of it. I have so much to regret ; a greater dread of the opinion of worldly friends, a loving of the world and proportionate cooling in heavenly desire and love. A power utterly new and unexpected was given me [singing and composition of music], and rejoicing in this I forgot the Giver, and found such delight in this that other things faded before it. It need not have been so ; and, in better moments, I prayed that if it were indeed hindering me, the gift of song might be withdrawn. And now that through my ill-health it is so, and that the pleasure of public applause when singing at the Philharmonic concerts is not again to exercise its delirious delusion, I do thank Him who heard my prayer. But I often pray in the dark as it were, and feel no response from above. Is this to test me ? Oh that I may be preserved from giving up in despair, and yielding, as I often do, to the floodtide enemy.

"I want to make the most of my life and to do the best with it, but here I feel my desires and my motives need much purifying, for even when all would sound fair enough in words, an element of self, of lurking pride, may be detected. Oh, that He would indeed purify me and make me white at any cost! No one professing to be a Christian at all could possibly have had a more cloudy, fearing, doubting, and wandering heart history than mine has been through many years."

In the early part of 1865 Frances Havergal fell ill, and had to relinquish much of her excellent work. Sunday school, Saturday evening class, visiting, music, etc. This only had the effect of evoking more religious fervour. She says :

"It was very trying to me, specially so because I had rather built upon being stronger, and several points of interest had arisen which made me feel the more being shut off from all. But it was very good for me. I was able to feel thankful for it, and to be glad that God had taken me in hand as it were. I do not think that I would have chosen it otherwise than as He ordered it for me ; but it seems as if a spiritual life would never go without weights, and I dread needing more discipline."

We will now follow her in her great musical abilities, and on this subject we cannot do better than quote part of a letter she sent her sister Miriam in 1866 :

"Elizabeth C. told the Schulzeberges of my composing, and so they were curious about it, and wanted me to go to the Musical Academy of Cologne. As I declared that

out of the question, they hoped I would go to Ferdinand Hiller, whom they consider the greatest living composer and authority, and show him my songs. I shrunk from this because I expected nothing but utter quenching from such a man ; still I thought that after all I might as well know the worst, and if he thought scorn of all I had done, that would decide me to waste no more time over it ; while, if I got a favourable verdict, if ever opportunity should arise of prosecuting the *study* of composition, I should do so with a clearer conscience and better hopes. To my utter amazement, papa quite urged me to go, and a pleasant mirage of a possible musical term at Cologne screwed my courage up to writing to Hiller, who replied kindly, and made an appointment with me. I went with mamma, such a queer way among the Rhine wharfs, and through narrow streets scarcely wide enough for the droschky to pass, till we emerged in a more open part, and found Hiller's abode. He is a small elderly man, quiet in manner, of handsome and peculiar Jewish physiognomy (he is a Jew), with ■ forehead remarkably like papa's, and terribly clever looking eyes ; I think one would single him out as a genius among any number. He was in a double room full of musical litter, with a handsome grand piano in the middle. He received us very politely, and asked me a few questions (he is a man of few words), and then took my book of songs and sat down to *read* it through, giving me a volume of poetry to amuse myself with meanwhile. You may imagine I didn't read much ! He made no remark till he was about three-quarters through,

when he turned and said: 'What instruction have you had?' I told him of Hatherley's having corrected my first six songs, and that I had a musical father to whom I occasionally referred difficult points, and with whom I had musical talk in general. 'I do not care anything about that,' said he, 'I mean, what regular musical course have you gone through, and under what professor?' I told him I had done nothing of the sort. He looked very hard at me, as if to see if I was telling the truth, and then turned back to my music, saying, 'In that case I find this very remarkable!' When he had finished he delivered his verdict, the worst part first. He said my melodies bore the stamp of talent, not of genius. 'In the early works of great composers,' he said, 'one comes across things that startle and strike you, ideas so utterly fresh and novel that you feel there is great creative power. I do not find this in your melodies; they are not bad; on the contrary I find them very pleasing and many really very good, but they are thoroughly English in character and type; I do not consider that English melodies rank highest. But, as for your harmonies, I must say I am astonished. It is something singular to find such grasp of the subject, such power of harmonization, except where there has been long and thorough study and instruction; here I can give almost unlimited praise.' I told him my question was (for I thought I would like to take a high standard at once) not, had I talent enough to make music a mere pleasure to myself and my friends? but had I enough to make it worth while to devote my

self to music as a serious thing, as a life work? Was there promise enough to make it an advisable investment of my life, in case I wished to do so? He said, 'Sincerely and unhesitatingly I can say that you *have*.' I remarked how much I should like to study at Cologne, and under himself. He said he should like to have the training of me; but, if distance were a difficulty, there were reliable men in London. But I was to go to no second-rate man, that would be simply no use to me; I could only gain the polish and 'form' which my work wanted, from some one really first-rate. He recommended me a book on harmony, and then wrote a few lines to papa, saying he had found a good deal of musical talent in my compositions, and that 'but a short time would be sufficient to place me in a state to give a good form to the musical ideas with which I was gifted.' I did not expect all this; and though I shall not do anything at present, it is pleasant to know I have a talent which I may some day develop to some purpose."

Her sister-biographer relates "that such was the strength of her musical memory, that she would fly through Handel, much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without any notes. A pupil of Beethoven thought her rendering of the 'Moonlight Sonata' perfect, her touch was instinct with soul, as was also her singing. The practice of sacred music was an extreme gratification to her, and she soon became a valued solo singer. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's 'Woe unto them,' 'But the Lord is mindful of His own,' are remembered as peculiarly effec-

tive, though it was in Handel's music that she more particularly delighted."

So pretty and playful is the following poem, showing, too, the ease with which she versified family events, we cannot resist quoting it from the "Memorials":—

WELCOME TO WINTERDYNE.

(*For December 14th, 1866.*)

"Francie and Willie, welcome to you !

Alfred and Alice, welcome too !

To an English home and English love

Welcome each little Irish dove :

Never again we hope to be

Kept apart by an angry sea.

A thousand welcomes, O darlings mine,

When we see you at Winterdyne.

Welcome all to a warm new nest,

Just the place for our doves to rest,

Through the oaks and beeches looking down

On the winding valley and quaint old town,

Where ivy green on the red rock grows,

And silvery Severn swiftly flows,

With an extra sparkle and glitter and shine

Under the woods of Winterdyne.

On a quiet evening in lovely spring

In the tall old elms the nightingales sing ;

Under the forest in twilight grey

I have heard them more than a mile away,

Sweeter and louder and far more clear

Than any thrush you ever did hear ;

Perhaps when the evenings grow long and fine

They will sing to you in Winterdyne.

Little to sadden, and nothing to fear ;

Priest, and Fenian, never come here ;

Only the sound of the Protestant bells
Up from the valley pleasantly swells,
And a beautiful arch, to church, is made
Under the sycamore avenue's shade ;
You pass where its arching boughs entwine,
Out of the gates of Winterdyne.

Welcome to merry old England ! And yet
We know that old Ireland you will not forget ;
Many a thought and prayer will fly
Over the mountains of Wales, so high,
Over the forest and over the sea,
To the home which no longer yours must be .
But farewells are over, O darlings mine,
Now it is Welcome to Winterdyne !

In 1867 she took singing lessons from Signor Randerger. His first lesson was a lecture on the formation of the throat and the production of sound, which he told her to write an abstract of. The next day indisposition confined her to her bed, and having nothing to do it occurred to Frances to rhyme it, and the Signor had a copy of it.

MY SINGING LESSON. (*Abstract.*)

"Here beginneth,—chapter the first of a series,
To be followed by manifold notes and queries ;
So novel the queries, so trying the notes,
I think I must have the queerest of throats,
And most notable dulness, or else long ago
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow.
I wonder if ever before he has taught
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought !
The voice has machinery (now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.

A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor, and wide in a bass ;
Below an Æolian harp is provided,
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided.
Above is an orifice, larger or small,
As the singer desires to rise or to fall ;
Expand and depress it, to deepen your roar,
But raise and contract it, when high you would soar.
Alas for the player, the pipes, and the keys,
If the bellows give out an inadequate breeze !
So this is the method of getting up steam,
The one motive power for song or for scream.
Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply ;
Through the mouth only, and not through the nose ;
And the lungs must condense it ere farther it goes.
(How to condense it, I really don't know,
And very much hope the next lesson will show.)
Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes,
And reaches the regions of molars and gums,
And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
If by any impediment here it is crossed.
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
The effect would be such as your ear would not like.
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
Will straightway be driven back into the throat.
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it,
Once hear the report and you've done with your bullet.
In the feminine voice there are registers three,
Which upper, and middle, and lower must be ;
And each has a sounding-board all of its own,
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone ;
But in cavities nasal it never must ring,
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.
The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do

In forming the vowels Italian and true ;
Eschewing the English uncertain and hideous,
With an *o* and *a* *u* that are simply amphibious.
In flexible freedom let both work together,
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November."

On the 19th of April, 1870, she had the great sorrow to lose her father, the Rev. William Havergal, M.A. On Easter Even, 1870, he was unusually well, and had walked out during the day. Later on he sat down to his harmonium, playing and singing the tune composed by him in the morning. He rose early as usual, on Easter Day ; but apoplexy ensued, and after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness, he passed away in his seventy-seventh year.

" ' Yet speaketh ! ' there was no last word of love,
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell ;
His bright translation to the home above
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell ;
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter there."

Her literary productions were voluminous, and her composition rapid. But she ascribed all her thoughts and the rapidity of her pen to the Master who guided it. In a letter addressed to " Dear Mr. W——," she says :—

" I can't make you quite understand me ! You say F. R. H. could do ' Satisfied ' grandly ! No, she couldn't. Not unless He gave it me line by line ! That is how

verses come. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold in my possession, and said, 'Now use it as you like.' But He keeps the gold, and gives it me piece by piece just when He will, and as much as He will, and no more. Some day perhaps He will send me a bright *line* of verse on 'Satisfied,' ringing through my mind, and then I shall look up and thank Him, and say, 'Now, dear Master, give me another to rhyme with it, and then another'; and then perhaps He will send it all in one flow of musical thoughts, but more likely one at a time, that I may be kept asking Him for every line. There, that is the process, and you see there is no 'I can do it' at all. That isn't His way with me. I often smile to myself when people talk about 'gifted pen,' or 'clever verses,' etc., because they don't know that it is neither, but something really much nicer than being 'talented' or 'clever.'"

"Nearly every poem," says her sister, "would verify the above. Some instances are given. When visiting at Perry Barr, she walked to the boys' schoolroom, and being very tired she leaned against the playground wall while Mr. Snapp went in. Returning in ten minutes, he found her scribbling on an old envelope, and at his request she handed him the hymn just pencilled, 'Golden harps are sounding.'"

Her Christian faith was of a most encouraging kind, and was severely tested. In the latter part of 1874, she was struck down with typhoid fever and her life was in the balance:

"Somehow or somewhere," writes her sister in the "Memorials," "she caught fever, and commenced her homeward journey (from Switzerland) with dull headache and sickness. Home was reached, shiverings and feverish symptoms rapidly set in, and she was soon utterly prostrate with typhoid fever. All that motherly watchfulness, medical skill, and trained nursing could do failed to arrest the attack. About the middle of November the balancings of our hopes and fears were just between life and death. Prayer was made unceasingly for the life so dear to us, and even special prayer meetings were held to plead for one known so widely, though principally by her writings. Our prayers and cries and tears were answered, and our beloved one was restored. Some weeks after she told me many things which may be profitable to others :—

"All through my long illness I was very happy ; the first part was the most painful. I don't really think I was impatient deep down in my heart, and yet the pain and agony I was in made me anxious for the poultices, and to try anything. I do think I am sensitive to pain, and what was agony to me would be slight to others. My one wish was to glorify God and to let my doctor and nurse see it ; so at the very first I determined to ask for nothing and just *obey*. Nothing could exceed dear mother's kindness and tenderness to me day and night, and getting everything I wished for. For some time, even in those bright days in the Ormont Dessus, I had a presentiment that, may be, my faith would be tried,

and that my Father would not leave me without chastisement. Not that I think illness such a trial as many others I have gone through ; oh, it is nothing to *unseen* trials ! Besides, you get such sympathy in illness, and I knew many would pray for me. Only I did *not* want them to pray that I might get well at all. Sometimes I could not *quite* see His Face, yet there was His promise "I will never leave thee." I knew He said it and that He was there.' "

Her sister asked her if she had any fear to die ?

" ' Oh no, not a shadow,' she replied. ' It was on the first day of this illness I dictated to Constance, " Just as Thou wilt, O Master, call ! " ' "

" ' Then, was it delightful to think you were going home, dear Fan ? ' "

" ' No, it was not the idea of going home, but that *He* was coming for me and that I should *see my King*. I never thought of death as going through the dark valley or down to the river ; it often seemed to me a going up to the golden gates and lying there in the brightness, just waiting for the gate to open for me. . . . I never before was, so to speak, face to face with death. It was like a look into heaven ; and yet, when my Father sent me back again, I felt it was His will, and so I could not be disappointed.' "

No sooner, it appears, had the patient, loving Christian lady recovered from one illness than she was attacked by another. Throughout the whole of the year 1875 she was more or less stricken with illness, yet she did

much work and wrote many beautiful letters to friends, for which we must refer the reader to the volume of "Memorials." *

One interesting anecdote concerning her well-known book "My King." Her sister says :—

"I well remember when Frances first thought of writing 'My King.' We were returning from Switzerland. Her illness there had quite hindered any writing, and she seemed to regret having no book ready for Christmas. It was October 21st, 1876, we had passed Oxford station, on our way to Winterdyne, and I thought she was dozing, when she exclaimed, with that herald flash in her eye, 'Marie ! I see it all, I can write a little book, "My King,"' and rapidly went through divisions for thirty-one chapters. The setting sun shone on her face, and, even then, it seemed to me she could not be far distant from the land of the King. Illness came on again, accompanied by severe suffering, yet the book was quickly written and published."

We now further trespass on the volume of "Memorials" for Miss Havergal's views on dress :—

"The outer should be the expression of the inner ; not an ugly mask or disguise. If the King's daughter is to be 'all-glorious within,' she must not be outwardly a fright. I must dress both as a lady and a Christian. The question of cost I see very strongly, and do not

* "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal." By her Sister, M. V. G. H. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street, London.

consider myself at liberty to spend on dress that which might be spared for God's work ; but it costs no more to have a thing well and prettily made, and I should only feel justified in getting a costly dress if it would last proportionately longer. When working among strangers, if I dressed below par, it would attract attention, and might excite opposition ; by dressing unremarkably, and yet with a generally pleasing effect, no attention is distracted. Also, what is suitable in one house is not so in another, and it would be almost an insult to appear at dinner among some of my relatives and friends in what I could wear without apology at home ; it would be an actual breach of the rule 'Be courteous ;' also, I should not think it right to appear among wedding guests in a dress which would be perfectly suitable for wearing to the Infirmary. But I should always ask for guidance in all things."

These sensible remarks on dress command attention, and open out the well-balanced character of Frances Havergal, showing that though her mind was much occupied with heavenly things, she never forgot to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." She was always careful not to appear singular or eccentric, and always careful of the opinions of others.

The beauty of dress consists in not being conspicuous ; in neither distorting nor yet concealing the human form with unnatural additions. By far too much time is engrossed by dress. The outer form conceals an immortal spirit, but the tendencies of that spirit are often

made known by acts, apparently immaterial, yet nevertheless important. Dress, therefore, ought to be simple, elegant, and becoming, without being too expensive for the wearer, and singularity always avoided.

Personal appearance is, doubtless, a subject for Christian consideration, and every woman ought to dress with reference to her position in society, especially if she mingles in it; a sensible and refined gentlewoman will never attire herself in a manner unbecoming either to her circumstances or her person; but her costume should be neat, clean, appropriate, modest, unobtrusive; not expressive of ostentation, vanity, or self-conceit. Dress is a language speaking to the eye; dress is an indication of character, and a means of influence, and of education. Shabbiness of dress is a demoralisation. Behaviour is influenced by costume. Christian women who are careless in their dress are likely to be careless in their habits and manners; when they put on nice clothes they assume a corresponding behaviour.

There may be times and circumstances when people do well to put on sackcloth and ashes, and dress for humiliation and mortification. In the sadness of a great calamity we put off gay attire; and though we may not obtrude our grief by mourning weeds, we should not wear bright colours. But in our ordinary life and enjoyments we ought to be in harmony with the beauty of the world around us—with earth and skies, trees and flowers. All dress should display and adorn the beauty of the

human body, and conceal its defects, but never distort and deform.

We should dress for our own health, comfort, and sense of beauty and fitness, first ; and then to please, attract, satisfy, and delight all around us. We have no right to offend by rags or filth ; nor even by uncouth forms and unpleasant colours. To dress decently and neatly is a duty—to dress so as to increase the happiness of others should be our delight.

Tertullian's remarks on dress are well worth attention. He says :—

“ Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion ; let them adopt that chaste and simple, that neat and elegant style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions and fantastical draperies of dress which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery all those mild, amiable, and modest virtues, by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned.”

Some one has thus spiritually and poetically described what the dress of a lady should be :—“ Let your earrings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your

bosom-pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger-rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your girdle be simplicity, with a tassel of good humour. Let your garb be virtue, your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with the buckles of perseverance."

We now pass from the subject of dress to other subjects in the "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal"; a volume stored with themes of the greatest importance to mankind, and one which should be devoutly studied. It is the record of a beautiful life, made bright by the cultivation of sound Christian principles and her devotion to inspire others with the love of God.

The following extract from a letter to D. S. will show the amount of correspondence and literary work she was engaged in :—

"What shall I do? Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes; fifteen to twenty letters to write every morning, proofs to correct, editors waiting for articles, poems and music I cannot touch, American publishers clamouring for poems or *any* manuscripts, four Bible readings or classes weekly, many anxious ones waiting for help, a mission week coming, and other hard work after that. And my doctor says my physique is too weak to balance the nerves and brain, and that I ought not to touch a pen. If you could see the pressure on me, you would not think me wet-blanketing if I do not answer *all* your queries."

She was a most active member of the "Christian Pro-

gress Scripture Reading Union," and the means of enrolling hundreds of others. Also the "Church Missionary Society," the "Church Pastoral-Aid Society," and the "Irish Society" have much to be thankful to her for in the good services she did them, and these societies have expressed their gratitude to her in numerous ways. As to the "Irish Society," from collecting £1 in 1856, she had in March, 1879, sent in more than £900, and organized a branch society in Worcester, and appointed a little girl as her first collector; the little girl's name was "Bruey," and it was called the "Bruey Branch."

Her sister, the author of the "Memorials," thus portrays Frances at home :

"May I sketch her at her study table, in her favourite chair from Astley Rectory, older than herself? Her American type-writer was close by, so that she could turn to it from her desk; it was a great relief to her eyes, but its rapid working often told me she was busy when she should have rested. Her desk and table drawers were all methodically arranged for letters from editors, friends, relatives, strangers, matters of business, multitudinous requests, Irish Society work, manuscripts; paper and string in their allotted corners, no litter ever allowed. It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven o'clock in the summer, and eight o'clock in winter, her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexicons being at hand. Sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: 'But then,

Marie, I can't rule my lines neatly ; just see what a find I've got ! If one only searches there are such extraordinary things in the Bible !'

"Her harp-piano was placed on a stand she contrived by dexterous carpentering.' It was at this instrument she composed 'Loving all Along,' and many other melodies to her hymns in 'Loyal Responses.' Often I heard flashes of melody thereon, that came unbidden amid severer work. In the south window, its sea view stretching over to Ilfracombe, stood her little table, flowers, and easy chair ; her sofa faced the west window, with the view of Caswell Bay and its rocks, and there the sunset came which we so often watched together. She resolutely refrained from late hours, and frittering talks at night, instead of Bible searching and holy communings. Early rising and early studying were her rule through life, while punctuality and bright, quick cheeriness characterized all she did."

The above extract shows her to have been a woman of taste, method, and learning, as well as a devout Christian and an earnest worker ; while the following shows her great popularity. One post brought such multifarious requests as these, and they all had to be dealt with in some form or other, which involved unceasing labour :—

"Request for contribution to *Irish Church Advocate*. Hymns for special New Year services wanted. To write cards suitable for mourners. For set of six more 'Marching Orders.' Request for poems to illustrate six pictures. For prayer, sympathy, and counsel (two

sheets crossed). Two sheets from a septuagenarian, requiring thought. Request to write a book suitable for Unitarians. Sundry inquiries and apologies from one who had been printing her verses with another author's name. Request to reprint an article, with four explanatory enclosures. Also to revise a proof and add my opinion. To revise many sheets of musical manuscripts. Three requests to supply cards for bazaars. Advice wanted how to get articles inserted in magazines. To recommend pupils. To promote a new magazine. To give opinion on an oratorio. Some long poems in manuscript to revise and advise thereon. Besides packets of leaflets and cards wanted."

We must refer the reader to the volume itself for her admirable method of reading the Bible, and her diligent searchings. "Truly," says her affectionate sister, in her charming "Memorials," "her delight was in the law of the Lord, it was always her standard of appeal; and, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, she grasped its all-sided truth, rejoicing therein as one that findeth great spoil."

We have not yet referred to her work in the temperance cause, which was of some importance in the limited sphere in which she laboured, as the following extract from a letter to a friend will sufficiently prove :

"I have got the *whole* rising generation of the village to sign the pledge (all between eight and sixteen), except two boys who won't sign, three who broke, and one girl 'going to sign!' Also about fifty grown-ups. My little

lads are splendid : such hearty enthusiasm about it ! Temperance meeting to-night, at which I was popularly supposed to be going to speak ! But I have to entrust it all to others under God."

At this time (May 28, 1879) she was again laid up with fever, from which she never, alas! recovered. " May 26th, she could not attend to her letters, but corrected the proof of 'Morning Stars,' on the text 'I am the bright and morning Star'; and then the pen so long used in the service of her King was laid down. She was not suffering very much, lying quietly in bed, her pet kittens Trot and Dot on her duvet. She rather astonished her doctor by saying, 'Do you think I've a chance of going?' He told her that she was not seriously ill, and asked if she really liked lying there, and in pain.

"Yes, I do ; it is as if an errand-boy were told to take a message, and afterwards his master bids him *not* to go.'

"The last passage she looked at in her Bible was the *Christian Progress* chapter for May 28th (Rev. ii. 1-10). She asked Mary to read it for her, dwelling on 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,' bidding her turn to the reference in James i. 12. (It is remarkable that the same promise of 'the crown of life' was the last passage our dear father ever read.) On May 29th fever and internal inflammation rapidly came on, and all the symptoms and agony of peritonitis. God seemed to permit severest suffering, and all remedies failed. But her peace and joy shone through it all."

Her sister asked, "Have you any fear?"

“‘Why should I? Jesus said, “It is finished,” and what was His precious blood shed for? *I trust that.*’

“In the early dawn of Whit Monday Frances said to me, “Spite of the breakers, Marie, I am so happy; God’s promises are so true. Not a fear.’”

“When one of her doctors was leaving he said, ‘Good-bye, I shall not see you again.’

“‘Then do you really think I am going?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘To-day?’

“‘Probably.’

“‘Beautiful, too good to be true!’”

“Soon after she looked up smiling. ‘Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven!’”

She requested her brother to sing “‘Jerusalem, my happy home,’ to papa’s tune ‘St. Chrysostom,’ and play it on my harp-piano. Sing from the copy that has—

‘Jesus my Saviour dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him through every stormy scene
I onward press to see!’

Oh, it is the Lord Jesus that is so dear to me, I can’t tell how precious! how much He has been to me!”

She was asked by the Vicar of Swansea if Jesus was with her now.

“‘Of course! It’s splendid! I thought He would have left me here a long while; but He is so good to take me now.’”

Thus she went on triumphantly to the end.

"Whispering the names of many dear ones, she added, 'I love them all.' Then, as it were with her last look on them from the opening golden gates, she said yearningly 'I want *all* to come to me in heaven; oh, don't, *don't* disappoint me, tell them "Trust Jesus."' "

"Ellen repeated (altering the word 'canst')—

'Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou *hast made* me whole.
There is none in heaven,
Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore Lord for *me!*'

"Clearly, though faintly, she sang the whole verse, to her own tune 'Hermas.'

"Then came a terrible rush of convulsive sickness. It ceased; the nurse gently assisting her, she nestled down in the pillows, folded her hands on her breast, saying, 'There, now it is all over! Blessed rest.'

"And now she looked up steadfastly as if she saw the Lord; and, surely, nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes, we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him. Then she tried to sing, but after one sweet high note, 'HE——,' her voice failed; and, as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away. Our precious sister was gone,—satisfied,—glorified,—within the palace of her King."

“On Monday, June 9th, at 6 a.m., the villagers and others assembled on the lawn while her flower-crowned coffin passed out. . . . Many relatives and friends joined us at Stourport, following our beloved sister to her father’s tomb in Astley churchyard. A golden *star*, of Banksia roses, a poet’s wreath of laurel and bay, and many white crowns, were laid upon her. There, within sight of her birth-room in the rectory, and under the branches of the fir-tree her father planted, (and, away beyond, the hills and valleys of her childhood’s haunts encircling us,) we laid our dear sister in sure and certain hope of her ‘resurrection to eternal life.’”

We close this outline of her life from the “Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal,” with a line engraved on her tomb. “By her writings in prose and verse, she, ‘being dead, yet speaketh.’”





SISTER DORA.

[THE GOOD SAMARITAN.]

DOROTHY WYNDLOW PATTESON was born at the village of Hauxwell, a very small village near Richmond, Yorkshire, on January 10th, 1832. Her father, the Rev. Mark Patteson, was for many years rector of Hauxwell; while her mother was the daughter of a Richmond banker. Dorothy (the name she preferred) was the youngest but one of twelve children, two sons and ten daughters. From her mother she inherited uncommon beauty of features, and to her father may be traced her imposing figure and dignified bearing.

Until her fourteenth year she was a very delicate child, with little promise of that remarkable physical development, great endurance in performing herculean labours, and intense strength, which she subsequently attained. On account of her health she was not allowed to do lessons regularly like other children; but though left to follow her bent with less restraint and discipline than fell to the lot of the elder children of the household, still the atmosphere of good breeding and the

natural exuberance of youthful gaiety around her from her birth constituted educational influences of a high and healthy character.

Dora learnt instinctively, growing into habits of minute observation, and quietly storing up in her retentive memory what she saw and heard. From the very first, too, her strong will and indomitable perseverance were manifest. Her biographer * says :—

“If she could not get her own way easily, she did not give it up, or take refuge in sulks or in an outbreak of temper, like most children ; rather the meeting with opposition seemed to stimulate her active mind to find a device for getting her way somehow.” The following is one of her own stories in illustration of this :—

She and her sister had what they were pleased to consider extremely ugly velvet bonnets for Sunday wear. Complaints, however, were useless, and Dorothy set her brains to work to accomplish her end. One very rainy day the children knew that their mother had gone out for a long drive. Dorothy ran to her sister, and said, “Be quick ; now’s our chance of spoiling our bonnets.” They fetched the obnoxious articles and put them on, threw open the library window, put their heads well out, and let the rain work its worst upon the velvet. Then, at Dora’s suggestion, and not at all to hide what they had done, but merely to complete the operation, they

* “Biography of Sister Dora,” by Margaret Lonsdale. (Kegan Paul, Paternoster Square, London.)

put the bonnets away, soaking wet as they were, into their boxes. Sunday morning came: where were the bonnets? Dora replied firmly, "Quite spoilt; we can never wear them any more." They were condemned, however, to wear them; and not on that Sunday alone, but for many Sundays afterwards, they appeared in church with the monuments of failure upon their heads.

At fourteen she had a most serious illness, and during the long months of weariness and pain she seemed to be developing the power, so invaluable to her in later life, not only of bearing pain, but of always looking on the bright side of things. She had, too, even thus early, "an everlasting flow of animal spirits, bubbling over in fun, and a keen sense of the humorous side of things in general." This, together with her extraordinary fortitude, stood her in good stead during her peculiarly active and self-sacrificing life, when she voluntarily bore for other's sakes burdens that would have crushed the majority of persons; though it sometimes caused her to be misunderstood by those who failed to see how closely her rippling laughter was allied to tenderest pity and to tears, its undertone of rich melody being freighted and vibrating with her exhaustless sympathy.

From this period (her fourteenth year) to her twentieth she rapidly grew in vigour and health, engaging in active outdoor exercises, so that she became noted for her skill in various boyish games, and was quite famous for her daring as a horsewoman. Her eldest brother at this

time made her his frequent companion, and with him she studied the classics and mathematics, writing at his dictation, copying for him, and entering, as through her life it was her habit to do, with unfailing zest and ardour into all that she undertook. Many a time in after years, she delighted the hearts of her patients by stories of her rides across the wild Yorkshire moorlands, firing especially the imagination of the big boys, who, with their ready admiration for display of physical courage, were irresistibly fascinated by a woman in whom they saw combined resolution of body and mind.

Those who knew her at this period say that her personal beauty was very remarkable. She was tall and slender, about five feet seven inches in height, and perfectly well made. Her hands were small and exquisitely formed; her features nearly perfect in their regularity, and the forehead wide and high. She had dark tightly-curling brown hair, waving all over her head, which no amount of cutting off or covering with caps could ever smooth; and the softness and roundness of youth, the extreme delicacy of her whole colouring and complexion, added to the liveliness of her expression, made her a fascinating creature to look upon.

Her family were in affluent circumstances, but were distinguished by their devotion to the sick, the poor, and the suffering. It was usual among the sisters to plan how they could make their clothes last as long as possible, how they could save from their travelling expenses, or how deny themselves at the table, that they might be

able to give away more generously than they were able to without the self-denial.

As little children no reward could be offered them so great as to be permitted to perform some deed of love, and this feeling grew stronger in Dora. For her there was no pleasure in the world equal to that of service—the service of the sad, the suffering, the sinful and the repulsive. The nine years after twenty were so beautifully spent in her home that her father called her his “Sunshine.” She faithfully attended upon her mother’s failing strength, and watched beside her death-bed.

Her enthusiasm and spirit of adventure were first thoroughly moved by Florence Nightingale’s heroic work during the Crimean War. She wanted to join the band of women who went out as nurses, and implored her father to let her go; but he wisely refused, telling her that, untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be worse than useless, adding that she had enough to employ her at home if she would only think so.

But she felt that she could not be contented any longer at home, that a voice Divine was summoning her forth to labour. She felt compelled to go. To her had come that call which many a soul hears: “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” Her beginning was a very humble one. In October, 1861, Dora Patteson, in reply to an advertisement, finally quitted the shelter of the home-roof, and became a village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston, near Bletchley, on the borders of Buckinghamshire.

Here she not only taught her children at school, but she followed them to their homes, nursed them when they were unwell, and visited their parents and others of the poor and sick in the village. That she might have the more to spare for the needy, she accustomed herself to do all her own household work, and the people in the neighbourhood were at first "astonished to find Miss Patteson blacking her grate when they came to see her," but they afterwards learned to appreciate her generous motives, and love her for her rare consideration. For three years she continued to work at Woolston under the vicar's direction, living in a small cottage, regardless of any society. But she was not altogether satisfied with the nature of her work, or the character of her surroundings.

Dora's loneliness in her cottage was at times disturbed, and on one occasion she had an unpleasant adventure with a burglar.

One day, when she happened to be at home, an ill-looking man came to beg, and she noticed that he took a critically observant look round her little kitchen. That evening she went to sit up with a man in the village who was dangerously ill. He died in the course of the night, and as Dora was returning home through the fields, between one and two o'clock, she saw a bright light burning in her kitchen. She unlocked the door just in time to recognise the same man who had begged of her in the daytime, and to see him making his escape through the window of the adjoining room

with all her small collection of silver spoons and forks which she had brought from home, and a teapot which she especially valued. She never discovered any trace either of the thief or of her property.

Having neglected a severe cold which she had taken, she broke down in health, and by the advice of her friends went to Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast, for change and restoration. Here, as she got better, her insatiable desire for work returned, and to gratify her taste for nursing, she entered the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, whose headquarters were at Coatham, near Redcar, but who were engaged in various works of mercy in different parts of England. Here she underwent an exceptionally severe course of training, shrinking from no hardship, stooping to the pettiest details, and choosing danger and hardship rather than ease. At length she was sent to the small cottage hospital at North Ormesby, near Middlesbrough, where she worked sometimes alone, sometimes with other sisters who were in charge.

Early in 1865 Sister Dora was sent to Walsall, to help in nursing at a small cottage hospital recently established there, and at that period under the charge of the sisterhood to which she was attached.

Walsall then contained about 35,000 inhabitants, and lay on the borders of the great coal and iron district in South Staffordshire, called by the very expressive name of "The Black Country." At night the spectator seems to be transported into the infernal regions, where

the blinding glare of blast furnaces, the snorting of engines, the ponderous thud of steam-hammers, and the clang and whiz and whirr of the machinery, sounds which never cease, but which are less noticed during the day, bewilder the senses. Little swarthy, half-naked pigmies (for so they appear by the side of the gigantic fires) come and go in the flashing light like demons dancing round their unquenchable flames. Forests of tall chimneys of every variety of shape vomit forth volumes of smoke and fierce tongues of flame. When Sister Dora commenced work in this locality the men were described as many of them professing no religious belief whatsoever, and the women as leading hard lives of drudgery, drunkenness and immorality being scarcely looked upon as a disgrace.

Here, then, Dora set to work with characteristic energy, and early caught small-pox from the patients; but even in her delirium she showed the bent of her mind by occupying herself in tearing up her sheets into bandages. At this time the Walsall people were not only suspicious of the sisters, erroneously supposing them to be members of a Roman Catholic institution, but actually persecuted them with such material arguments as stones and mud. Their patience and tenderness at length, however, began to bear fruit, and almost the last instance of active opposition fell upon Sister Dora. This is the story as related by her biographer:—

“At the time of the celebrated Murphy riots Dora was walking, rather late one evening, through the town

to visit a patient, when a lad from the other side of the road called out, '*There goes one of those sisters of misery!*' and threw a stone which *cut open her forehead*. Not long afterwards this same young fellow was brought into the hospital, having met with a severe injury in a coal-pit. Sister Dora, who never forgot a face, recognised him at once, saying to herself, 'That's my man.' He was some time under her care, and she bestowed upon him probably more than usual attention. One night, when he was recovering, she found him quietly crying. 'I wouldn't ask him what was the matter,' Sister Dora said, when relating the incident, 'because I knew well enough, and I wanted him to confess.' At length it came out, with many sobs, 'Sister, *I* threw that stone at you.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'did you think I did not know that? Why, I knew you the very first minute you came in at the door.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'you knew me, and have been nursing me like this?' It was his first practical experience of good returned for evil, and he did not know what to make of it."

She was regarded by the rough men who occupied the wards from time to time as an angel of light, and if it was possible she would always give them their tea with her own hand. Who could ask with such real anxiety and tenderness after their pain, and how they had been bearing it? A question which not a few of them shrank from answering. "Oh, I am sorry for you; I wish I could bear it for you, I'm sure," was the

comforting speech addressed to one groaning sufferer. To another she would say, "Now don't you be making a fuss, you're not so very bad ; tea will cure *you*"; while the ward resounded with, "Sister, come and look at my leg ;" "Sister, my back do ache ;" and so on, all in the hope of getting attention from Sister Dora.

"Here," says the *Christian Herald*, in an excellent outline of Miss Lonsdale's charming Biography, "she evidently found the 'enlarged sphere' for which she had so long pined. She used every opportunity for increasing her knowledge of dressing wounds and surgery, and adding to her skill in the arts of healing. She went her way so noiselessly and undemonstratively that it was not until she was again prostrated by illness, through neglecting to change her wet clothes, that 'the real value of her services was discovered.' In process of time the hospital was removed to a healthier situation, and enlarged in a manner corresponding to its needs. Sister Dora was placed in charge of the new building, and its internal organization was entrusted to her.

"A few years later, in 1874, the Good Samaritan Sisterhood surrendered all official relationship with the work, and Sister Dora finally severed her own connection with them, remaining under the Walsall Town Committee. The kind of rule she exercised could only be justified by its results. Amidst admirable qualities, there was sometimes a measure of self-assertion, a jealousy of subordinate aid, a brusqueness of direction, unworthy of her high aims. These defects in one less capable might

have wrought disastrously, but perhaps in some aspects give even a heightened interest in her life-story. One feels instinctively that she is no 'saint'; but while unquestionably one of the most devoted workers the age has seen, intensely human in her failures no less than her triumphs—a fellow-pilgrim heavenward of like passions with ourselves."

Her powers of endurance seemed wonderful. After her hospital work was over she would start out to visit loathsome alleys. Occasionally she sat up whole nights with dying patients, for whom it was considered useless to do anything, and who were therefore deserted by their friends. One night she was sent for by a poor man who was much attached to her and who was dying of what was called "black pox," a virulent form of small-pox. She went, and found him dying. Only a neighbour was with him. But a small piece of candle was left, and she therefore gave the woman money, and begged her to hasten back with lights. She went, but never returned.

After a little while the dying man raised himself up in bed with a last effort, saying, "Sister, kiss me before I die!"

She took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, into her arms, and kissed him, the candle going out almost as she did so, leaving them in total darkness. He begged to be held, and she sat on thus with him in her arms till he died, and then in the early dawn groped her way out for assistance.

She was accustomed imprudently to boast that she could always sit in her wet clothes without harm, and she certainly did this for a long time with apparent impunity. "She used to come home wet through and hot with hurrying along the streets, to find a crowd of out-patients awaiting her return. Her own clothes were constantly forgotten and allowed to dry upon her." Amidst it all *she never lost her patience or cheerfulness*. She would invent games for the boys to play together, and happy the man or boy who could catch her for a game of chess or draughts. "If I could not laugh over the things, I don't know what I should do," she would say.

She was *very tender towards little children*, and had great success in quieting them when fretful and soothing them when in pain.

"DON'T CRY; SISTER'S GOT YOU," she would say to a struggling babe, carrying it safely in her right arm, while going about doing needed work, with her other hand. And presently the little one would yield to the magnetism of her gentleness, and go off into a happy sleep. Once *a child of nine*, dreadfully burned, but past the period of feeling pain, was brought to the hospital. The extreme exhaustion of approaching death frightened the child, and Sister Dora sat down by her, and talked to her about the Saviour and the bright home she was going to so soon, till the terror was exorcised, and a smile of content wreathed the pallid lips. "*When you come to heaven, Sister, I'll meet you at the gates with*

a bunch of flowers," were the little girl's last words, her eyes resting, no doubt, on the flowers which Sister Dora always kept within sight for the comfort and cheer of her patients.

As regards those who were the objects of her solicitude, she took pains to let them see that she cared for them *individually*, telling them that *she prayed for them one by one*, and that when they went out from under her care she would not forget them. After all, is not this the true spirit of all really enduring Christian work? She once told a friend that she often cried—she, the bright-faced sister with the cheery word and the hearty laugh that were so contagious in the dreary wards—yes, actually cried when she went to bed at night, to think how many good words she *might* have spoken more than she had done during the ceaseless and wearing labours of the day!

She tried generally to invent some queer nickname for each of her patients, in order that they might (as she said) the sooner forget their former lives and associations, if those had been bad. Thus one man would always be spoken of as "King Charles" (even having it written upon his egg for breakfast), because his face suggested Charles the First to Sister Dora. "Darkey," and "Cockney," and "Pat," and "Stumpy," would answer to no other names. Rude, rough fellows, of course, constantly came in; nobody had ever seen such a woman as this before; so beautiful, so good, so full of fun and humour, and of sympathy for broken hearts, as well

as for every other kind of fracture, and the best friend that many of these poor maimed men had ever known. She was the personification of goodness and unselfishness to them; skilful and rapid in her work,—a great matter where wounds are concerned, and in a place where there was much to be done and few people to do it.

After the patients' supper had been served *she read prayers always*, even when, as sometimes happened, her many duties and labours had so delayed her that most of the patients were asleep, for she said, "*The prayers go up for them all the same.*" She spoke unreservedly to her household upon the absolute necessity of *constant private prayer*, and thought no real blessing could attend the hospital unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect. It is said of her that so unflinching was her faith in the *efficacy of prayer* that she never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to the Giver of all virtue, and asking that healing might be conveyed by her means; and never set a fracture without a prayer that, through her instrumentality, the limb might unite. As she attended upon the surgeons during an operation, the most absorbing and anxious of a nurse's duties, she was engaged in communion with Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

As years passed on she became able almost to fulfil the Apostle's command, "Pray without ceasing." But the striking feature of her prayers was the strong faith which animated them. She did not pray because it was

her duty, or even because she wished to fit herself to hold communion with God hereafter, but because she believed that everything she asked for would be granted to her. She firmly held to the supernatural power put into the hands of men by means of the weapon of prayer, and the practical faithlessness in this respect of the world at large was an ever-increasing source of surprise and distress to her. The thought of the lives led by most of those who were brought into the hospital weighed heavily upon her mind, especially if, as was frequently the case, they were insensible from an accident, and never likely to recover consciousness.

"Well," she would say, "we must pray;" and at night, when the ward was quiet, she might often be seen kneeling by the bed of some such sufferer. "These patients are my crosses," she would continue; "there seems so little hope to bear one up." Her old servant who slept in the next room to her mistress, used often to hear her praying aloud for hours at night.

The little small-pox ambulance, in the shape of an omnibus, was only too well-known at one time in the streets of Walsall. During an epidemic one or more patients could be placed on the floor of the carriage in their beds, while by their side sat Sister Dora. When people refused from prejudice to send their patients to the hospital, she would go in the ambulance and announce that she had "come to fetch So-and-so," and, if further difficulty was made, *she would take up the man or woman in her arms, as easily as if the burden had*

been a baby, and lift it into her omnibus, while the friends very rarely interfered to prevent her.

There is a place in Walsall well-known to the police, called Marsh Lane, which is infamous on many accounts, but chiefly as the scene of Irish fights. One night, Sister Dora passed the entrance to this lane, and plunging through the crowd, which made way for her right and left, she took possession of a high door-step, where her appearance gained for her the attention she desired. She addressed the crowd in her usual fashion, flinging well-aimed raillery at the combatants. They stood for a moment or two abashed, like two furious bull-dogs, and then, with the tenacity of the same creatures, again rushed on each other, urged on by the cries of the crowd. In one moment she had thrown herself between the wild men, holding them each back with an arm which either of the men could have broken as easily as he could have snapped his tobacco-pipe. Her appeal was all-powerful; they allowed her to win the day and the fight was at an end.

It was Sister Dora's custom, during the latter months of her work, to drive to Sutton, about seven miles from Walsall, in a little pony carriage. She was always driven on these occasions by the porter of the hospital. Twice on the road she and her companion were attacked by men who evidently had evil intentions. Once, just as they were entering Sutton, two ruffians sprang out of a hedge, but a man on horseback appearing just at the moment, the men fled. Shortly after this they were

driving more slowly than usual one dark night, when a man suddenly rushed across the road and ran after the carriage. The porter whipped up the pony, and Sister Dora, turning round, saw that the man had a large stick in his hand. "I had only time," she said, "for a short prayer, when the stick was brought down heavily on the back of the carriage. I had leant instinctively to one side as I said my prayer, and *thus* my head escaped the blow which was intended for it." The man who made the attack *did not know* that it was Sister Dora who was in the carriage.

For fifteen years Sister Dora continued her labours with strong will and unflagging energy, the constraining power through all being love to Christ and a tender yearning for the erring and the suffering, but at last her own strength began to fail. This was in 1877. She consulted a confidential surgeon, and found that a complaint had set in which must ultimately end her life, involving great pain and admitting of no cure. She was determined to keep this a profound secret from all but herself and her doctor. For nearly twenty months she continued to go about her duties as usual, spending the night by the bedside of wretched dying patients, soothing, exhorting, encouraging, going almost down with them into the dark valley of the shadow of death. She was sometimes fearful, perhaps not without reason, lest they should cling too exclusively to her and to the human support which she afforded them. Yet her religion was eminently spiritual. To

one who tried to follow her she gave the wholesome advice: "When you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember, you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself."

"Sister Dora was once travelling as usual third class, when a number of half-drunken navvies got in after her, and before she could change her carriage the train was in motion. She recollected that her dress, a black gown and cloak, with a quiet black bonnet and veil, would probably, as on former encounters with half-intoxicated men, protect her from insult. Her fellow-travellers began to talk, and at last one of them swore several blasphemous oaths. Sister Dora's whole soul burnt within her, and she thought, 'Shall I sit and hear this?' but then came the reflection, 'What will they do to me if I interfere?' and this dread kept her quiet a moment or two longer. But the language became more and more violent, and it passed through her mind, 'What must these men think of any woman who can sit by and hear such words unmoved; but, above all, what will they think of a woman in my dress who is afraid to speak to them?'

"At once she stood up her full height in the carriage, and called out loudly, 'I will not hear the Master whom I serve spoken of in this way.' Immediately they dragged her down into her seat, with a torrent of oaths, and one of the most violent roared, 'Hold your jaw, you fool; do you want your face smashed in?' They held her down on the seat between them;

nor did she attempt to struggle, satisfied with having made her open protest. At the next station they let her go, and she quickly got out of the carriage. A minute after, while she was standing on the platform, she heard a rough voice behind her, 'Shake hands, mum! you're a good-plucked one, you are! You were right and we were wrong.' She gave her hand to the man, who hurried away, for fear, no doubt, that his comrades should jeer at him."

All that's bright must fade. "All flesh is grass, and all the beauty thereof as but the flower of the field." And so with Sister Dora, from whom we take sorrowful leave by relating her last illness and death.

When the hospital was closed for a time, while a new building was erected, Dora went first to stay with her relations, and then to London and to Paris to see some new surgical appliances. But at last, in October, 1878, she broke down entirely. She went to Birmingham to see her doctor, and was taken so ill *there* that she was supposed to be dying; but she insisted on being removed to Walsall to die among her people. "The committee of the hospital engaged a small house for her, the new building being not quite ready, but from the time she went she never left her bed. The hospital was opened in her name, but alas! she never saw it. Her old servant came to nurse her, and to her she was obliged to reveal the hopeless state she was in; but she kept it from others as long as she could, and would not allow even her loving sisters

to come and tend her, in spite of their grief and entreaties.

She bore her intense sufferings heroically and resignedly. They were days of mental darkness and depression, as well as bodily pain. "I cannot pray; I cannot think. I sadly fear I shall be lost; I can only trust." But she triumphed at last by faith in a personal Saviour. During the paroxysms of pain she feared her faith might give way, and so had set up before her a crucifix, that she might constantly be reminded of her Saviour's greater sufferings. This fact shows more than anything else the nature of the semi-darkness through which she had passed in spiritual matters: but if her whole life's labour and dying hours mean anything they surely mean that she simply trusted in Christ without the intervention of either priest or crucifix.

In one of her letters she says: "I have not had two hours' sleep for four days and nights, but in the midst of the fiery furnace there was a form like unto the Son of Man." "If I went back to teach patients again," she said, when nearing her end, "I should dwell more than ever on the necessity of building our hopes on 'Jesus only.'" The cabmen of the town had assembled in a mission-room at her request, and the clergyman who was going to address them was with her. "Oh, speak to them," she said, "on this text, — 'What think ye of Christ?' Make it ring in their ears."

On Saturday, December 21st, 1878, it became evident that the end was really drawing near. Sister Dora's depression now seemed greater than before, and a dread, amounting to horror, of the last pangs of death came upon her. Her coughing was incessant. At times all was loneliness and darkness; but still the faith in which her life had been passed stood her in such good stead that one of her nurses, who had watched many death-beds, testified, "I *never* saw such faith and patience." She anticipated a welcome from those souls whom she had herself led to God, and the idea comforted her. Repeatedly she exclaimed "Oh, I hope I shall sing my Christmas carol in heaven!"

On the morning of the 24th, she said, cheerfully, "I am dying; run for Sister Ellen!" Meanwhile, an old companion tried to soothe her, saying, "Our blessed Lord is standing at the gates of Heaven to open them for you." But she no longer needed such consolation, for all her darkness was dissipated by the gathering glory-cloud, and she answered, "I see Him there, the gates are opened wide." At two o'clock in the afternoon she was at rest.

Almost the whole population of Walsall came to her funeral, many rough workmen weeping like children at the grave. She has left a memory which will not soon fade, of being a true and noble worker for God and man.



MRS. FISHER.

[THE FRIEND OF CITY YOUNG WOMEN.]

THE name of Mrs. Eleanor Fisher is a household word among many of the young female toilers of our great metropolis. In her we have an illustration of the great truth that prayerful and persistent endeavour is sure, sooner or later, to result in a rich reward. And never in the chequered history of the Christian Church and of philanthropic enterprise has the necessity for woman's co-operation been more plainly evident than it is to-day.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

Prayer is a constant source of invigoration to self-discipline ; not the thoughtless praying which is a thing

of custom, but that which is sincere, intense, watchful. Let a man ask himself, whether he really would have the thing he prays for; let him think, while he is praying for a spirit of forgiveness, whether, even at that moment, he is disposed to give up the luxury of anger. If not, what a horrible mockery it is, to think that a man can find nothing better to do in the presence of his Creator than telling off so many words alone with his God, and repeating a task like a child, longing to get rid of it and indifferent to its meaning!

Not so does the subject of this memoir pray, otherwise she never would have achieved the Christian object of her heart, and drawn so many young women from their frivolity to a higher life. Our great poet, Tennyson, says on the benefits of prayer:—

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

“The growing agencies for human enlightenment and amelioration,” says the *Christian Herald*, in speaking of Mrs. Fisher’s religious endeavours, “which derive their impetus from the Cross of Christ, imperatively demand, in all our large centres of populous activity, especially in the many-millioned city of London, the cheerful aid of

Joannas who will minister to the Lord's work of their substance, and of Phœbes, and Tryphenas and Tryphosas who will labour much in the Redeemer's cause. The most potent agents in nature are the most simple and noiseless, yet they are in constant and mighty operation."

We gather from the notice referred to, that Mrs. Fisher is between forty and fifty years of age; and though brought up and surrounded by all the tender solitudes of a quiet country parsonage in Rutlandshire, it was not until after she had passed her twentieth birthday that she became practically acquainted with her need of a Saviour.

With the verbal teachings of Scripture she was familiar; but it was not until after twenty years of her sunny girlhood's days had vanished into the irrevocable past, that she gave her heart unreservedly to God; and ever since, as opportunity and strength have permitted, she has endeavoured to lead others into the ways of everlasting peace.

She has regularly attended the Central Noonday Prayer Meeting at 165, Aldersgate Street, London, ever since the year 1867; but about four years ago she was deeply impressed with the thought of the great temptations and moral dangers to which the young women employed in the city warehouses were exposed.

And the fact is an appalling one, that, in the City of London alone, no fewer than 40,000 of this class are daily employed in the various shops, workrooms, and

warehouses. Some are engaged in bonnet, mantle, and dressmaking, envelope and book-folding, gold and silver embroidery, cigar making, and in the manufacture of flowers, and in all sorts of handicraft.

Mrs. Fisher's desire for their welfare deepened with her matured reflections, and her heart yearned to attempt to do them good. Hitherto she had employed her energy in connection with mothers' meetings and institutions of a similar character ; but here was clearly a call from her Divine Master to strike out a new path of service for His name's sake.

She asked the Lord what she could do to teach the numerous and interesting subjects of her loving desires. She at length determined that it was advisable to endeavour to issue an invitation to a special meeting at a convenient time ; and finding that an hour was allowed daily for dinner, she resolved upon having printed and issued a circular, giving a hearty invitation to all who could come, to a service expressly and absolutely for them.

Mrs. Fisher herself then set forth with her notes of invitation, and visited a considerable number of streets, entering the warehouses, and soliciting permission to visit the workrooms. From the very first her laudable undertaking prospered. The various employers showed towards her invariable courtesy and consideration, and furnished many expressions of cordial sympathy. Even where admission was refused, the circulars were received with a promise that they should be properly distributed.

The first meeting at length took place; and though only three young women attended, one of them was deeply impressed by a few earnest kindly words which Mrs. Fisher addressed to her. This young woman has since helped Mrs. Fisher in her good work by inducing many others to attend the meetings. Since that memorable day, four years ago, the numbers have been steadily increasing, and the results of the object have been most gratifying.

Mrs. Fisher has now the names and addresses of 2,000 young women who more or less frequently attend the dinner-hour prayer meetings held every day between one and two o'clock, at 165, Aldersgate Street, in the same hall as the Central Noonday Prayer Meeting is held in from twelve to one. Upwards of a hundred have, within the last month, joined the "Bible and Prayer Union." A Bible-woman has been regularly employed during the past six months, and this valuable helper has obtained free access to many of the warehouses. She conducts also an evening prayer-meeting for the young Christians, where they pour out their hearts one after another in prayer. There is also a letter mission, which personally addresses 2,000 girls on their birthdays with the Gospel message. This part of the work is highly valued, and the letters are anxiously awaited and most carefully treasured. It is likewise a means of opening up correspondence with many who may be in difficulty and sorrow.

"Why," asks the *Christian Herald*, "should not a

similar work be carried on by ladies in other parts of London, and other towns and cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Luton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc. ? ”

Mrs. Fisher has already worked the institution up into some importance, and only needs money and personal help to extend its usefulness. She has fought bravely and prayerfully in the Christian cause ; and we are sure her desires will be answered for further usefulness in the Noonday Prayer Meetings with City young women. Her present need is greatly felt for a few devoted Christian ladies to assist her in her good work, either to play the harmonium or to speak a few words of sympathy and welcome to individual young women.

“ God hath sown

Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,
Whose buds are virtues, such as bloom for heaven.”

Sympathy is an angel of comfort when hope has fled ; it soothes us in sorrow, and gives a zest to our joy. A word of sympathy is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower. Sympathy is the surest way to reach the human heart ; it makes sunshine wherever it goes, and brings forth golden treasures. It cheers the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate ; it is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, and all it touches it turns to gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

Mrs. Fisher well knows the power of sympathy in her experiences with the 2,000 young women at Aldersgate Street ; and with the power of religion and sympathy she is sustained in carrying on work which shall last for ever.





MRS. WAKEFIELD.

[METHODIST MISSIONARY TO EASTERN AFRICA.]

THIS devout and devoted Missionary was the affectionate wife of the Rev. T. Wakefield, now labouring at Ribé, a Mission station about 100 miles from Zanzibar, sustained by the United Methodist Free Churches in this country. Mrs. Wakefield was the child of pious Methodist parents. Her birthplace and early home was Mountsorrel, in Leicestershire, where once was a strong castle of the Earl of Leicester, and where, in the Wesleyan Reform chapel, on the 27th of October, 1857, she decided for Christ, after the manner of her fathers, by going forward as a seeker of salvation, and kneeling as a penitent, and was at once happy by believing on Jesus.

Mountsorrel, not long afterwards, sent as a Missionary to Ceylon her neighbour and intimate friend, Mr. John Mitchell; and after his establishment in his missionary work he sought and obtained Miss Brewin's consent to become his wife. For two years and a half she anticipated a missionary life in the East Indies, when Mr. Mitchell fell a victim to Asiatic cholera. Her home and

her labours were not to be where "spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," but amidst the barbarous and degraded heathen of Eastern Africa.

It was in the year 1861 that the United Methodist Free Churches determined to send Missionaries to this district; and Mr. Thomas Wakefield offered himself and was accepted for this service. Illness compelled three of his companions to return home; and amid many hardships he laboured alone at Ribé, the Mission station, until he was joined by the Rev. C. New. He returned to England for a brief interval in 1868, when he became acquainted with Mrs. Mitchell, who accompanied him as his wife to Africa in 1870. The voyage took place in a sailing-vessel of very small tonnage, and very ill-provided with accommodation for passengers. It was a very painful and perilous journey, and Mrs. Wakefield was greatly exhausted by sea-sickness. The weather seems to have been unusually tempestuous, and the smallness of the cabin added greatly to the wretchedness of stormy nights at sea. This incident is thus interestingly described in her diary, published in her brother's memoir of her.

*"Friday, May 6th, 1870.—*The last night was a fearfully stormy one. We got no sleep, and what was worse, such a tossing, shaking, bumping, and drenching, as quite knocked me up for to-day. The cold, too, in these latitudes is very severe, and all the wrappers and woollens I have at command are scarcely sufficient to keep me from a constant shiver. Exercise might alleviate this,

but it is not available on a small vessel ; and besides, the decks are very wet and slippery, and the ship is rolling very heavily. If I go on deck one of the sailors will say, 'It's not fit for you to be here, mum ; you'll be safer downstairs, mum.' Then I go downstairs and to my berth, and try to get a little sleep. But all is of no use ; my nerves will not get reconciled to this sickly see-saw, see-saw of what should be my resting-place. Oh for some solid ground to rest upon, some little spot, so small, so humble, so it be but firm and free from this incessant motion, which racks my brain and distresses my whole system ! My husband brings me a dose of quinine, and I feel much better.

"*Saturday, May 7th.*—Another restless night from the springing and rolling of our little ship. Apart from this, the noises were enough to make me fancy that the floating abode was being demolished, its planks and beams creaking and groaning with a deafening sound. Every few minutes there was a loud crash against the ship's side, as if we had struck on a coral reef, or, like a drunken man in a narrow lane, were driving against a wall first on one side and then on the other. These sudden and entirely unexplainable explosions seemed to be going off with a loud crack, till we could not hear our own voices or that of a near neighbour without stretching the aural nerves considerably. This morning, about eleven o'clock, I joined Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Yates at the top of the cabin staircase to watch the sea. I shall never forget what I saw as I stood there. A strong gale

of wind was blowing from the south-west, and old Ocean in all his pride, grandeur, and magnificence was rising. The waves rose first to a great height, and then, as they curled over, showing their proud white crests and clear blue transparency beneath, suddenly sank into a deep valley which stretched for a long distance to right and left of us. Then, immediately before us, rose a mountain-like wave, over which it seemed impossible that the *Emily* could ride; but, bravo! over she goes with a toss of her head, and down we sweep on the other side, only, as it seemed, inevitably, to be swallowed in the jaws of the deep. Then we were amused by a large boiling wave rolling up to the side of the ship and splashing itself on to the decks, hiding from our view for a moment one of the sailors, and in not a solitary instance one of the cabin passengers, to the no small diversion of those who escaped the drenching. The decks were, of course, flooded; and as the water rushed from side to side of the ship, it sometimes threw down the sailors, who, during this squall, were very busy in hauling ropes and altering the sails at the command of the captain, who, whatever the weather, is always at his post.

"*Sunday, May 8th.*—If on Friday night we were tossed to and fro by every wind and tempest, what shall I say of the one we have just spent? Language utterly fails to give a landsman a true idea of the extreme wretchedness of a stormy night at sea, with not a moment's true repose. Every now and then we were startled by a rush of angry waters down the cabin staircase and into

our berth under the door, gurgling and splashing from side to side of our little room as though bent on finding us some amusement and entertainment during the anything but 'silent' watches of the night. The captain told us that many times during the night the sides of the ship were lying on the sea, and that she sped through the water at eleven or twelve knots an hour, and tried the strength of her timbers to the very utmost extent. This was a strange Sunday to us. Indeed, a greater contrast to Sabbaths at home I could scarcely imagine. We naturally put on Sunday attire, but nothing else around us marked the Sabbath's dawn. Many times during the day did one of the seamen come down into the cabin to bale and mop up the water which came rushing down the stairs like a cataract, and making quite as much noise. Our garments were dripping with water as we sat or stood in the cabin; and we felt no desire to face worse conditions out of doors. There was no opportunity for holding our usual service. After tea in the cabin we sang a few hymns and tried to feel cheerful in the midst of our discomfort; but all hearts often stole away to our friends in England. We sat up till nearly midnight, holding firmly to the table to prevent ourselves from getting bruised heads on the one hand, and by an opposite lurch from being found in awkward positions half way across the table, which, in spite of ourselves, occurred, and caused a good deal of merriment. We remained thus long in the cabin, dreading the weary, restless hours we knew full well were before us. Verily our fears were well grounded.

All, Mr. Wakefield included, declared they had never had such an experience. The storm of the previous day had during the night increased in fury, until I began seriously to think that the bulwarks of our ship would be stove in by the power of the waves and the heightening gale. The captain was on deck all night, giving orders in a voice that was clearly heard above the roar of the storm, while the excitement of our perilous position, joined with these things, induced a nervous feverishness which effectually banished all sleep from our eyes.

"Monday morning, May 9th.—At half-past nine o'clock, Mr. Wakefield ventured out of our little room, and found Mr. Yates and the mate standing against the steward's pantry, finishing their breakfast of cold porridge. They had tried sitting at table in the cabin, but 'a sea' found its way through the skylight above them, and drove them away. The captain had retired to rest, and I think the steward was lighting his fire, which had been twice put out that morning by the bursting in of the waters. He had himself during the night been twice washed out of his berth; but, nevertheless, had braved it out, 'not fearing,' as he said, 'to take cold from seawater, though his bed was completely soaked through.' Mr. Wakefield got a little cold porridge for us, and we managed to breakfast in a rough sort of way; thankful, moreover, that sea-sickness had not again visited us, and laid us quite prostrate as before. 'Tis a long storm that lasts for ever,' sailors say; and now we had passed its height."

Their voyage from Gravesend to Zanzibar, round the Cape of Good Hope, lasted ninety-eight days; and on the 2nd of June the anchor dropped in the harbour of Zanzibar. Here the Methodist Missionaries received a hearty welcome from Bishop Tozer, who had prepared the English Church Mission House for their reception, though unable himself to greet them on landing, being absent on an expedition to the coast. The oranges and the nice white bread were very refreshing after the confinement and weariness of the sea life; and the hospitality and kindness of Europeans of all classes, and of Mohammedan and Arab ladies, soothed and comforted the mind of Mrs. Wakefield. Dr. and Mrs. Kirk at the Consulate, showed them much kindness. They were introduced to the Sultan's prime minister, to his ladies, to the Sultan himself and his ladies, and took part in the ceremonies of Arabian etiquette.

The verdure, the fruits, and wild-flowers of Zanzibar were delightful to them; and while waiting for an opportunity of passing onwards to the Mission station, Mrs. Wakefield gave birth to a little girl, to whom, as "Nellie," her mother's memoirs are dedicated by the author, her uncle. Little "Nellie" engaged no trifling attention as a white English baby among the Arab and Hindu women of the district. Worn by the climate, and exhausted by successive attacks of fever, Mrs. Wakefield proceeded, in January, 1871, along the coast to Mombosa, and then inland to the station, Ribé, which was to be her home.

The following is her account of her arrival at the Mission station, Ribé:—

“It was about half-past eight o'clock in the evening when we found ourselves toiling up ‘Cheetham Hill,’ Ribé; and as we neared the Mission premises, right glad were we to see a light in the window; and here, faint and weary, we arrived at last. We were shown into the iron house which Messrs. New and Yates were then occupying; and they kindly gave up their bedroom to us for our use, till we could get some of the furniture unpacked, and put into the stone house which we are to occupy. I laid dear Nellie on the bed while I took off my things and got a wash, and at once she fell asleep and did not wake till morning. The next day was my first Sabbath here. I was too tired to go to the Sunday school, which begins about nine o'clock; but was ready for the preaching service about an hour afterwards. All the mission people, men, women, and children alike, go to the Sunday school and then remain to the service. There is a short interval between the two services, at the end of which a bell is tolled for a minute or two to call the people in to the preaching. The shed used as a schoolroom and preaching-house is immediately on the right of the iron house. This schoolroom is a very barn-like place, with a mud floor. The door is at one end of the building, and at the opposite end is a raised platform, with some forms on it and a desk. Seats are also placed along each side of the building, and in the centre. Looking from the platform, you have natives of the

Galla country on the left side of the room, the Wani-illa, or people of Ribé, on the right, while the children of both tribes occupy the centre immediately facing the speakers. There are no windows in the room; but as the lowest part of the roof is considerably above the side walls, abundance of light comes in at this place, as well as by the door.

“As I entered the room, there were seated on the platform Mr. New, Mr. Yates, and my husband, who invited me to come forward and take a seat by his side on that elevated spot. I went forward to him, and dropped down on the first seat I came to, on the left of my clerical brethren. Mr. Wakefield spoke to the people from John iii. 16, in Kinika, and Mr. New followed in Galla, on the same subject. Of course it was all a strange jargon to me from beginning to end; but this will not always be the case.

“After the morning service was over, and we came out of the chapel, my husband desired me to take a seat under the verandah just by our front door, to receive the congratulations of the people as they went away to their homes. I went indoors and fetched Nellie, and then took my seat as requested, having previously committed to memory the native words of salutation. Then all the folks came round and looked at me. Some stroked my dress, and others had a fancy for feeling my curls. But the baby, oh, the baby! I think she was ‘number one.’ ‘Dear me, what a pretty little creature!’ ‘All in white and what a long frock on!’ were among the salutations

she received. And then, when Nellie looked up, and smiled into their black faces, they laughed heartily. . . The fame of my arrival quickly spread itself far and near; and many times have I been called out into the verandah to receive the 'salaam' of strangers, some of whom have come many miles to see what sort of beings Nellie and I were; and we have to sit and be looked at. Seldom, however, have any of the visitors left without asking me what I had brought them from England."





CHRISTINE R. ALSOP.

[A DEVOUT FRIEND, AND FAVOURITE WITH THE ROYAL
FAMILY.]

OUR book, devoted to Memorials of Christian Women, would be incomplete indeed did we not include Christine Alsop in our gallery. Although her sphere of action was limited, her influence on those who ever came within her reach was great, and she, though being dead, yet speaketh. Christine Alsop was a revered member of the Community of Friends, and lived and died a shining light amongst them.

Rich in faith and abundant in good works, she extended the helping hand to all whom it was within her power to relieve ; and she did what she could to extend and exalt the religious life. Wherever she travelled, or into whatever society she entered, she left behind her the sweetest of influences.

“ Can that then be dead,
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
He lives in glory ; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.”

She had the gift of persuasion, and no one could

possibly be long in her society but who at once became her devotee, and felt the power that a good woman always possesses over the human heart. As Milton says :—

“Yet hold it more humane, more heavenly first,
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.”

And when persuasion is used in the interests of religion, its sweetness swells to heaven, of which it is a part. There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its “still small voice” amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But, perhaps, the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart. And this season, where opportunity offered, Christine Alsop always availed herself of; and many a dying pillow and a wretched home has been made to smile by her tender religious offices and her benevolence. She had the strong faith, which sustained her in her missionary work, that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiment of religion; and this she upheld in the hovel and the palace. Christine’s religion was that set forth by St. James: “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless

and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Religion consists not in knowledge, but in a holy life. It wipes guilt from the conscience, rolls the world out of the heart and darkness from the mind. It will brighten the most gloomy scene, smooth the most rugged path, and cheer the most despairing mind. It robs the grave of its terrors and death of its sting.

" True religion, sprung from God above,
Is, like her fountain, full of charity ;
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of goodwill and much expectancy ;
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice ; free, large, even infinite,—
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast, active spright ;
Bright lamp of God ! that men would joy in thy pure light ! "

Humble love, not proud reason, was the essence of Christine Alsop's religious faith ; religion was her business, and it was eminently blessed to her. She was a good Friend, and she had a great affection for the people she worshipped with. Her sweet society was everywhere esteemed, always labouring and loving, and her recent death came as a most unexpected shock to very many of her friends and acquaintances. But she was well prepared for the great change before the final summons came.

Both Christine and her husband were great favourites with her Majesty and the Royal Family. During a serious attack of influenza and erysipelas, which confined

her to her bed for several days and to the house for some time afterwards, she wrote to our Princess Royal (now Crown Princess of Germany) through a friend that was travelling to Berlin, who personally handed the Princess the letter at her own palace. The Princess was evidently pleased at being so thought of by Mrs. Alsop, of whom she spoke affectionately, and mentioned "*la bonne dame*," as the name by which her brothers and sisters used to call her on her visits at Buckingham Palace when they were children.

On the death of the little Prince Waldemar of Prussia, which took place within a few hours of her friend's visit, Christine Alsop wrote again to the Crown Princess in sympathy with her in her grief, which note was gratefully acknowledged; and on many occasions, both of joy and sorrow, she had in this way ready access to the Royal Family, to speak of whom, and show their letters to her friends, was a source of peculiar pleasure to herself and of interest to her hearers.

The last of these was an autograph note of the Duke of Connaught, after his marriage with the Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia, acknowledging a kind note and receipt of a copy of some lines written by Robert Alsop upon the marriage of a cousin, which, the Duke said, he and the Duchess had read with interest and liked very much. For each member of the Royal Family, in turn, Mrs. Alsop had worked and presented her tokens of interest; but in this case, she said, she felt unable to *make* anything, and could only send a short note of

congratulation, with a copy of her husband's verses, which seemed appropriate to the occasion.

The Queen had been pleased at one time to accept a very pretty Afghan blanket for her boudoir-couch; the Prince of Wales something of the same kind for his Princess, whilst the young princess-mothers were all delighted with knitted shoes for their babies, and put in a petition for more after they had used those of dear Mrs. Alsop's beautiful knitting.

The late Princess Alice and Princess Helena showed themselves much attached to Mrs. Alsop; and frequently, when the former was over in England, she would appoint an interview of a quiet and friendly character either at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, according as she was visiting at either place.

Photographs of themselves and children were freely given; and upon Robert Alsop's decease, the Queen sent one of her own likenesses to his widow, after having received those of herself and husband by her Majesty's request, "if she had any to spare." The Queen's amanuensis writes:—"Her Majesty very deeply participates in your sorrow, and has charged me to express from herself her true sympathy, and the hope that you will be sustained by Him whom you and that good Mr. Alsop have always served with so much zeal."—(Balmoral, 14 January, 1876.)

From the time just preceding and throughout the Yearly Meeting, Mrs. Alsop had been somewhat better in health than common. She attended every sitting of the

Yearly Meeting and three large public meetings afterwards, herself remarking this would have been impossible but for the considerate arrangements made for her by the kind personal friends who had heretofore also provided for her comfort at the hotel at Yearly Meeting. It was several times noticed how remarkably bright her communications were in the various meetings this season.

Her three sisters, Lydie Majolier, Christianna Alsop, and Mary Milner, were all up at the Yearly Meeting; and to be thus all together was a pleasure they had not enjoyed since the loss of her dear husband, and her sister Lydie's illness, about two years ago, when poor Christine mourned for her as dead, and could not believe they would ever meet in this life again. In this anticipated sorrow she was overwhelmed with grief, but "the stone was rolled away," and now we may rejoice for her that the days of all her mourning are ended.

After the Yearly Meeting she and her sister projected a few social visits amongst the friends of their earlier years. Amongst others she made a kindly call at the house of an intimate friend at Upper Clapton, on her way to spend a few hours at Knott's Green with Mrs. Gurney Barclay. She was accompanied by her sister Lydie, Anna Vally, and Myra (C. A.'s own attendant); and hopes were mutually expressed that they might meet again shortly. On this occasion allusion was made to the memoir which she had just brought out, relating to her dear husband; and Christine expressed the solace it had been to her in the compilation, living the past over

again, as it were, and revelling in the pleasure of perusing her beloved one's handwriting, beguiling her into such sweet, fresh, mental association with him. She said there was enough matter amongst the MSS. for another volume, but she did not know whether she should ever accomplish it.

The following week Mrs. Alsop and her party went to Reigate, where they were kindly welcomed by their friend Rebecca Pryor, and a few days were spent very pleasantly under her roof. The weather brightened whilst at Hill Brow, and one warm summer-like day they sat out for a short time very enjoyably in the garden.

The little party left Reigate for Lewes and Wellingham, where they were kindly received by Rachel Rickman and her sister; but Mrs. Alsop was a good deal exhausted by the journey.

On Sunday they attended Lewes meeting, and both the sisters were acceptably engaged in ministerial service. They dined at Burwood and Mary Godlee's, where it was remarked how worn dear Mrs. Alsop looked. She acknowledged to being "very tired" and "wanting rest." And now for the first time appeared the real indisposition, which afterwards hourly increased, and from which her strength never rallied.

In course of the afternoon she felt that she had taken a chill, and some threatenings of erysipelas came on, at which she became rather uneasy, but not sufficiently so to deter her sister and Anna Vally from going to the

evening meeting, the carriage from Wellingham having been ordered to call for them at its close.

Mary B. Godlee kindly stayed with Christine ; but as time went on, she became so much more poorly that she was anxious to return to her Wellingham quarters without delay. The carriage was therefore not waited for ; a fly was procured, and the invalid well wrapped up, to avoid further chill as much as possible. She had retired to bed when her sister and Anna Vally returned from the meeting.

Three or four days after, it was thought well for a medical man to see her, and the doctor was sent for. He did not at the first interview manifest a very discouraging impression, and the patient herself seemed to feel no alarm.

She was quite peaceful, happy, and satisfied, and seemed to have no wish to be other than where she was—not even a longing to be at home.

To Myra, after her return from Lewes, she said, “Ah! Myra, I shall some day slip through your fingers before you are aware.”

Many times, when in usual health and talking with Myra upon past, present, and future, she would remark, “I should wish to be interred at Stoke Newington ;” and she repeated this at Wellingham, but with no especial reference to her then condition.

No anxiety was manifested ; in short she seemed to be kept in perfect peace, without anything pressing upon her mind that she wished to have said or done.

In her dozing wanderings, these were all on pleasant subjects, and she said many sweet things to her sister.

On one occasion Lydie said to her, "Thou art going to thy beloved," when the reply was, "Yes! Jesus is my Beloved;" and again, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine. . . . I am going to my Beloved!" After an interval, "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." . . . "I know My sheep, and am known of Mine." . . . "I give unto them eternal life." After a pause, she added, "And that life is in His Son." Subsequently, she repeated three times, "I am on the banks of deliverance! How sweet! Happy, happy!"

One evening, poor Myra, who had witnessed her dear master's last hour, became alarmed for her mistress. The breathing was much oppressed, and the restlessness greater; Myra expressed her belief that her mistress was very ill. Lydie would fain have slept in her sister's room that night, but Christine was quite satisfied with her own attendant and wished no change; so the household retired to rest, Myra keeping anxious watch over the invalid.

About two o'clock in the morning a decided change came on. Alarm was felt, and the doctor urgently sent for; he came without loss of time, and at once pronounced her dying, with but a short time longer to live.

In reply to her sister's inquiry, "Dost thou know me?" dear Christine replied, "Oui,—Lydie." "Art thou in pain?" The answer, "No."

Lydie M. says: "always *un sourire* was on her lips when we spoke to her."

Slowly the hours passed on, but no rallying. No uneasiness, or anxiety about *anything*; scarcely any pain. Peace within, and sweet peace without.

No undue agitation in the house. The friend under whose roof this solemn season was passing expressed it as "a privilege to have it so," further remarking that "Dear Christine had seemed permitted to come there to show them how a Christian can die."

Poor Myra, "faithful Myra!" has passed a time surely never to be forgotten, for religion has been shown forth to her as a very happy thing for death as well as life. Her mistress had often inferred that her time would be short, and day by day had talked of her husband.

About eight o'clock on 5th-day morning, the 19th, a telegram was sent to her nephew, who hastened from London by the next train, reaching Wellingham before noon; but a swifter Messenger had arrived before him, and the closed shutters announced that all was over ere the door was opened for him.

This godly woman died on the 19th of June, 1879.

Such a gentle dismissal from the shackles of Earth! Such an undoubted assurance of her having entered the Rest prepared for the people of God!

The features in death were calm, as in restful sleep, with a smile upon her lips.

Extract from the note of a dear personal friend, on hearing of dear C. Alsop's decease.—

"In dwelling on the loss of our beloved friend, which is great indeed to the Church, and to the immediate circle in which she moved, there is, however, a sense of perfect peace—a sense that her work on earth was done; an assurance that she had entered into Rest—the Rest that remaineth to the people of God."

What a bright Christian example has Mrs. Alsop left behind her! Her course and gifts were of no common character or measure.

The verses copied and sent to the Duke of Connaught and his bride, to which we have previously referred, were as under:—

"Hand in hand, in heart united
By affection's golden chain;
By the vows that ye have plighted
Ye shall never part again,

Till that hour, unseen, though hasting,
Which dissolves all earthly ties:
Whilst life's fleeting sands are wasting,
May you walk as truly wise.

By the Saviour's spirit guided,
In His humble path, e'en then,
That chain be burst, divided,
Ye out part to meet again.

That your hopes be never blighted,
Guard yourselves, each other guard,
That your Saviour be not slighted;
Be your bosoms firmly barred.

When we think we stand securely,
Seeth not our deadly foe?

Watching unto prayer is surely
All our safety here below.

Chequered is the lot of mortals,
Changeful are all earthly things ;
Perfect, fixed, within the portals
Of the glorious King of kings.

Let the world frown or caress you,
May He be your sure retreat,
And in joy or sorrow bless you,
As His wisdom seeth meet.

On your fond connubial union
May the dew of heaven descend,
In your sacred, sweet communion
With your never-failing Friend.

Take, belov'd, this salutation,
Which my heart, my pen, affords ;
Be ye in one rich salvation,
Each the other's—both the Lord's."

R. ALSON





ANNE MACKENZIE.

[ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF THE CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.]

THIS famous missionary lady was the eldest sister of Bishop Mackenzie, who shared his sister's labours in Central Africa ; indeed, so much were they in association, that it is quite impossible to disconnect them when writing of their missionary efforts. The Mackenzies were a large family. Their father was an eminent Scotch lawyer, pursuing the duties of his profession at Edinburgh, and living also at a country house in Peeblesshire. The bishop and his sister were most carefully brought up, and were early cultivated to the habits which thriftiness usually induces. Their father and mother were decided Episcopalians, and took an active part in the building of a small church near their own home, which was opened in the summer of 1830. Mrs. Mackenzie had been heard to say that she doubted whether there was much real religion amongst her children. Her words were, "I believe it consisted in our thinking ourselves superior to our Presbyterian neighbours."

The day of the opening of the church referred to was the first occasion when Charlie (afterwards the bishop)

went to service. He was then a small delicate child of five years old, the youngest in the family. Anne Mackenzie (the subject of our memoir) was then seventeen years of age. Her father died a few months later, and great care was now needed for the bringing up of this large family. They removed to Edinburgh. There was evidently much life in the home, a considerable amount of intelligence and spirit, and not a little interest in public men and public questions. Charlie Mackenzie was not supposed by outsiders to be particularly gifted. They said, "He will never set the Thames on fire." He gave signs, however, in very early days, of possessing mathematical genius. He became a student at Cambridge, and came out second wrangler in 1841, when twenty-three years old. The influence of his elder sister, Anne, upon him was of a kind which can never fail to prove beneficial to a man of the Mackenzie type of character. He was evidently designed for labours somewhat different from those which are required in an ordinary pastoral sphere, and it was not wonderful that in 1853 he should have had serious thoughts of leaving home for India, where a young friend had gone to take the headship of a new mission at Delhi; but in the autumn of 1854, a year and a half after, he had decided to abandon this idea. Dr. Colenso, the newly appointed bishop of Natal, had returned to England,—after having been in the colony for ten weeks,—for the purpose of securing coadjutors in his newly accepted labours. He asked young Mackenzie to go out with him as his archdeacon; and

thither in the following spring he went, accompanied by his sister Anne.

Her medical adviser had long ago told her that she was born to be a perpetual care to her mother. As long as that mother remained to care for her it was well; but when death broke the bond which bound the mother to earth, a new and somewhat weary time commenced for Anne Mackenzie. A milder climate would evidently be of service to her health, and her brother gave her a warm invitation to go to Africa with him.

He said, "Natal has a beautiful climate, and I fancy you would not wish for a better escort than mine."

Perhaps as one looks back upon the circumstances, it is fair to say that Anne can hardly ever have had health and strength enough to battle with the difficulties of such a life. But she seems gradually to have accommodated herself to its requirements, and to have become better and nobler by reason of the obligations which they imposed upon her.

Miss Mackenzie had a great repugnance to Kaffir society. She bore rather sadly at first the deprivation of home comforts and tastes. As time went on, however, she fitted in more easily to the necessities of her position, and at all times received abundant kindness from her brother, whom she never failed to reward with her unbounded gratitude.

From a sketch of herself and her brother, by Frances Awdry, it is interesting to come across the incidents which occasioned so much discomfort to the new

colonists, as, for instance, the following unpleasant circumstance which attended their occupation of a baker's shop which Mr. Mackenzie secured for a residence while he fulfilled the duties of a clergyman at Durban.

"When the archdeacon in house-hunting came to the baker's store, he thought the workmen had left a barrowful of earth on the floor of one of the rooms, but the landlord shook his head, and said 'the mound was the work of the white ants, which he had dislodged from the house twice before. This had to be done again by digging down more than two feet, till they found the ant-queen, a most disgusting-looking creature, like a monstrous white slug, a fat, transparent grub, with a small head and black waist, very unlike her subjects, who are not larger than small English ants. The queen killed, and the hole smeared with tar, they hoped they had got rid of the enemy; but the next day, to their disappointment, molehills appeared in various places about the house, and things looked as bad as ever. Boiling water had to be poured on many times, but experienced colonists comforted the Mackenzies by saying this would not last long; probably the mounds were made by ants who had not yet found out that their queen was dead; and so it turned out, for they soon disappeared. This was far from being the last trouble they had with ants, which were one of the great discomforts of the colony. There are many kinds of them, and they will eat clothes, books, paper, anything, in fact, that it is desirable they

should not eat. This did not affect the archdeacon and his sister."

After this time they went into the interior and commenced a mission station ; but they previously became familiar with the kind of work which was called for by visiting a station which had already been begun by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, on the Umlazi river. The following description of this place is given in the interesting volume already referred to :—

"It was a lovely place, the soil was very fertile, and the situation was well chosen for the work, as there were many Kaffir kraals within riding distance of it. 'I long for you to see it,' Mrs. Robertson wrote to Miss Mackenzie, soon after they had moved there. 'It is such a pure air and fine country ; everything is so beautiful, and our house is quite bearable—much better than I expected.— The floor of our house is so springy that we make the furniture spring as we walk. We have frogs, and ants, and spiders, and mice, but we are daily finding out new ways *not* to have them. We have coffee-coloured walls, and a brown roof ; it is a very brown-looking house !'

"This was the dwelling house, which was thirty feet long by fourteen wide, and was divided by screens into drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom. A guest had her own hut to sleep in. When Mrs. Robertson saw Miss Mackenzie crossing the river on the way to pay her first visit there, she put the last touch to her preparations by calling for a rake, and seeing that the

earthen floor was raked smooth before the mats with which it was carpeted were laid down. In course of time a hut was built for the archdeacon—a common Kaffir hut, only with a high door through which you could walk, instead of crawling. A day had been fixed for him to come and take possession of it; and he did come, though it was raining so much that his friends had ceased to expect him. Of course he was warmly welcomed, and Mrs. Robertson showed him to his new house; but to her horror it was not empty—a dead cow was hanging up in it.

“The Christian Kaffirs, of whom there were a few at the station, had wished to kill a cow, salt it, and make it into sausages, and this plan pleased their teachers, who thought it an improvement of the greedy Kaffir fashion of sitting down to a cow, and eating it all at one meal. Mrs. Robertson had not intended, however, that it should be kept in the archdeacon’s bedroom, and had it removed, but next morning it was found in the bath, which the Kaffirs declared was the only place there was for it, since it was not to be eaten immediately.”

Some time afterwards, at the end of 1859, Anne Mackenzie and her brother returned to England. It was not quite clear what Archdeacon Mackenzie would do. It had been thought well to send a missionary bishop into Zululand, and Bishop Colenso had some idea of undertaking the duty himself. It however appeared probable at one time that it would be accepted by Mackenzie. When he was at home the country was gaining

an interest in a mission to Central Africa, Dr. Livingstone having stirred the hearts of the English Universities upon the subject some years before. On the 1st of November, 1859, a monster missionary meeting was held at the Senate House at Cambridge. It had already been suggested that Archdeacon Mackenzie would be the best possible head of the new enterprise. In the October following, after many months of labour on behalf of the cause of Central African Missions, the archdeacon went forth again to that land; the plan decided upon being, that he should be consecrated at Cape Town as bishop; his sister Anne waiting meanwhile at the Cape during his own inspection of the country, and also to allow time for making such arrangements as would certainly be necessary.

The brother and the sister parted at the Cape. They never met again. In January, 1862, Mackenzie came down from his station in the interior to the river Zambesi, accompanied by a missionary brother, for the purpose of meeting the latter's wife and his own sister, who were to be brought up on board the *Pioneer* by Dr. Livingstone to a certain point previously settled upon. The journey and the voyage had proved too much for both these men, and an upset of their boat had spoiled their stores. A medicine chest was lost containing the quinine, which was their most powerful ally in repelling the feverish attacks which are so dreadful in those terrible regions.

When some weeks afterwards Mrs. Burrup and Miss

Mackenzie reached the spot, it was soon to learn that her brother had left a world of toil and suffering for his Master's presence. Mrs. Burrup received also the sad tidings of her husband's death at the station to which he had but returned to die.

Africa became henceforth, for the remaining fifteen years of Anne Mackenzie's life, the cherished place of her heart's true interest. She did all she could for a people who had been cared for so nobly by her brother; and to her life's latest hour bore them upon her heart.

She succeeded in obtaining large sums of money for the carrying out of missionary enterprise, and became a centre of influence and attraction for all who had any interest in that distant land. She was a welcome friend at Hursley Vicarage, during the life of Mr. and Mrs. Keble, and evidently shared her brother's deep reverence for the modern Herbert, and his full appreciation of the "Christian Year."

Nobly, yet quietly, she continued to bear her great sorrows; and ever the more earnestly to cling to those precious hopes which may always be found growing upon the verge of life's heaviest griefs, when the heart clings to Him who is the one great Source of consolation and of peace. After her great and successful work in spreading Christianity in a heathen and a distant land, she died at Havant, on February 11th, 1877.



CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

. BORN 1799. DIED 1846.

THE name of "Charlotte Elizabeth" was familiar to many readers through her numerous writings some forty or fifty years ago. Now even her autobiography,* with the sketch of her latter years by her husband, is no longer much known. But her character has in it so much to admire, in her straightforward carrying out of anything she believed to be true and right, that, in spite of her strong idiosyncrasies, her history may well be invigorating to other minds.

Charlotte Elizabeth Browne was born at Norwich on the 1st of October, 1790, and during her earliest years her home was under the shadow of the cathedral. The little girl had a most lively imagination, and she loved nothing better than to play alone in the bishop's garden, enjoying her own thoughts. This garden, to which she had full access, was bounded on one side by the cathedral;

* "Personal Recollections. By Charlotte Elizabeth." Seeley & Co. This sketch, prepared for a work entitled "Consecrated Women," is principally taken from the above work, by permission of the Publishers.

and as she sat on the grass weaving daisy chains, little Charlotte's eyes would wander, now over the noble pile of stone far above her head, and then to the bright array of flowers at her feet, while all the time her fancy was weaving webs of many colours and of varied textures. The nursery tales of those days were full of fairies and goblins which in her mind grew into "hosts of marvellous creatures decked out in colours of her own supplying, gorgeous or terrible, beyond the conception of her classic authorities." Before she was four, Charlotte's home was transferred to another part of the city, near to the church of St. Giles', of which her father was rector. Here she enjoyed roving in the large shrubbery and flower garden attached to the ancient vine-covered house. Of an evening she used to linger under a gigantic mulberry tree, and there wait till the great night owl should appear. To watch him wheel round the tree, and to listen to his melancholy hoot as he called his companions, while the bat brushed past her in the twilight, was a weird pleasure to the romantic little child.

The love of music was early developed in her. Her father had an unusually fine voice and a very high degree of "scientific knowledge and taste in the management of it." It was his great pleasure to provide enjoyment for his little daughter through this his favourite pursuit. A fellow clergyman, skilled in instrumental music, was often an inmate of the house, and in after years Charlotte Elizabeth recalls the feelings of her childhood while listening to his performances. "The rich tones of his old harpsi-

chord seem still to fill my ear and swell my heart; while my father's deep, clear, mellow voice breaks in with some noble recitation or elaborate air of Handel, etc. Or the harpsichord was relinquished to another hand, and the breath of our friend came forth through the reed of his hautboy in strains of such overpowering melody that I have hid my face in my mother's lap to weep the feelings that absolutely wrung my little heart with excess of enjoyment.

Before she was six years old, Charlotte, already exceedingly fond of reading, accepted the offer of an uncle, a physician, to teach her French. The French lesson was taken, seated on her young uncle's knee in the hall of his residence, and the reward for diligence was "some sublime strain from the deep-toned organ" which stood there. Both lesson and reward were so fascinating that every power was strained to make rapid progress. At night the French book was placed under the pillow, and at earliest break of day the sleepy eyes were strained over the page until she became quite blind. During the time that the blindness lasted she had the entertainment of listening to the stirring conversations and discussions, literary and political, which went on among the friends who frequented the rectory. With nothing to distract her attention, the little girl turned her face from one to another of the unseen speakers, her mind opening to take in many things that she heard, with an appreciation far beyond her years. Her father's interest in the great questions of the day, and his powers of conversation and of

argument, made him very attractive to a large circle, and he was "so devotedly, so proudly, the Englishman," that his child could hardly fail, she tells us, to become "a thinker, a reasoner, a tory, and a patriot." But the crowning pleasure of those months of blindness was the music. Her father was a minor canon, and every afternoon after the cathedral service he would bring the choristers home with him to sing to his little girl. They were accompanied by her godfather on the harpsichord, and so delicious to her ears were the "feasts of sacred music served up to her" that she confessed to her brother that "music was better than seeing."

This only brother was a light-hearted, beautiful boy, not fond of learning, but devoted to his sister; the two were always together. When she was about seven years old, Charlotte was the means of saving his life. The parents had gone with a friend into the country for a day's excursion, taking the children with them. It was a place celebrated for fishing, and after a long morning spent in this sport the gentlemen had remained indoors with Mrs. Browne. The children were, meanwhile, sent out to play, charged not to go too near the water nor to get into a boat. They strolled about, and at last, without intending it, found themselves by the river. A small boat was close by, and the boy wanted to get into it. His sister reminded him that this was forbidden; when he said, "I won't get in, Cha, but I will sit down here and put my two feet into the little boat." No sooner had he done this than the boat moved and he was drawn

into the water. He sank, and, reappearing, his sister seized hold of him. How she managed to keep him up without herself being dragged into the water she never knew. She distinctly remembered deciding to hold on to him so firmly that if he sank again she should sink and die with him. The little boy did not struggle, but looked up into his sister's face, she gazing down intently into his. Providentially some labourers, returning from their work, saw the little girl leaning over the bank, and ran to see what she was doing in such a perilous position. One man took hold of her, while the other rescued her brother. Her grasp was not loosened till *he* was lifted upon shore. She then became insensible and did not recover consciousness till she found herself in the house, still in the arms of the man who had carried her in, while her mother and the others were restoring the little boy by the fire. Charlotte was much caressed and commended for her heroism. To her it seemed only the natural outcome of her love for her brother, and to her narrative of the occurrence she adds the comment: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Whilst still very young, Charlotte received her first lessons in Protestantism. Their father was accustomed to take his two children to a place called the Lollards' Pit, which is just outside the city. One day he pointed to the pit, and told them of the good people burnt there

by Queen Mary "for refusing to worship wooden images." Charlotte was horror-stricken, and often recurred to the subject, asking innumerable questions. One day her father, having to go out while the questioner was still unsatisfied, gave her Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," that she might amuse herself with the plates. For hours she pored over the exciting pictures, not deterred by her aching eyes which were still weak. She could not make out the black type, but every word in Roman type she eagerly devoured. Next time her father found her at this employment she looked up at him with flushed cheeks and asked, "Papa, may I be a martyr?" "What do you mean, child?" "I mean, papa, may I be burned to death for my religion as they were? I want to be a martyr." The answer she never forgot, nor the stern pleasure it gave her. "Why, Charlotte, if the Government ever gives power to the papists, as they talk of doing, you may probably live to be a martyr." The seed sown then took root in a most fertile soil, and in Charlotte Elizabeth Protestantism eventually found an uncompromising champion.

She writes that as yet "no glimmer of spiritual knowledge had reached her heart," though she knew the Bible intimately and the sublimer portions from the prophets used to thrill her as she heard her father's voice pronounce them from his stall in the cathedral.

Although the idea of God's love seems not to have penetrated their young hearts, both Charlotte and her brother realized, with awe, His omniscience. When

either had committed a fault they went hand in hand to tell their mother of it, fearing to add deception to the other sin if they concealed it. The children were generally entirely truthful, but on one occasion Charlotte was led to tell a lie for the benefit of a servant and at her instigation. When suspicion fell upon her, Charlotte at once confessed her sin. Her father sent to a neighbour's to borrow a rod. He then took her apart into another room and said: "Child, it will pain me more to punish you thus than any blows I can inflict will pain you: but I must do it; you have told a lie: it is a dreadful sin, and a base, mean, cowardly action. If I let you grow up a liar you will reproach me for it one day; if I now spared the rod I should hate the child." Charlotte received the punishment in the spirit in which it was extended, indeed she seems to have accepted it as a personal favour and "wished every stroke had been a stab." She thanked her father for his kindness. But she was deeply touched by the sobs and entreaties of her little brother who, through the closed door pleaded in his soft voice, "O papa, don't whip Charlotte. Oh, forgive poor Charlotte!"

When her sight had sufficiently recovered the children were taught together by masters. But previously to this, and before it was thought safe for her to use her eyes in learning to write, Charlotte had obtained a patent copybook and had used it so well that her father one day discovered, to his annoyance and amusement, a letter neatly written by her to a distant relation. It con-

tained a detailed account of a domestic calamity, the creation of her own brain; and so touching was the narration that the tears of the writer had fallen upon the slate on which the letter was written.

When she was ten year old a heavy blow fell upon Charlotte; she lost her hearing, which she never regained. The deafness was complete; and from this cause she retired still more into the regions of imagination through the medium of books and of her own wild fancy. She always attributed the deafness to the effects of mercury, with which she was unmercifully dosed. From this time music was banished from the house. It no longer afforded pleasure to her father, now that she could not share it with him. Charlotte had always been passionately fond of him and this delicate sympathy for her deprivation deepened her devotion to him. Her health became more and more delicate, so that Mr. Browne decided upon trying a country life, and for this purpose he exchanged parochial duties with a friend in the country. There his daughter followed as much as possible the prescription of the physician, "to live in the open air and to enjoy unbounded liberty." The results were much destruction of frocks, and the transformation of the sickly, overstrained, city child into a vigorous and blooming country maiden, fond of gardening and rural occupations. Poor Mrs. Browne found the carrying out of the prescription rather trying to her patience and very expensive.

One day her little brother repeated to Charlotte a conversation he had overheard between their parents. The

mother began: "Mr. B., this will never do, that girl cannot wear a frock twice without spoiling it. The expense will ruin us." Her husband replied: "Well, my dear, if I am to be ruined by expense let it come in the shape of washerwoman's bills, not in those of the apothecary and undertaker."

Against this and kindred decisions there was no appeal. Mr. Browne combated all efforts on the part of female friends to compress the poor child into "whalebone and buckram"; and when assured by one lady that he could only expect as a consequence that his daughter should become a cripple, he replied: "My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of His making, not ours."

Once and once only did Charlotte try the experiment of going counter to his wishes in this thing. It was on the occasion of her first ball that she underwent the tight lacing then fashionable. She was heartily disgusted, however, with the suffering entailed on head and chest, and when the evening was over she relates that she flew to her chamber and "cut the goodly fabric to pieces."

Charlotte Elizabeth describes the religion she had at this time as being a sort of deism. Morning and evening prayer was never omitted, and a "word uttered against the Bible would kindle her into glowing resentment." After spending the six working days of the week in the regions of imagination and in the manual labour of gardening; she rigidly put aside her favourite books on the Sabbath and betook herself to her Bible and a sermon of

Blair or some kindred writer, returning to her light reading with renewed zest on the Monday morning. Time fails us to enter into the stirring political and religious questions of that day. Charlotte, deaf as she was, threw herself into the discussion of them with intense ardour. In early as in later life friendly fingers must have been quick to repeat interesting information for her eager eyes, which took in everything with the greatest rapidity.

The time had now come when the cherished son and brother was to go forth into the world. His sister describes him as "manly, hardy, and intrepid in character, but in manners sweet, gentle and courteous." He was her admiration and joy, and the two were still constant companions. From early childhood John had shown a taste for a military life, and as he grew older the desire to be a soldier strengthened. The threatened invasion of Buonaparte was the bugbear of children at the beginning of the century, and the volunteer movement had inflamed the martial spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Browne were anxious for their son to settle near them, and, with his natural sweetness of disposition, it is probable he would have given up his idea of becoming a soldier, had not his sister encouraged his wish with all the ardour of her nature. She says she saw, "through the lying medium of romance, the glory and the fame of a conqueror's wreath and a hero's grave, with all the vain merit of her own sacrifice" in sending away one so beloved.

Her father gave a reluctant consent to the departure of his only son; and through the interest of the bishop,

who went to London for the purpose, a commission was procured at once, and John Browne started for Portugal to join his regiment, then "hotly engaged in the Peninsula." The suddenness of his departure was almost stunning, as his family had fondly hoped for a delay in procuring his commission. From this time Charlotte sought to fill the place of both daughter and son to her father, and seldom cared to be absent from him even for an hour.

One friend of her childhood must be mentioned. Although she had no direct religious teaching from her, she had the feeling that she owed something in after years to the prayers of her paternal grandmother. Probably she had as much force of character as her granddaughter, who sympathized with her independent rejection of anything in dress or manners which did not comport with her own taste or ideas of fitness and propriety; especially did she combat French fashions and modes of thought. Charlotte was proud of the sprightly old lady, "who *would* wear her own clean locks, half brown, half grey, combed down under her cap of homely make," resisting the entreaties of other dames who submitted to be frizzed, and curled, and powdered before going out to an evening party. And she never forgot her grandmother's lecture upon something new in the cut of a sleeve, ending with the words: "I never wore a gown but of one shape; and because I don't follow the fashion the fashion is forced to come to me sometimes, by way of a change. I can't help that you know, my dear; but I never was fashion-

able on purpose." She added something about "vanity and folly," which latter remark made but little impression.

Two years after her brother's departure Charlotte passed through a severe trial. There had been slight indications of failure in her father's health, but he seemed so bright and vigorous in mind that these warnings were disregarded; and when his daughter was sent for at midnight to find him dying of apoplexy, the shock was terrible. As we have said before, Charlotte was his devoted companion. Her mother was absorbed in household matters, in which she took no interest; so that the father and daughter, whose literary and political interests were one, had become almost inseparable.

Having no religious comfort to fall back upon, Charlotte Elizabeth just gave herself up to the "luxury of grieving alone, brooding over the past, and painting the future in any colours but those of reality."

Mr. Brown's income had been small, and he had not made much provision for his family. His widow had a small annuity, and Charlotte Elizabeth proposed to become a novel writer.

For some time she and her mother paid visits among their friends, and finally went to London to make a long stay with some relatives. There Charlotte Elizabeth met with Captain Phelan, a friend of her brother's, and one of his fellow officers in the Peninsula. Captain Browne had been accustomed to show him his sister's letters, and Captain Phelan fell in love with the writer before he had seen her. They became engaged shortly after meeting

in London. Some of her friends strongly opposed the marriage, probably judging that a young woman of her headstrong will was hardly a suitable companion for one of Captain Phelan's excitable temperament. But she was resolved to take her own way, and they were married. We may not dwell upon the bitter sorrows which were the result of this step. In after years Charlotte Elizabeth wrote the history of her own life, in order that no prurient curiosity might pry into details of these sufferings.

Captain Phelan preceded his wife to Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither his regiment (the 60th Rifles) had been ordered; and he sent for her to follow him. Her passage was taken in a splendid West Indiaman, which transported a large body of troops. In the little circle of cabin passengers, consisting of seventeen gentlemen and two ladies, she found kind and courteous friends, who vied with each other in caring for the high-spirited and talented young wife. Her lonely position and her privation seemed to give her a claim on the special attentions of those around. It was not very easy to take care of her, however. One day when the sea was running mountains high she was wrapped in a military cloak and conducted on deck just to have a glance at the fine sea. But one glance did not satisfy her, and nothing would induce her to retire; and as her conductor had not nerve enough to remain, she was lashed to the mizzen mast, and from that standpoint revelled in the grand and wonderful turmoil around her. On another occasion, in a fearful storm, when the captain had almost

given up hope of saving the vessel and there was great alarm among the passengers, Mrs. Phelan was reported to be missing. She was at last found, by a young officer, at one of the stern windows in the state cabin. She had climbed three tiers of lockers to obtain this position, and was "leaning out as far as she could reach, enraptured beyond expression with the terrific grandeur of the scene." The officer reported her to the captain; and as she refused to leave the window, he sent the mate to put up the dead lights, to her profound chagrin. She was at this time perfectly without fear of death, even to recklessness. At Halifax she rode a mare of Arab descent, which no one else could tame. Seated on an awkward country saddle, she had mad enjoyment in exploring the country. Throwing herself entirely upon the fond attachment of the beautiful creature, her life seems not to have been endangered, for the least whisper, or gentle touch of the hand, of her mistress, would restrain her; and for her sake the noble animal would instantly give up her design of bounding across some wild chasm, such as she liked to leap in her frolics.

Charlotte Elizabeth remained more than two years in Nova Scotia, and she mentions that she heartily repented her lack of acquirements in domestic matters, and she advises all young ladies to enter upon the "obsolete study of housewifery." Her straits were afterwards often recalled with a smile, but at the time were "anything but laughable." She was befriended by an old French soldier, who acted as mess cook and was induced to

give her a few lessons in cookery; otherwise, she says, they must have lived on "raw meal and salt rations during weeks when the roads were completely snowed up and no provisions could be brought in."

Once during the terrible cold she had a narrow escape of losing the use of her fingers. Running to thaw them by the fire of blazing fagots, she was met by a poor soldier, who prevented her approach by drawing his bayonet. He then wrapped her hands in a cloth, and obliged her to walk up and down the wide hall till the circulation returned, which it did "with a sensation of agony that well-nigh took away her senses." She naïvely remarks: "Had he, poor fellow, known how busily those fingers would one day be employed against his religion, for he was a French Romanist, he might have been tempted to sheath his bayonet and give me free access to the tempting fire."

At no time of her life could Charlotte Elizabeth look on suffering unmoved, and the deep interest she took in the poor downtrodden Indians gained for her their trust and affection. Their gratitude was especially drawn out by an act of kindness she performed in sheltering one of their number for a few weeks. The poor creature had been "wounded in a most unprovoked manner by the soldiers, and left to perish in the woods," and she felt that it was a very simple act of duty thus to rescue a fellow-being from a cruel death.

It was a great joy to her when the time came to leave Halifax, and when once again she trod upon English

ground. The next event of her life was a stay of some years in Ireland. Captain Phelan had in that country property, consisting of a number of small holdings and cabins. Some legal difficulties arising, he had gone there very soon after landing to see about them. Captain Browne was still in the Peninsula. He had married about the same time as his sister, and had taken his bride and his mother with him to Portugal, so that there was little inducement to Charlotte Elizabeth to remain long in England. But she dreaded going to Ireland. She looked upon that country as a remote region and only half civilized, and it seemed a "sort of degradation" to her "to bear an Irish name and to go there as a resident."

On her long journey thither she was befriended by an old gentleman who took a kind interest in the stranger. With true Irish warmth he assured her, by writing, that he should take the same care of her as of his own daughter, till he could give her up to her natural protector. She thanked him with cold politeness; but his kindness to a poor woman and her ragged infant, whom, with Charlotte Elizabeth's permission, he took inside the coach, obliged her to confess inwardly that there might be some nice people in Ireland. Another Irish gentleman, finding how much she admired the Welsh scenery, handed in at the coach window a note of every remarkable place as they approached. Mr. F. was a finished gentleman, and, she says, "a sad drawback to my perverse prejudices."

After paying the hotel charges at Holyhead, she threw away her last note, thinking it was the bill. With no

money left she was determined to reach her husband without allowing her kind companions to know of her destitution. In landing she had a narrow escape of her life. On stepping upon the plank which connected the vessel with the wharf, it began to slide. She lost her balance, when a sailor caught her, and Mr. F., throwing himself on the ground, seized and steadied the plank. She thus writes in after years: "I shudder to recall the hard-hearted indifference of my own spirit, while the kind, warm-hearted Irishmen were agitated by very strong emotion, and all around me thanking God for my escape. Each of my friends thought I had landed under the care of the other, while one had my dog and the other my portmanteau. I received their fervent '*Cead mille failthe*' with cold politeness, and trod, with feelings of disgust, on the dear little green shamrocks that I now prize beyond gems." Her friends proposed that all three should join in a postchaise, and, having asked Mr. F. to keep an exact account of her share of the charges, she took her seat with a light heart, her dog being on the footboard. Upon a hilly road the horses took fright, and broke into a full gallop, crossing and recrossing the road in a fearful manner. The driver was thrown on to the footboard, and poor Tejo hung by his chain. Charlotte Elizabeth, having experienced an overturn in Nova Scotia, at once determined that she would not encounter another. Gathering up her riding habit, and putting her hand out of the window, she opened the door and sprang out. Most providentially at that very moment the horses stopped. Picking herself up

(she had fallen flat on her face) she exclaimed laughing: "Oh well, I suppose I am to love this country after all, for I have kissed it in spite of me." Her friends refused to receive her back into the chaise unless she positively promised to jump out no more. On reaching the hotel where her husband was, she seized some money and paid her debt without any one knowing that she had been penniless.

Her home was now in a very retired place, and many circumstances combined to make her life one of deep seclusion. Captain Phelan was away in Dublin, and her chief occupation consisted in hunting out and copying legal information from family papers, relative to a lawsuit then pending. She hardly cared to stir out, for she was ashamed to encounter the tenants of the large number of neighbouring cabins, whose household goods were periodically seized and put up for sale on account of arrears for rent. It is true that this was not actually done by the landlord, but the poor people were not likely to make a distinction between the landlord and his trustees or any other party who had the right to institute such proceedings against them. She was very unhappy, yet considering herself better than her neighbours, and desiring to be looked upon as an object of envy rather than of pity. Further, it was an aristocratic little town, the social standing of the lone deaf stranger was unknown, and her pride was wounded by the neglect of those with whom she would naturally have associated.

Thus kept in retirement, she came to the determina-

tion to give herself up to the observance of religious duties and become a sort of Protestant recluse. She resolved to pray three or four times daily, instead of twice; but here an unexpected change came over her mind. He, before Whom she had been accustomed glibly to repeat a form of words with little thought as to their meaning, now seemed to her so terrible a being that she dared not pray. She tried to persuade herself that her feelings were those of holy awe in approaching God, and that in reality she was peculiarly the object of His approval; but nothing availed, she could not pray. She examined herself to see if there was any cause in herself, and then the declaration of St. James gave her great trouble: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." She tried the remedy so often tried, and as often proved to be ineffectual; she sought to bring herself into obedience to the whole law. She wrote out all the commands that she was accustomed to neglect, and pinned up a dozen or two of texts round her room. Soon these were taken down, it was so painful to be confronted by their condemning words every time she entered the room; also she did not like others to see them. Next she wrote down in a little book a list of temptations, and made a black dot against each commission of sin; but the book became a mass of black dots, and, remembering that omissions of duty were also sins, the task of giving a true representation of herself seemed hopeless, and she threw the book into the fire. She

dared not read the Bible, for it "bore so hard" upon her. Outwardly she was cheerful, but within reigned "the blackness of darkness." Death, upon which she had looked so lightly, became terrible to her. Never having been accustomed to ill health since her childhood, a severe cold and sore throat terrified her, for she thought certainly she was about to die.

While lying on the sofa in wretchedness and despair, a neighbour sent her some little books just arrived from Dublin. One was the memoir of a lad by his father. She listlessly opened it and read a page, when she was struck by the youth's humble confession of having deserved from the Lord nothing but eternal death. She exclaimed to herself: "Ah, poor fellow, he is just like me! How dreadful his end must have been!" But as she read farther she found him continually magnifying the goodness of God in that while *he* was guilty there was One able to save to the uttermost, who had borne his sins, opened the gates of heaven, and now waited to receive his ransomed soul. The book dropped from her hands. "Oh what is this? This is what I want; this would save me. Who did this for him? Jesus Christ certainly, and it must be written in the New Testament." She sprang up to reach her Bible but was overpowered by her feelings. The sequel we must give in her own expressive words.

"I clasped my hands over my eyes, and then the blessed effects of having even a literal knowledge of Scripture was apparent. Memory brought before me, as

the Holy Spirit directed it, not here and there a detached text, but whole chapters, as they had long been committed to its safe but hitherto unprofitable keeping. The veil was removed from my heart; and Jesus Christ, as the Alpha and Omega, the sum and substance of everything, shone out upon me just as He is set forth in the everlasting gospel. It was the same as if I had been reading, because I knew it so well by rote, only much more rapid, as thought always is. In this there was nothing uncommon; but in the *opening of the understanding, that I might understand the Scriptures*, was the mighty miracle of grace and truth. There I lay, still as death, my hands still folded over my eyes, my very soul basking in the pure, calm, holy light that streamed into it through the appointed channel of God's word. Rapture was not what I felt; excitement, agitation, there was none. I was like a person long enclosed in a dark dungeon, the walls of which had fallen down, and I looked round on a sunny landscape of calm and glorious beauty. I well remember that the Lord Jesus, in the character of a shepherd, of a star, and, above all, as the pearl of great price, seemed revealed to me most beautifully; that He could save everybody I at once saw; that He would save me never even took the form of a question.

“After some time I rose from the sofa, and walked about; my feelings were delicious. I had found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write; I had found the very Paschal Lamb, whose blood would by my safeguard from the destroying angel Oh, how

delicious was that particular thought to me ! It was one of the first that occurred, and I laughed with gladness. Indeed, my feeling was very joyous, and I only wanted somebody to tell it to. I had two servants, one a young woman, the other a little girl, both papists, both loving me with Irish warmth. They were delighted to see me so well and happy on a sudden, and in the evening I bade them come to my room, for I was going to read a beautiful book and would read it aloud. I began the Gospel of St. Matthew, and read nine chapters to them, their wonder and delight increasing my joy. Whenever I proposed leaving off they begged for more; and only for my poor throat I think we should have gone on till day. I prayed with them, and what a night's rest I had ! Sleep so sweet, a waking so happy, and joy so unclouded through the day, what but the gospel could bestow ? Few, very few, have been so privileged as I was, to be left alone with the infallible teaching of God the Holy Ghost, by means of the written word, for many weeks, and so to get a thorough knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation, unclouded by man's vain wisdom. I knew not that in the world there were any who had made the same discovery with myself. Of all schemes of doctrine I was wholly ignorant, and the only system of theology open to me was God's own. All the faculties of my mind were roused and brightened for the work. I prayed without ceasing for Divine instruction, and took without cavilling what was vouchsafed."

She now thankfully felt the benefit of the enforced

seclusion which had kept her separate from worldly associates. At this time she had no religious book except the Bible, was not acquainted with any clergyman; and had there been a gospel ministry near she would not have attended in consequence of her deafness. She therefore gave herself up to the study of the Scriptures during some weeks, and obtained, she says, "a new view of the whole scheme of redemption and God's dealings with man, which she never afterwards found reason to alter save as greater light broke in on each branch of the subject, strengthening not changing these views."

She was still engaged in the uninteresting occupation of copying legal documents. The fact of her being always employed in writing led to her being looked upon as a literary character, and a lady personally unknown to her sent her a parcel of tracts. One paper was a plea for the distribution of tracts, and she was thus introduced to a means of disseminating truth quite new to her. The thought entered her mind that since she could not give money she might help by writing a tract. Having a long evening before her, she, with her usual energy, set to work at once. By three in the morning she had completed a little story in which was set forth the truth as it is in Jesus; and on reading over what she had written, she was amazed to find that she had been enabled to exhibit so completely the fulness of the gospel message. In so simple a manner did Charlotte Elizabeth's literary labours begin. Waking full of joy after her short night's sleep, she was puzzled to know what she could do with

her little book. Just then a note arrived from Miss D. (the lady who had sent the tracts the day before), enclosing the address of the Dublin Tract Society, and mentioning her desire that the stranger might be induced to contribute to the publications of that Association. The manuscript was at once sent off to the address, and cordially received, and more asked for. The Secretary suggested frequent intercourse with the peasants as a means of enabling her to understand more fully their simple modes of thought. When she replied that her loss of hearing was a bar to such intercourse,* and gave a little sketch of the Lord's dealings with her, his warm expressions of Christian sympathy and interest rejoiced her heart in the feeling that she had found "a brother in the faith." Only a few days after, she heard that this newly found friend had broken a bloodvessel and was dying. He commended her to his brother, who proved a kind adviser and helper to her in her literary work. On the way from his brother's funeral this gentleman passed through the place in which she resided, and called upon her, and his conversation was so truly the overflowing of a heart devoted to Christ that it left her longing for more Christian fellowship.

Soon after she had a call to Dublin, when Mr. D. introduced her to a circle of friends met to welcome a

* Afterwards this difficulty seems to have been overcome, for Charlotte Elizabeth had large intercourse with the poor both in England and Ireland. Probably in her visits to them she was accompanied by some of her friends.

missionary just returned from Russia. She writes of these friends: "Remember these were the frank, unrestrained, warm-hearted Irish, of all people the most ready at expressing their zealous and generous feelings; and imagine, if you can, my enjoyment after such a long season of comparative loneliness, when they came about me with the affectionate welcome that none can utter and look so eloquently as they can!" She thought it a taste of heavenly blessedness, and yet she longed to get back to the retired life where she had none but God to speak to about her soul's interests; for it seemed as if the very pleasure of communing with earthly friends broke the harmony of the fellowship with Him alone, which had been so unspeakably precious to her. Now that she had accepted the simple teaching of the New Testament her mind began to notice the Romish errors which confronted her on every hand. As she became more intimately acquainted with the working of the system among the poor in Ireland, she was inexpressibly distressed by the widespread evils which it entailed. Later on her zeal on this subject may have sometimes carried her away. It seems never to have occurred to her that her denunciations against this or anything else that she believed to be untrue could be deemed uncharitable. They partook of the character of righteous indignation against error, and zeal for the Lord's cause such as the old prophets felt, when groaning under the weight of evils which were undermining God's authority among His people. And what she felt stirring her whole

soul she would have thought it dishonourable to withhold from others. As a child she had craved to be a martyr. There is reason to believe that, after she had given in her allegiance to her Lord and King, she would at any time have accepted martyrdom joyfully for His dear sake. It has been necessary to say so much in order to vindicate the character of one who, while she inveighed against systems which she believed to be wholly erroneous, was yet tender of sincere-hearted individuals attached to such systems.

A few months after she had written her first tract Captain Phelan was ordered abroad again, and his wife remained in Ireland, where she became mainly dependent upon her own exertions. Her mother had joined her. She also had accepted the faith and hope of the gospel, so that the two were in sympathy. In the summer of 1821 they both paid a visit at Vicarsfield, the lovely residence of Dr. Hamilton, Rector of Knocktopher, near Kilkenny. This holy man and his wife were devoting themselves and their income to the good of others; and while their hospitality to their friends was unbounded, their benefits to the poor were widely dispensed. Roman Catholics and Protestants were relieved without distinction; but as the Romanists numbered twelve hundred and the Protestants only one hundred, the former must have had by far the larger share of the benefits dispensed. In the large roomy vicarage a dozen girls were being trained for service by a matron under Mrs. Hamilton's wise supervision. While all seemed

peaceful and prosperous within, a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was descried even then by the venerable pastor; but he hid his fears of a coming tempest from those around.

It was about this time that signs of disaffection towards the Protestants became apparent in many parts. A book called the "Prophecies of Pastorini" had been written by a priest. It was a commentary on the book of Revelation, and the writer explained the ascent of the locusts out of the bottomless pit, as prefiguring the rise of the Protestants with Luther at their head. He calculated their continuance from 1525 to 1825. The book was much read, and portions of it were circulated among the lower orders throughout the country. The consequence was that the belief became rooted in the minds of many of these that the Protestants in Ireland and elsewhere were to be put to death by Divine appointment in the year 1825. They accordingly prepared to execute this design, while those of a higher class used every effort to avert the catastrophe by proselytizing their Protestant friends and neighbours. The peasants now began to change their naturally polite and respectful manners, often putting on a defiant air. Threatening notices were served on landlords who presumed to dispose of their property as they chose; and upon the clergy who, in default of payment, were obliged to serve processes for the tithe. There were other indications of an approaching storm, but as yet all seemed quiet at Vicarsfield. After a long and delightful visit Charlotte Elizabeth and

her mother decided upon Kilkenny as their home. In that quiet retreat the former had full opportunity for writing. She was also glad to be away from the hopeless position of landlord, which she had accepted, over the poor tenants who had learned to love and trust her. The difficulties were inextricable "between head landlord, under tenants, trustees, receiver, and all the endless machinery of an embarrassed little Irish estate," so that to continue her "nominal office" seemed to be only waste of strength and feeling. She therefore retired to seek "an honest independence in the way of usefulness."

At Kilkenny there was a convent which was very attractive to strangers visiting the place, as well as to the residents. Many sought to induce Charlotte Elizabeth to enter its walls; but she would have considered it a compromise of her principles to visit such a place out of mere curiosity. But when a lady brought her a message from "the most interesting nun" in the institution that she would be very glad of some instruction in the best way of imparting ideas to a mute in the school, she was at once ready to give her services.

It was no doubt already well known in the place that Charlotte Elizabeth had found out some deaf and dumb peasant children to whom she gave instruction. The nun was naturally lovely and attractive, and soon twined herself round the warm heart of her instructress. She was the child of a mixed marriage, the husband being a Romanist and the wife a Protestant. The usual arrangement was made that the boys were to be educated

in the father's and the girls in the mother's religion. The family consisted only of daughters, who were all brought up Protestants. On the death of the father, the priests so successfully worked upon the feelings of the widow and her family that all except this one joined the Romish communion. With her the priests had much trouble, and the means which were at last successful in bringing her out of her own church were altogether unjustifiable. She became a nun, and entered with zeal into conventual life. She seems to have had a great desire to influence her new friend, and begged her to read some Roman Catholic books, that she might fairly judge of the merits or demerits of her church. Charlotte Elizabeth accepted the challenge on condition that the nun should read her comments on what she read. This was agreed to. During one of the early visits to the convent Charlotte Elizabeth had an experience which is so characteristically described by her that we must give it in her own words. She went round the garden at the nun's request, and followed her "sweet conductor" up the steps of what she imagined to be a schoolroom. She writes: "judge what was my dismay when, on passing the folding doors, I found myself in a splendid Popish chapel, opposite the altar, over which shone a richly gilt cross, while my poor nun was prostrated in the lowliest adoration, touching the ground with her forehead, before the senseless idol. I was confounded, and unable to say anything; but after a hasty glance at the fine trappings left the place, secretly praying for grace and strength to protest openly against

the abomination from which my soul revolted from the moment of my witnessing the act of idolatrous homage rendered to a thing of wood and stone."

The volume first lent to Charlotte Elizabeth by the nun was Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy," which was procured from a seminary of Jesuit priests. When she had finished reading it, she burst into tears, and kneeling down exclaimed: "O Lord, I cannot unravel this net of iniquity; enable me to cut it in twain!" Then the "broad view of the whole scheme of man's salvation as revealed in Holy Scriptures" appeared to her as the best antidote to the poison. With renewed zest she read through the New Testament, and wrote out a plain statement of the gospel plan and sent it to the convent. Another book was lent, and another reply written out. The heart of the writer yearned over the nun, and hoped that her words might be blessed to the poor girl; but soon the latter managed to let her know that not a word of what she had written was shown to her. This disclosure filled Charlotte Elizabeth's honourable mind with pain and indignation.

Another attempt was made to influence her by offering her tickets to see a nun take the veil, and an interpretation of the ceremony was written out by her friend and sent with a kind little note. Charlotte Elizabeth had some curiosity to be present, but she felt that she could not go into such a scene with a peaceful mind; and though it pained her to hurt the feelings of her "gentle nun," she refused the invitation as gratefully and deli-

cately as she could. She says, in reference to her refusal, "My heart danced so lightly in my bosom after it, that I trust there is no danger of my ever trying what sort of a sensation a contrary line of conduct would produce." Many times afterwards she went to the convent, hoping to see her friend, but in vain. She was now rapidly failing in health, and was reported to be confined to her apartment. Just before leaving Kilkenny Charlotte Elizabeth called once more as an act of civility, and while waiting in the parlour her young friend burst into the room, and, sitting down by her, threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming "I was resolved to see you once more." Before she could say another word, three elderly nuns came in and forced her away, and her friend saw her no more. During a whole year she prayed constantly for the lovely girl with fervent cries for her salvation, and four years after learned that she had died about the time that she had ceased to pray for her.

The next endeavour put forth to proselytize Charlotte Elizabeth came through a poor lad, the brother of one of her deaf and dumb pupils. His appeals in his strong Irish brogue (which his spelling revealed to her) caused her considerable amusement whenever he called upon her.

"I wouldn't like," said Pat, "that you would go to hell."

"Nor I either, Pat."

"But you are out of the thrue church, and you won't be saved, and I must convart ye."

And with this intent he induced her to read Butler's Catechism. For days the controversy went on, "Butler" *versus* the Bible. Pat showed himself very acute in defending his church, but the result of the discussion was that he was led to read the Bible; and the bread-corn then cast upon the waters was found after six years, when, in a little English church, Pat and his dumb brother Jack worshipped side by side, together rejoicing in the same Saviour. Jack was apparently the most stupid of the four deaf and dumb children who daily came to their kind friend for instruction. She almost repented having attempted to teach this boy, but one day on lifting the heavy mass of black hair from his forehead she saw such a noble and beautiful brow that she could not but persevere in her arduous labour of love. Jack's mind suddenly broke its bonds, and the eager "What?" spelled on his fingers, about everything he could lay his hands upon, kept his teacher well employed. But a difficulty arose when he woke up to ask the difference between himself and the noble dog which played with him. Then followed the questions, "How was the sun made, and who made it? did his mother? the clergyman? the priest?" "No!" Then "What? what?" with an impatient stamp. Charlotte Elizabeth spelled the word "God," and looked up solemnly. Jack appeared struck. Next day he wanted to know more. His teacher was not satisfied with the information she was able to give; but with a vocabulary of about a dozen nouns she found it difficult to communicate much

about unseen things. The next day he came to her in great wrath, signing that her tongue ought to be pulled out (his sign when a lie had been told). He had looked everywhere, but could not find God. He had seen no one tall enough to stick the stars into the sky, etc., etc. He repeated over and over again "God—no! God—no!" till it went to her heart. She looked up for help and guidance to convey the teaching which she felt to be of such paramount importance. She sat silent, when a thought struck her. Presently she reached the bellows, and, after puffing at the fire, suddenly "directed a blast upon Jack's little red hand." He was angry, and when it was repeated he began shivering. She gave another puff and looked unconscious of having done anything, and said "What?" Then she puffed in all directions, looking at the pipe and imitating him, saying, "Wind—no," shaking her head and telling him *his* tongue must be pulled out. After much impatience on his part the mysterious truth dawned upon him. Charlotte Elizabeth thus describes the event. "He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul, shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, 'God like wind! God like wind!' He had no word for 'like'; it was signified by holding the two forefingers out, side by side, as a symbol of perfect resemblance." She says it was deeply interesting and touching to see how completely he received the idea of God as a holy and loving Father, entering into the minute

things of every day. Previously he had teased the dog and other animals, and wanted to fish; but now he became "most exquisitely tender towards every thing living, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, 'God made!'"

The next step was to teach him the knowledge of a Saviour. Jack had noticed funerals passing, and had seen dead bodies placed in their coffins, and one evening he asked if the dead would ever open their eyes again. His teacher caught at this question, prayerfully hoping to be able to open up to him some thoughts touching the way of salvation. She sketched on a paper persons young and old, and near by a pit with flames issuing out of it. She told him all people were bad, and God would throw them into the fire. When he was thoroughly frightened she sketched the figure of a man, who, she told him, "was God's Son; that He came out of heaven; He had not been bad, but allowed Himself to be killed, and then God shut up the pit, so the people were spared." After a few moments' thought Jack asked with his expressive "What?" how it was that while those who were saved were many, He who died was only one. A bunch of dead flowers had been inadvertently (not accidentally) left in the vase, and Charlotte Elizabeth took these, and, cutting them in innumerable pieces, laid them in a heap on the table, and beside them her gold ring, and asked him which he would like, "many—or one?" Jack struck his hand on his forehead, then clapped both hands, gave a

leap from the ground, and signed that the piece of gold was better than a roomful of dead flowers. "With great rapidity he pointed to the picture, to the ring, to himself, to his teacher, and lastly to heaven." A bright smile covered his face, his eyes were sparkling with delight. Then came a rush of tears, and, with a softened look he spelled slowly on his fingers the words "Good *One!* good *One!*" and asked His name.

She thus refers to this memorable time:

"He received [the name of Jesus] into his mind, and the gospel, the glorious, everlasting gospel, into his soul, and the Holy Spirit into his heart. . . . In the same hour it was given him to believe, and from that hour all things were his—the world, life, death, and a bright immortality. Never but once before had I laid my head on the pillow with such an overwhelming sense of happiness. The Lord indeed had shown me His glory, by causing His goodness to pass before me."

A second visit which she paid about this time to Vicarsfield was a great contrast to the first. Dr. Hamilton was broken in health, owing largely to the anxiety caused by the sorrowful state of the country. He had been repeatedly threatened by those who grudged him the tithes which he used so generously for the benefit of his parishioners; but he bore all with "touching patience." So critical was the state of the neighbourhood that the mansion was barricaded in nightly preparation for an attack, though no firearms were allowed in the house. These trials were borne with cheerful Christian resignation,

and Mrs. Hamilton entertained her guests with the warm-hearted, thoughtful kindness of other days. Charlotte Elizabeth says that she felt it a privilege to be there, and she lay down peacefully at night knowing that she might die a violent death before morning. We have no wish to dwell on troubles which have long passed away, and will finish the history of Vicarsfield here, in order not to recur to the subject. Two or three years later the pastor and his wife were forced to leave their once peaceful and happy home, and they left it for ever. They were stripped of everything and driven away by those who were thus despoiling their best friends. Truly these poor ignorant creatures knew not what they did. Charlotte Elizabeth says that one thing perplexed her. As the Irish peasants showed themselves more and more blood-thirsty towards the Protestants (she was herself specially marked out as a victim), so did her love for them increase. This was probably owing to her strong belief that the people themselves were not the instigators of the wrongs done. They blindly followed their leaders at the peril of their lives. She describes them as naturally the most loving and loveable race under the sun. With her keen powers of observation she marked how, from the cradle to the grave, the untutored peasants were kept in leading strings. They could do nothing of their own free will, and seeing how those who held them down tried also to keep them in a state of darkness, she realized it to be her mission to do all in her power to bring them into the light and liberty of the children of God.

Her little books and tracts became very popular, and the literary work carried on for her own support was a "perfect luxury whenever these little messengers carried with them spiritual blessing to the people so dear to her." Her plan for simplifying her narratives is worthy of the consideration of *every one* who writes for the uneducated. If, on reading each manuscript to a child of five years, she found "a single word or sentence above his comprehension, it was instantly corrected to suit that lowly standard."

In 1824 Charlotte Elizabeth was recalled to England. She would have chosen to remain in Ireland, and share, with a beloved circle of friends, any events which 1825 might unfold.

One desire was strong within her. As her dumb boy's love to his Saviour increased, he had, of his own accord, turned away from the church of his fathers; and she wished to take him with her to England, in order that nothing might hinder his growth in the spiritual life. Shortly after he had received into his heart the "Name which is above every name" he discovered that the figure before which he bowed in chapel was a representation of the Lord Jesus Christ. His indignation knew no bounds, and he signed that he would never go into the chapel again. His friend told him what would be the consequences of such a course, and that he would be taken away from her. He seemed depressed, but at the time of the next service he went off in good spirits, and, running up the outside stairs to the organ loft, remained there during the service "listening" to the vibrations of

the organ. This he continued to do as long as he remained in Kilkenny. When Charlotte Elizabeth applied to his parents for leave to take him to England, they gave a ready permission. They knew that his mind had been developed by her and that she had taught him everything he knew, and his mother said, with tears, "Take him, he is more your child than ours"; and his father exclaimed, "Why shouldn't we let him go with you, seeing he would grieve to death if left behind!" When she said that she could not promise that he would not embrace her religion, they interrupted her, saying "he could come to no harm under her care." Jack was now about twelve years old. At Dublin, on their way to England, he offered, for the first time, to kneel with his friends in prayer, and the expression of his face at such times was most lovely, "with a smile of childlike confidence and reverential awe playing over his features."

From Ireland Charlotte Elizabeth went to Bristol, and from thence to Clifton, where she remained a year. She thus alludes to this time: "Incipient insanity, which afterwards became developed, in a quarter where, if I did not find comfort and protection, I might expect the opposites, occasioned me much alarm and distress, while my brother's protracted absence increased the trial."

During her stay at Clifton Captain Browne's wife and only surviving boy came to her, while he was detained in Portugal some months longer by an injury received when out shooting. The little boy was an unfailing source of delight to his aunt and also to Jack, who used to watch

him with intense interest, and often he would 'tell God' about him and "that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ." Prayer was a blessed reality to the dumb boy. Wherever he was, and whatever he was doing, his thoughts were continually reaching heavenwards, and many times a day he would turn a look of peculiar sweetness towards his beloved friend, at the same time spelling the words "Jack pray." She says there was a look of satisfaction and triumph upon his face when in prayer, so that she could always tell when he was so engaged. When conversing with earthly friends, he wore an expression of anxiety lest he should not be able to make himself understood, but he had no such fear when 'talking to God."

At Clifton Charlotte Elizabeth was much interested in making the personal acquaintance of Hannah More, with whom she had for some time corresponded. She says, writing at this time: "when gazing upon the placid but animated countenance of the aged saint, I thought more of her 'Cheap Repository Tracts' than of all her other works put together." It seemed such a noble enterprise for one, whose writings were acceptable in the highest literary circles, to turn aside into humble paths and become a pioneer in writing homely narratives and ballads for the encouragement of the poor in all that is pure and good and holy.

After ten years' absence the longed for brother at last returned, to the unspeakable joy of his sister, and soon for her there was a bright oasis in her desert life. She de-

scribes the dark days before this event. "Many, and sharp, and bitter were the trials left unrecorded here, and shame be to the hand that shall ever dare to lift the veil which tender charity would cast over what was God's doing, let the instruments be what and who they might. It is enough to say that even now I know that there was not one superfluous stroke of the rod, nor one drop of bitter that could have been spared from the wholesome cup. Besides, He dealt most mercifully with me; those two blessings, health and cheerfulness, were never withdrawn. I had not a day's illness through years of tribulation; and though my spirits would now and then fail, it was but a momentary depression; light and buoyant, they soon danced on the crest of the wave that had for an instant engulfed them."

Captain Browne was now appointed to a regiment just returned from foreign service. He had leave to study for two years at Sandhurst, "the better to qualify himself for a future staff appointment;" and he engaged a sweet retired cottage on Bagshot Heath for his family. Here he brought his sister, and a delightful room was appropriated to her, with an injunction to make the most of the time while he was away at the college, that she might be ready "to walk to ride, to farm, to garden with him on his return." His bright presence seemed to bring back to her the days of her youth, and very delightful was the unrestrained intercourse between the brother and sister. This season under the shelter of her brother's roof was one of comparative freedom from anxiety, and most propitious for writing;

but a difficulty arose. For the protection of her own interests she found that she must no longer attach her name to her publications. At this juncture a friend offered her plenty of work and remuneration in writing novels for the most popular magazine of the day. The tales were to be moral, but to have no distinct reference to religion. This proposal was followed by one from an old friend, who wished her to re-write for him a flimsy love tale which he had years before unsuccessfully published. She at once felt that she must refuse both offers, and this at a moment when she particularly wished to be no burden to her brother. She felt that her publications written for the spiritual good of her fellow men had been owned and blessed of God. She felt that He had called her to work for Him, and she could not take herself out of the path of usefulness. Her old friend, whose assistance would probably have included provision for her life, now withdrew from her, and she heard of him no more. No one in her circle could understand her motives for the course she had taken, but she was able to commit her cause unto Him who judgeth righteously, and He made a way for her. Her friends of the Dublin Tract Society resolved, at some risk, still to accept her writings, and though the advantage derived from this source was small she was thankful to remain in connection with them. Not long after, Mr. Sandford, a gentleman who had promoted her literary labours, sent her a handsome gift, "which left her," she says, "no loser" by doing her duty.

During the two years spent at Bagshot Heath her rapid

pen produced seven volumes, and more than thirty small books and tracts, besides contributions to periodicals. It was a great satisfaction to her that one of her little books found its way into the papal Index Expurgatorius. A friend of hers, a widow lady, had taken her only daughter, a child of ten, to Italy for her health. The little girl, who loved Charlotte Elizabeth devotedly, chose one of her little books to translate into Italian. She did not live to finish it, but begged her mother to go on with it, trusting it would be blessed to Italian children. The mother found so much solace in carrying out the wishes of her child that she translated several more and had them printed and circulated. One was the means of the conversion of a physician, a Romanist. This fact became known to the Archbishop of Siena, and he gave orders that from the altars under his jurisdiction the priests should interdict all books from the pen of so dangerous a writer. One poor priest had given away numbers of these little books, and on the day in question, after mass, he told his people that he had a painful duty to perform. He then read the denunciations against the said publications. He directed his flock to bring back to him, or burn, or in some way 'get rid of, the obnoxious books. He added: "Nevertheless I declare, in the sight of God, I found no evil in those dear little books, but on the contrary they are full of good." He then burst into tears and many wept with him. She writes: "I would not exchange for the value of the three kingdoms, ten

times tripled, the joy that I felt in this high honour put upon me, the rich blessing of the Papal curse."

The happy days in the cottage home were passing very swiftly. Jack was a great favourite with Captain Browne, who had quickly caught his expressive sign language, and the two conversed easily together. Charlotte Elizabeth had brought the boy up usefully, knowing that in the event of her death he would have to get his own living; and when Captain Browne expressed his intention of keeping a horse Jack pleaded hard to take charge of it. He confided to her that he thought a man servant would shake hands with the devil (his sign for giving way to temptation), and if *he* shook hands with the man, his hand would also one day be drawn into that of the devil. He also said that Captain Browne was very kind to Mam, and a servant would cost money and eat a great deal, but Jack would "take no money and only eat small potato, small meat." Jack had been privately to a kind friend of his, a non-commissioned officer of cavalry, to get instruction in managing horses. He had profited so well by his lessons that he was found to be really competent to the work, and when a second horse and a cow were added to the establishment he gave his friends no rest till he had received permission to try if he could manage all three, and very proud he became of his position. In this constant and congenial occupation he grew into a fine and vigorous youth, his mind wholly uncontaminated by evil associations. Besides this work he took much interest in using his pencil, and some of

his drawings were beautifully done. Another baby had been added to the family and the "beautiful baby boy" seemed to fill Jack's heart, and he often poured out his unspoken prayers for him. He had sweet thoughts about little children. He said that when a baby was learning to walk Jesus took hold of its hand and guided it, and that when it fell He placed His hand between its head and the floor to save it from being hurt.

To Charlotte Elizabeth the full life at the cottage was most restful. From her own window she had a view of the college, and every day, "when she saw the preparatory movement for breaking up, she rose from her writing, tied on her bonnet, and went off to meet her brother." In the freedom enjoyed after six hours' hard work their naturally high spirits rose till they were like children let loose from school. The afternoon was often passed in gardening, or looking after their little farm, the children gambolling about and Jack looking on with great delight. His admiration for "beautiful Captain Browne," as he called him, knew no bounds. At ten the brother and sister separated for the night, Charlotte Elizabeth to write till long after midnight, her brother to rise at four and study for several hours before they met in the morning. They visited little; the domestic life, mingling with one another and with the children, who were the delight of his eyes, satisfied them both. But the time of separation was at hand. Captain Browne was ordered to Ireland for a short time, and then an appointment in England was promised, and the brother and sister looked forward

to a more permanent residence together. It seemed strange to the latter that this parting, which she hoped was to be so brief, caused her such protracted agony. For three weeks before, and as long after, her brother's departure she had not a night's rest. Visions of drowning, especially the event enacted in their childhood, were ever before her and she would start up in terror. This was the more remarkable, as both were entirely fearless on the water.

After Captain Browne's departure the reduced family went to live in the village, in a smaller house. There her heart went out to the young cadets, with almost a mother's yearning and agony, touching their temptations. She realized the danger of a Christian boy being unable to withstand the scoffs and jeers which met any indications of religious life in the new comers. She often invited some of the lads to her house, and took walks with them upon the "breezy heath," and it seems probable that the intercourse with one so earnest, and at the same time so cultured and lively, was greatly and permanently blessed to several of them.

One bright summer morning in June, 1828, on waking late, Charlotte Elizabeth found her letters laid by her on the pillow. With eager pleasure she opened the one from the Horse Guards. It was not from her brother's hand. She read the first part, which was meant as a "tender preparation," uncomprehendingly, and then came the fearful stunning blow. At Mullingar her brother, whilst out on the lake fishing, had been drowned. For years she had been fervent in prayer

for him, and now the first thought that took hold of her mind was the fact that he was beyond the reach of prayer. When she came down, Jack, accustomed to read her face, met her with "a look of wild dismay," anxious to know what had occurred. When she had told him, and had conversed with him a while, his thoughts brought her some comfort. Speaking of Captain Browne, Jack said solemnly: "Jack pray, pray morning, pray night, Jack pray church. Yes, Jack many days very pray." Then, realizing the answer to his prayers and his friend's happiness, "with a burst of delighted animation" he told her that Captain Browne was "a very tall angel, very beautiful." That night Charlotte Elizabeth spent in her study, her head resting upon her hands. About two in the morning Jack opened the door, his face deadly pale. She saw him lift up his hands and eyes in prayer, then softly go round the room taking down from the wall every picture containing "a ship, or boat, or water under any form." Then he went out of the room "with a look of such desolate sorrow as by its tender sympathy poured balm into her heart."

Bitter regrets that she had never had intimate religious intercourse with her brother now assailed her.

Before going to Portugal he had not known any earnest Christian, and during the ten years spent in that country he had been much shut out from Christian influences. From all he had heard he had imbibed a strong prejudice against spiritual religion. It was a time of awakening, and the world was opposed to the zeal manifested by many

of the followers of Christ. Hannah More was cruelly maligned, and when Charlotte Elizabeth persuaded her brother to visit this venerable and accomplished lady at Clifton he was surprised and charmed to find the "Queen of the Methodists" so lively and delightful. He remarked that if all her followers were like her they must be a very agreeable set of people. He told his sister laughingly that he expected to find them "going down on their knees half a dozen times a day, singing psalms all over the house, and setting themselves against everything merry and cheerful." She was naturally anxious not to give him any cause for disgust towards religion, and put off till their future settlement together any intimate conversation on the subject nearest her heart. Now she felt that perhaps he had been longing to talk with her of his soul's interests, and she had been silent! Yet she recalled many indications that he was a Christian. At Sandhurst Captain Browne had delighted in the society of truly earnest men, and would never allow from any one a word against the deeply spiritual teaching of the ministry he attended. There were other proofs of his love for Divine things; yet in that terrible hour his sister could not realize that her prayers had been answered, because she had not heard from his own lips the confession of his faith. She says she was trammelled, she could not see the blade of grass because it was not already a full ear of corn, and her dumb boy taught her a lesson of trust. Afterwards she had substantial comfort brought to her by letters from Castlebar, from

the clergyman whose ministry her brother had attended during the last months of his life. She at once adopted his elder boy, now five years old, and in training him found that there was still something worth living for. Jack grieved so, at seeing her grief, that his health gave way, and he fell into a consumption.

In 1829 the proposed Catholic Emancipation Bill roused her, and she strained every nerve to influence those in authority to prevent what seemed to her an impending evil of vast magnitude.

She found ever a solace, in the midst of her varied trials, in work. Her Sabbath class was an immense interest to her. So popular was her teaching that her cottage parlour could not contain all who came, and she was obliged to divide the company into two parts. She arranged for the thirty girls to come at four o'clock for an hour and a half. A similar number of lads came at six, and it was often difficult to break up the party at eight o'clock, so interesting was the instruction given. Jack sat by in his easy chair. He was getting weaker, but his mind was brighter than ever. He kept watch over the company, and if he saw, which seldom happened, the slightest approach to levity, he looked distressed and, holding up his hands as high as he could, spelled "God—see!"

As time went on, Charlotte Elizabeth's love for Ireland deepened, if that were possible.

In 1830, while staying in London with a little nephew who required medical care, she attended the annual meet-

ing of the Irish Society. During the earlier speeches she was revolving in her mind what she could do to promote the interests of Ireland, when Mr. Seymour, the venerable clergyman from Castlebar, rose. He put in a strong plea for the poor Irish living in spiritual destitution on English ground, and he fervently entreated that English Christians would open a "Bread shop for the starving souls in St. Giles'!" This appeal touched one heart present, and Charlotte Elizabeth's whole soul was fired with the desire to provide a church for that awfully destitute district. She wrote an appeal which she distributed among a large circle of friends; few sympathized. One day at the table of Dr. Pidduck many were bantering her for being sanguine enough to hope to succeed in her design. The doctor said: "You remind me of Columbus, going to the Cathedral of Seville to ask a blessing on his romantic project of discovering a new world. Everybody laughed at him. Nevertheless he succeeded, *and so will you.*" At that moment a gentleman sitting next to her laid a sovereign on her piece of bread. "The coincidence between the gold and the bread" so cheered her that she exclaimed, "I will succeed." With seven pounds in hand she wrote to the Bishop of Lichfield to ask him to appeal to the Bishop of London to license a church for the Irish. She received in reply the message: "The Bishop will license your church. Lichfield sends his love, and desires you to summon the gentlemen who are associated with you, half a dozen or so, to meet him in Sackville St., on

Saturday next, and be there yourself. He will see what can be done to forward it." Her only helpers were Dr. Pidduck, Lord Mountsandford, and the Hon. Somerset Maxwell; and she exclaims, "Half a dozen gentlemen! where was I to find them?" She worked desperately, and on Saturday went with trembling hope and fear to Sackville St., accompanied by two warm-hearted young Irish barristers. On entering the room what was her joy and surprise to see Bishop Ryder in the chair, supported by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, several lords, and about forty other clergymen and gentlemen. When the chairman knelt down and asked a blessing on the work, she thought she "might as well die then as not, she could never die happier." A committee was formed for receiving subscriptions, but the work was not taken out of her hands. At the end of her two months' stay in London thirteen hundred pounds had been collected, and she returned to Sandhurst with a heart full of praise. She wrote on a card the words which had been running in her mind all the time, and placed it over her study mantelpiece:

"Victorious faith the promise sees,
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, It shall be done!"

In the following November the Irish Episcopal Church was opened in St. Giles. It became the centre of a blessed work, and from time to time new helpers were

raised up to carry it on. Mr. Donald, a young barrister, had long before gathered the little ragged children into a sabbath school in the district, and his heart yearned over these little ones and their parents with intense longings for their salvation. In the midst of a busy professional life his labours among this people were untiring, and, during an epidemic in the district, his life was eventually sacrificed to his devotion to them.

Of course there was opposition, and one poor fellow sealed his faith by a martyr's death.

'We must not enter into all that Charlotte Elizabeth went through, from the earnest desire of her acquaintance to lead her into their own peculiar paths of religious profession. Prayer and her Bible were her unfailing weapons in the discussions which went on, and she remained a member of the Church of England, satisfied that unless that Church should herself (and not merely her individual members) accept and promulgate ritualistic teaching and practices, it was *her* abiding place.

We have not noticed her love for the Jews; it was only second to her love for Ireland, and, as she was enabled, she laboured earnestly to promote their enlightenment. This love for the Jews grew out of those early readings in the Bible when the bright stream of gospel light first illumined her heart and she received its teaching with new interest. Jack also showed a deep interest about the Jews, and it was a singular fact that in his simple way he connected the return of the Jews to their own country, and the overthrow of popery, with

the personal reign of Christ upon the earth, and this at a time when his teacher did not hold this view but expected the regeneration of the world to take place gradually through the preaching of the gospel. "Poor Jew very soon see Jesus Christ," he would often exclaim.

During the winter of 1830 Jack was failing fast; he was now nineteen, a fine tall young man. The visits of Mr. Donald were amongst his greatest pleasures. Charlotte Elizabeth tells how she loved to watch her noble-minded friend, as with all humility and tenderness he waited upon the sick youth. Jack received his attentions with humble gratitude and with that refined courtesy of manner which was habitual to him. On the last morning of his life he seemed stronger and was able to converse a great deal. He prayed for his family, commended his brother and sister to his adopted mother for counsel and teaching, begged her to bring up her brother's boys to love Jesus Christ, and repeated over and over again the fervent injunction "to love poor Ireland, to pray for Ireland, to write books for Jack's poor Ireland, and in every way to oppose Roman." Very sweetly he had thanked her for all her care. Once more he spelled upon his fingers the name so dear to him, "One Jesus Christ (*one* meaning He was the only Saviour), Jack's one Jesus Christ!" In the evening his sight failed, an indication of the approaching end which he received with a smile of pleasure. At last he asked to lie down on the sofa, and saying very calmly, "A sleep," he placed his hand in hers, closed his eyes, and

passed into His presence "who unstops the ears of the deaf, and causes the tongue of the dumb to make melody."

While she gave up her trust with "a glow of adoring thankfulness" that she had been permitted to train a soul for heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth writes: "I sorely missed the sweet companionship of one who for some years had taught me more than I could teach him."

Now her lot was to be cast among strangers. It was a great trial to break up the home and leave the interests of Sandhurst, but she thought it desirable to reside nearer London. She entered upon her new home with some fears lest no sphere of active usefulness should open for her, but almost immediately she found herself in full work. A dreadful famine was going on in the west of Ireland, and when ample funds had been subscribed for the starving people there, she sought help for her suffering poor in St. Giles'. Money was entrusted to her by interested friends and during four months she spent from four to six hours daily in visiting the people in their wretched homes, carefully administering to their needs, but never giving the relief in money, seeking also by every means in her power to win souls. She was assisted by her dear friend, Dr. Pidduck, who for years laboured among these poor people carrying to them healing for their bodies and their souls.

Another work into which she entered was the anti-slavery cause, and none of the large band of workers rejoiced more than she did over the success of their labours when the slaves of the West Indies were liberated.

In 1824 she undertook the editorship of a periodical, and it must have been about this time that she abridged Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" into two moderate volumes, an occupation most congenial to her.

In 1837 Captain Phelan died, and she became a widow. In that year she revisited Ireland, the place of her spiritual birth, the country which contained her brother's grave.

In 1840 the autobiography ends. She had planned to enlarge and continue it further, should her life be spared a few years; but her time became more and more fully occupied with literary and active labours for the good of others, and the opportunity never arrived. She thus closes the "Personal Recollections": "By the help of my God I continue to this day, anxiously desirous to devote my little talent to His service, as He may graciously permit. I have coveted no man's silver and gold, or apparel, but counted it a privilege to labour with my hands and head, for myself and for those most dear to me. Many trials, various and sharp, have been my portion; but they are passed away. . . . The Lord has accepted at my hand one offering in the case of the precious dumb boy, received into glory through His rich blessing on my efforts; and He merciful gives me to see the welfare of two others [her nephews, committed to me. . . . He has been a very gracious Master to me; He has dealt very bountifully, and given me now the abundance of domestic peace, with the light of His countenance to gladden my happy home. Yet

the brightest beam that falls upon it is the anticipation of that burst of glory, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, to reign in righteousness over the world that shall soon, very soon, acknowledge Him the universal, eternal King; and the most fervent aspiration my heart desires to utter is the response to His promise of a speedy advent. 'Even so, Lord Jesus; come quickly! Amen!'"

It was a surprise to her friends when, in 1841, she consented to become the wife of Mr. Tonna. Others, one a nobleman, had sought her hand. She did not ask counsel of her friends in these matters, but she earnestly asked to know the will of God, and her husband says "He did not refuse His guidance nor His blessing." Her sister-cousin, still surviving, testifies to the great happiness of this union, and all the love and tenderness needed by her filled up the remainder of her days. The years that followed were very bright and very full of occupation. She took much interest in *The Christian Lady's Magazine*, of which she was editor. In this periodical she wrote, from time to time, series of papers for or about the Jews, which were largely read by them. She was especially anxious to interest English Christians about the Jews. She regretted that they were so little understood, and she felt the importance of inculcating the greatest forbearance towards them. It was her desire that they should hear the message, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," unencumbered by conditions such as she believed were

often imposed on them, and which were very hard for an Israelite to accept.

About this time she wrote "Judah's Lion," which was published month by month in her own magazine. This was her last work of fiction. Although she knew that her previous works in the direction of stories of a religious character had been blessed, the conviction became rooted in her mind that these stories were not quite compatible with Christian truthfulness. "To describe the operations of God the Holy Spirit, and the mighty work of regeneration, as taking place in beings who existed only in her own imagination,—to delineate struggles of conscience which had never taken place,—and, above all, to indite prayers which had never been uttered, and reveal their answers—seemed to her *now* something like profanation."

Naturally it could not be a light thing to give up an occupation which was to her such a pleasant recreation, but her Father's will was dearer to her than anything beside. Mr. Tonna describes her interest in the characters of her stories. Being shut out from all sound, her capacity for withdrawing into a world of her own was great, and this intensified her glowing powers of imagination. While writing this her last tale, on a certain day in the month she would remind her husband that it was the day for "Judah's Lion," and when he returned from town in the evening "she recounted to him the events that had happened to Da Costa, and Aleck Cohen, and others with as much eagerness and vivacity

as though they had been actual occurrences of the day." Her characters were of course all delineated to teach some lesson worthy to be studied.

So clear were her thoughts, and so great was her facility in writing, that she was not accustomed to read over her manuscripts before sending them to the press. On this account, when reading the proofs of a story (she generally wrote a story without any previous plan) its incidents seemed so new that she has been known to shed tears when reading it. She generally spent the greater part of the day in writing. Immediately after breakfast she went to her study, locking the door to prevent interruption; her two dogs and a splendid cockatoo rather helping her by their presence. She loved animals, looking upon them in the spirit of the poet, "My Father made them all." It pained her acutely to see them suffer in any way, and all her numerous pets led lives of much enjoyment under her care. When she was tired of writing, or was seeking an idea, she would work hard in her garden for half an hour and then return to her desk with new thoughts welling up in her mind. The brilliant tints of flowers and gems had upon her the same effect as music upon some minds. She kept in her desk a diamond ring which she wore when writing, "the flashing of the brilliants, as the light fell upon them, greatly helping the flow of thought and imagination." At such times her face would suddenly light up, and when her husband turned an inquiring glance towards her, she would smile and say, "Oh it is only the diamonds!" Her quickness

of apprehending signs enabled him to converse with her very rapidly; and upon his fingers he could communicate to her sermons, and speeches, and conversations almost without the omission of a word.

After a day of close occupation it was her custom in the summer time to take a walk of ten or twelve miles in the evening. Thus pleasantly passed the life at Blackheath, then so far from the smoke of the city; but in this peaceful home she was not unmindful of the interests of the great world outside. During 1842 and 1843, among other papers and works, she wrote "The Wrongs of Women," and a plea for the labouring classes, whom she considered to be at that time under grinding oppression. For the latter work she was largely supplied with information from parliamentary documents and private correspondence of many who were devoting themselves to this inquiry. For two months she digested the facts, and then wrote the volume with her usual ease. The work quickly reached the third edition, and from the highest places in the land inquiries arose as to its authorship; but so well was the secret kept that no one dreamed that it was from the pen of a woman. This book, "The Perils of the Nation," had large influence.

In 1842 an event occurred which filled her with great joy and astonishment. This was the occupation of the new bishopric at Jerusalem by a Jew. Mr. Alexander, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, became a Christian at Norwich; he had been her intimate friend during sixteen years. At the time she looked upon this event as the

prelude to the return of the Jews to Palestine, but her views on this subject became afterwards modified.

In 1844 the Emperor Nicholas visited England, and she was anxious to lay before him the needs of his oppressed Jewish subjects. She was told that his visit was strictly private and that nothing could be done. She was not to be so easily daunted. Two days of the Emperor's visit remained. She wrote an appeal, which was carefully copied on vellum during the night. Then she hired a carriage and took round the memorial, and obtained the signatures of bishops, peers, privy councillors, etc., all being the names of Christian men. The memorial was presented, and on the Emperor's return to Russia a kind and courteous reply was sent through the ambassador. This was her last public act of kindness requiring active exertion, for disease had insidiously laid hold upon her. It had given indications of its character, but it was not until the end of 1844 that its mortal nature was definitely ascertained. In *The Christian Lady's Magazine* she mentions that for twelve months cancer had been eating away her strength, "rendering that a most laborious toil which before was a delightful recreation." Then, turning to her numerous Jewish readers, she adds: "The Lord (blessed for ever be the name of the Lord!) has most mercifully planted this silver arrow in the left side; the right is free; the right hand forgets not her cunning; Jerusalem is not forgotten."

It was indeed a great alleviation of the trial that, except during the last two months of her life, she was able

to use the pen, for her thoughts continued to flow with such rapidity that dictation was almost impracticable. When her left hand became useless she invented a machine during one of her sleepless nights to facilitate writing. It consisted of two rollers on a frame. On the lower one were many yards of paper, rolled, and as fast as she filled a page, by turning a small winch it was wound on to the upper roller and a clean surface displayed. In this way she wrote papers for the press, and letters, measuring several yards in length. About this time "*Judæa Capta*" was written.

In the summer of 1845 Mrs. Tonna moved to the official residence of her husband, that she might have him constantly near to her. In this more central home she had larger intercourse with intimate friends, and the Christian communion with some beloved fellow-workers of other days was very refreshing to her. Visiting Ramsgate for the benefit of sea air, she had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore. She visited them at their noble residence on the East Cliff, and as Sir Moses pointed his hand over the sea and said, "There is Jerusalem," she and her host "vied with each other in repeating from the prophet Isaiah the glorious promises of Israel's future."

During her illness it was enough to speak to her of "the Lord's speedy coming, of the future glory of Zion, or any kindred theme," and her sufferings were forgotten, and "with a glow of delight upon her face she would express the stirring thoughts which filled her," few im-

agining that each movement cost her severe pain. With her accustomed faith in God she accepted her illness as exactly the discipline she needed, and praised Him for His love in selecting for her a dispensation of bodily pain to which she had been unaccustomed. Her husband says that "kindness, and love, and sympathy flowed in on every side." Her unknown as well as her long-loved friends, who sent her words of cheer or refreshing gifts of fruit and other things, were all remembered by her in prayer that spiritual blessings might be poured out upon them by Him to whom they had ministered "in the person of His unworthy servant."

For her Jewish sisters, who loved her "because she loved their nation," she prayed that they might "find, and know, and love that Redeemer whom they were unconsciously visiting in His poor afflicted disciple." One passage in her life at this time we cannot pass by; it shows so unmistakably the depth and reality of a religion which enabled her to humble herself to make public confession of error.

The prospect of the first public meeting in connection with the Evangelical Alliance stirred her heart, and believing that where a number of Christians of various denominations were gathered together in harmony, with one high and holy aim, *there* must descend a special blessing, she asked for strength to be present. The strength was given, and she sat through a meeting of five hours' duration, entering into the speeches with her wonted vivid interest. She wrote an account of the proceedings in

The Christian Lady's Magazine. "Many reasons combined to make the speech of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel particularly touching to her." She thus refers to his address: "Mr. Noel was peculiarly energetic; he grappled with hostile arguments, and prepared his brethren for the extreme of opposition that Satan could rouse against a work so eminently accordant with the very life and soul of the gospel. He alluded to the resistance that he personally had encountered, and was daily encountering, in the active prosecution of the work; and he spoke as one ready to bear and do all things through the strengthening power of Christ." She continues: "The readers of the magazine may easily comprehend how, in that hour of sacred fellowship, its Editor's heart smote her, *not* for having, on various points connected with Ireland and political matters, differed from Mr. Noel; *not* for having openly protested against opinions in which she did not and does not now concur; but for having expressed that dissent in language of petulance, asperity, and uncharitableness, for which the only excuse to be made is an unconditional acknowledgment of error, an unreserved request for pardon at our brother's hand.

"We have since that blessed meeting said this and more by letter to himself, and received a most ready Christian response. We now publicly repeat the retraction of every harsh, every unsisterly word; and we pray that all may be obliterated from the minds of those who still remember it."

To those who visited her it was evident that her time

on earth was growing short, though she herself believed that the disease had run its course, and that she might yet live on and labour for some years; and in this view her husband concurred.

She had a very humble estimate of herself, and when any friends alluded to the result of her labours as a proof of her acceptance with God, she was much distressed, saying, "I might be but the finger-post that points the road, but moves not on."

One season of conflict was permitted her, the comfort which had so largely upheld her was no longer realized. The sin of irritability, no doubt induced by the worn out state of the nerves, "was mourned over with tears and anguish, but it seemed to her so utterly incompatible with her being a child of God that she began to doubt whether it were possible that she belonged to Him. She did not doubt the sufficiency of the Saviour, but simply whether, if He had indeed called her, it were possible she should show so little conformity to His will." Nothing brought her comfort till one day her husband said to her, "Without attempting to contradict what you say, if you have not come to Jesus, come to Him *now!*" He then read to her from the Bible the simplest promises and invitations. She remained silent for some time, and then prayed, as she expressed it, her favourite hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

especially dwelling on the line,

"Cleanse me from its guilt and power,"

"From that time, with little interruption, her heart and lips were full of praise to God for His goodness to her."

She was longing for sea air, and on the 10th of July was removed to Ramsgate. She had desired that the six sergeants attached to the United Service Institution should carry her pall in case she died in London. Now they bore her, in a very prostrate condition to the carriage. On parting she thanked them for all their kindness and attentions during her illness, and, shaking hands with each, asked the Lord to bless them.

Sir Moses Montefiore came to the terminus to take leave of her, bringing a basket of choice grapes for the journey. When the carriage door was closed she desired her husband and her faithful servant, Mary Nelms, to kneel down and ask the Lord to uphold her during the journey. This prayer was mercifully answered. Passing through Canterbury, her attention was directed to the splendid cathedral. She said, "Yes, it is very grand; but there is where the martyrs were starved to death!" pointing to the towers of an ancient gateway. On the next day she was much worse, but during the night she was "cheerful, even to playfulness." On the morning of the 12th there was a great change, and life seemed ebbing fast, while her face retained its calm and happy expression. Once her eyes brightened, and throwing her arm round her husband, who was leaning over her, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "I love you!" Those present thought that these were her last words, but she had still a message for some dear Jewish friends. Raising

herself with tremendous effort, and panting for breath between each word, she said with loud, clear voice, "Tell them that Jesus is the Messiah; and tell——"

Mrs. Tonna writes: "her hand had forgotten its cunning, her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth, but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem."

The breathings grew fainter, and at twenty minutes past two she entered into her eternal rest.

She was buried in Ramsgate Churchyard in presence of a very large concourse of people, her beloved friend, Mr. Dibden, the pastor of her Irish church, officiating on the solemn occasion.

At her request her husband planted on her grave some shamrocks which she had brought from the Banks of the Lake of Mullingar; and upon the simple headstone which marks her resting place he inscribed the epitaph she had herself written, the date only being added:

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